AINSLEE'S THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS



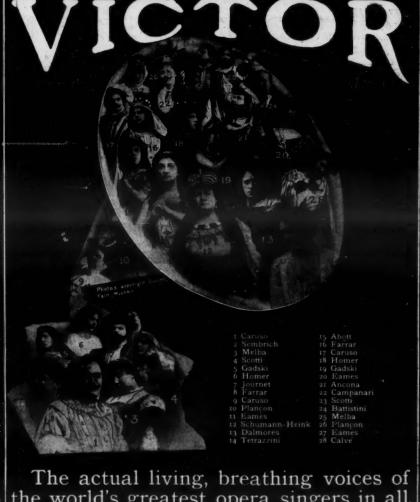
JANUARY CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN MENDEICH BANGS BEWINDA MENNETE BROWN WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER MARY H. VORSE HERMAN WESTAKER QUENTIN M. DRAKE O WEN OLIVER

MARY E. S. ANDREWS GEORGE LEE BURTON EDMIND VANCE COOKS TWENTY-TWO IN ALI

When you Turn over the New Leaf"
the forget
that SAPOLIO that will keep the year Clean that SAPOLI CLEANS

POLIS.



the world's greatest opera singers in all their power, sweetness and purity.

Hear the Victor any Victor dealer will gladly play it for you. \$100 to \$500.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records for January will be found in the January number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, Current Literature; and February Cosmopolitan.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

February Ainslee's

'THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS'



HE second number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for the year 1909 will be of a quality to justify the immensely enhanced reputation which the magazine acquired by the twelve great numbers in 1908.

A great many people think that AINSLEE'S contains the best fiction of the day, and the publishers believe that they should not be disappointed in the future.

The complete novel will be one of the most interesting of stories. It is by

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

It is a romantic adventure story, a story of knight-errantry in modern New York and has been and plot enough to satisfy the most exacting.

There will be about a dozen short stories, with a great variety of color.

E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," will have a delightful tale called "The Old Bligh," of absorbing interest and full of a charming love sentiment.

Steel Williams will have another of his inimitable Western stories, called "Snuff Peters's S'prise Party," the characters of which are especially appealing.

Will Levington Comfort will have one of his most striking and original tales, called "The Sister of Steel."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, author of "The Silver Butterfly," one of the season's successes, will have one of her most charming short stories, entitled "In Such a Night."

Miss Marie Van Vorst will contribute a story of unusual power under the title of "The Race."

Quentin M. Drake will have another in his series of army stories, "The Inconstancy of Inchung."

George Lee Burton will continue his series on "The Qualifications of a Suitor."

Other stories will be by Elliott Flower, Jane, W. Guthrie, Daniel Steele, and Roy Norton.

There will also be articles in the two series on Bridge Whist and the Musical Season.

Price, 15 cents per copy. Subscription, \$1.80 per year

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY





Another Xmas Present Offer "Love Sonnets of Abelard and Heloise"

This is a De Luxe edition of the famous Love Letters, para-phrasing very closely the orig-inal letters of the most unfor-tunate lovers known to history. Each page is illumined in colors and gold in the old monastic style.

The book is as handsome and caplendent as a little jewel, nd the binding is the best we nake. Unexcelled as a Christias present.

Ask for description and pho-ographs—free.

Special Xmas Present Offer

This new masterpiece of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in beautiful Holiday binding with a new portrait of the author, only \$1.25

"New Thought Cummon Sense" is to the followers of, the new religion what the bible is to the followers of the old. It is a simple, clear analysis of those burning upon the minds of deep thinkers only during the past few years. It defices excepted theories. It seconts the thraildom of the conventions. It sectors the sense of Fear. You have only to read over the chapter headings to realize that the subject matter of this region of the sense of the sense of Fear. You have only to read over the chapter headings to realize that the subject matter of this region is the sense of the sense in Marriage "What is a Good Woman?"—"Are You Alive?"—"Woman and the Cignrette"—"Frace Urbought Economy."—"The Color of Your Thoughts."—"Common Sense Ideas in Marriage!"—"Woman and the Cignrette"—"Frace Urbought Economy."—The Golor of Your Thoughts."—"Common Sense Ideas in Marriage!"—"Woman and the Cignrette"—"Frace Urbought Economy."—The Golor of Your Thought Economy."—The Golor of Your Thought Economy. The Golor of Your Thought to the sense in the sen

This is a Beautiful Present for any Girl or Woman

The artistic gray, green and white binding will appeal to her aesthetic taste just as deftly as the subject will appeal to her sentiments, and even though she cannot agree with all the opinions of the author, she will at least be interested in them, and flattered by your selecting a work of such distinctly feminine interest.

Special Additional Offer

To all who cut out and send in the lower part of this advertisement with this order, we will as a Christman inducement send the special as a Christman inducement send the special Life Means to Me''—one of the gifted author's most famous works. Although this really doubles the value of the book, the price will be the same—just \$1.25.

At All Dealers—or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers.

W. B. Conkey Company, Dept. 15, Hammond, Ind.

St. ELMO, By Augusta J. Evans, FREE iver to "The People's Home Journal."



To Every Subscriser to "The People's Home Journal."

St. Elmo, by Augusta J. Krans, is the greatest and most popular of American novels. Allilons of cuples of it have been sold, and never was the sale and occupies of it have been sold, and never was the sale and the sale of the sal

thirty-three years, and there is no question of its entire responsibility. Address: F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 97 City Hall Place, New York.

B. M. BOWER'S

"Chip, of the Flying U"

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly commingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraying one as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip, of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

PRICE, \$1.25

Sent postpaid by the Publishers upon receipt of price

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York

Free Capital Supplied



your own town or territory, and can begin in your own town or territory, and can make a large profit on that free capital. The uncollected debts on the merchant's ledger supply the free capital. I tench you how to make profit or the capital in the first. on the merchant's ledger supply the free capital. I Eeneth you have to make profit on that free capital in the Collection Agency business have made more more properties. I have made me wonderfully successful. I rive you, free, a large supply of printed forms, contracts, stationery, etc., so that you may start business at once, Write to-day for FREE BUOKLET, explaining plus.

L. A. WHITNEY, Pres. Whitney Law Corporation, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Absolutely New—The Piccadilly Edition

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES

DICKENS

This New Edition Is Worth \$52.00 a Set Costs Only \$24.50 a Set

You Save \$27.50

5 BEAUTIFULLY BOUND, SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES— EXCLUSIVELY PREPARED FOR AINSLEE'S READERS



t

15 VOLUMES. 160 ILLUSTRATIONS. LUXURIOUSLY BOUND.

UNDER ordinary conditions, this edition of Dickens, if sold through subscription agents, would readily command \$52.00 per set. By our method of directly exchanging the books from our hands to yours, you can own a set for \$24.50. The terms of payment are very casy. \$2.00 within five days after you have examined the books and \$2.00 per month thereafter until paid for. If they are not satisfactory, notify us, and hold them subject to our order. The examination will not have cost you anything, and you are under no obligation. Sign the Examination form to-day, and see these beautiful books for yourself.

THE BINDING. The backs and corners of these handsome volumes are of light brown Levant grain leather; the sides of the volumes are of the best interlaken book cloth, the color of which lends a harmonious contrast to the leather. The volumes have gold tops and striped green silk head-bands. The backs are stamped in full gold in an original and highly artistic design especially made for this Piccadilly Edition. Every detail of perfection will be found in the make-up of these books. They are de luxe in the fullest sense of the word, and will grace the shelves of any library, however pretentious.

THE TEXT followed in the Piccadilly Edition is authentic and complete, and the same as may be found in de luxe editions costing from one hundred dollars upward.

THE TYPE selected is new, clear, and restful to the eye. It will be found to be a pleasing contrast to the type usually used in the ordinary cheap reprints of Dickens' Works.

THE PAPER is a specially woven, high-grade Dill & Collins paper. It has a beautiful aoft finish which takes a clear type impression, and, with the high-class black ink used, together with the generous margins, makes an unusually excellent reading page.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS. There are one hundred and sixty (160) illustrations which delightfully and faithfully convey the atmosphere of Dickens' writings. They include drawings by the following famous arrists: Hablot K. Browne (Phiz), Crulkshank, Barand, E. G. Dalziel, J. Mahoney, H. French, S. L. Fields, F. A. Frazer, J. McL. Ralston, C. Greene.

These inimitable drawings, made by artista contemporary with Dickens, are printed on highly coated paper, which brings up all details. The title pages are printed in two colors.

EXAMINATION FORM-THE PICCADILLY EDITION

(Please sign and mail at once)

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44-60 E. 23d St., New York,

Gentlemen:—Please send me for examination a set of the Piccadilly Edition of Dickens' Works, carriage prepaid, at \$24.50 (regular price, \$52.00). I agree to examine the books carefully, and, if satisfactory, remit to you within five days after receipt \$2.00 as a first payment. The balance, \$22.50, I agree to pay in monthly installments of \$2.00 each. If the books are not satisfactory, I will notify you and hold them subject to your order.

Name	
Ain. 1-9 City	
Date	State

This Kind of Copy Costs \$1,000 Per Week

The writer of this ad receives a salary of \$1,000 per week.

He receives it solely because of resultgetting powers. Because of the scores of successes which he has helped to create. Because of what he has learned, by twenty years of experience, in multiplying the power of dollars.

He is one of a staff which is known to comprise the ablest ad-writers which the field has developed.

He is one of the many men who, working together, have made Lord & Thomas the greatest advertising agency in existence.

Let him tell you, from the copy side, what this agency means to you.

The Absolute Need For Co-Operation

No advertising campaign can be wisely entrusted to any one man, no matter what his ability.

We employ the best men that we know. We attract them from everywhere by salaries such as no one else pays. Yet we do not trust even the smallest campaign to any one man alone.

Advertising has many pitfalls, and no man can know them all.

Advertising deals with human nature, with all its likes and dislikes, vagaries

and prejudices. Rarely can one man measure correctly the world to which we appeal.

One man has limited knowledge, limited powers and ideas. We must multiply men to get from advertising the utmost of its possibilities.

Where so much is at stake, it would be rash to leave the result to a one-man power.

Advisory Boards

So we employ, on every problem, what we call Advisory Boards.

These two Boards—in New York and Chicago—consist of twenty-eight men.

Each of these men is a master of advertising. Each is a veteran of many successful campaigns.

Each has been chosen, without regard to expense, from the best men the advertising world has developed.

Each has vast experience; each well-proved ability. All of them live in a vortex of advertising, where hundreds of experiences constantly come up in review. Together they become pretty nearly infallible.

These men in conference work out the campaigns that come up to us.

They decide on mediums, selling plans and copy. They devise new ways to awake human interest. From all the facts before them, they select the few to discuss.

They consider trade conditions and competition. They work out all selling problems. Each, from his wealth of experience, contributes ideas. And one may be sure that there is no possibility which a Board of such men overlook.

It costs us about \$1 a minute to keep one of these Boards in session. And the only way in which the money comes back is through the multiplied power of the advertising.

man

we

im-

iply

ost

uld

nan

hat

and

n.

ad-

uc-

ard

ada

orex-

w. in-

he

To these Boards are due the scores of successes which give us our splendid prestige.

Small accounts grow to large ones; fortunes are wrought from failures; brilliant successes come from semi-successes, because of what these men do.

Let us give you facts and figures, names and instances. You will be astounded to know what a difference such combination makes.

Back of these men are more than 200 people to carry out the work as directed.

No Extra Charge

We offer this service, on any account we accept, for the usual agent's commission. This brilliant staff serves all our clients at the price of mediocrity.

So the best that all of these men can do costs no more than the commonplace.

Our revenue comes through expansion. When we make it succeed, the small account grows big. Thus scores of permanent accounts are developed which any one man might kill.

It is cheaper for us to keep business than get it. Cheaper to multiply one account fifty times over than to solicit fifty new ones. We need to charge nothing extra.

If you only knew what this service would mean to you, you would write us to call today.

We want you to know, so we have written a book which will tell you. Every man who spends a dollar in advertising owes to himself its perusal. And the book itself is a brilliant example of our advertising powers. Please send this coupon for it.

A Reminder

To send to Lord & Thomas, New York or Chicago, for their book, "The New Way in Advertising."

Please state name, address and business. Also the position that inquirer holds in the business.

LORD & THOMAS

NEW YORK Second Nat'l Bank Bidg. Fifth Ave. and 28th St. NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR

ADVERTISING

CHICAGO Trude Building 67 Wabash Avenue

Both our offices are equally equipped in every department, and the two are connected by two private telegraph wires. Thus they operate as though all men in both offices were under a single roof. Address the office nearest you.



Rate, \$2.25 a line, which includes POPULAR and SMITH'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of AINSLEE'S closes December 31st.

Agents and Help Wanted

BE YOUR OWN BOSS:—Start Mail Order business at home; devote whole or spare time. We tell you how. Very good profit. Everything furnished. No Catalog outfit proposition. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. Address, N. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

LADY SEWERS wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to Universal Co., Desk S, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR SWISS EMBROIDERED SHIRTWAIST PATTERNS sell at sight. 50 dollars weekly made. Write today for catalog. U. S. Embroidery Co., 96 East Broadway, New York.

LADY AGENTS wanted for a well known Toilet Article. \$3.00 per day easily earned. Charles Chemical Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS-\$475 Monthly, metal Combination Rolling Pin, 9 articles combined; lightning seller; sample free. Forshee Mfg. Co., box 213. Dayton, O.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES are paid well for easy work; examinations of all kinds soon, Expert advice, sample questions and Booklet 22 describing questions and telling easiest and quickest way to secure them free, Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—\$300 every month selling our wonderful 7-piece Kitchen Set. Send for sworn statement of \$12 daily profit. Outfit free. Thomas Mfg. Co. 313 Home Bidg., Dayton, O.

PAYING POSITIONS FOR WOMEN OR MEN. All or part of your time. We supply everything to start you. Give credit. Protect territory, This is your opportunity to have a profitable, permanent business in government guaranteed Soaps, Perfumes, Flavors, Spices and Tollet Preparations. The Taxis Co., Section 21, Chicago.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE wanted—Spiendid income assured right man o act as our representative after learning our rubusiness thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honestr, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address—The Nat'l. Co-Op. Real Estate Co., Dept. K. A. B., Washington, D. C.

Agents and Help Wanted-Continued.

ELECTRIC GOODS, Big Cat 3 ets. Undersell all. Fortune for agents. Battery Lamps, lanterns, motors, fans. Ohio Electric Works. Cleveland, O.

AGENTS make \$103.50 per month selling wonderful self-sharpening seissors and cutlery. V. C. Glebner sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made \$13; you can do it. We show how. Free outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., 77 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, Customs Employees, Clerks at Washington. Commencement salary \$800,00. Many examinations soon. Preparation free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A7. Rochester, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 13 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY easily made fitting eyeglasses. Write today for free "Bookiet 58." Tells how. Easy to learn. Best and easiest moneymaking business. National Optical College, St. Louis.

PERMANENT Income selling Identification Insurance Credentials. Liberal commissions. Virgin territory open. Address Pontiac Ins. Agency, 1020 Monon Bldz., Chicago.

AGENTS new invention. Never sold in your territory. Coin money. Everybody wild about them. Sells on sight. Free sample to workers. Write at once. Automatic Co., L 177, Cincinnati. O.

BOOKMEN AND ALL AGENTS—Investigate! Heart Throbs plays spon chords of deep feeling to which every-body responds. Over 100,000 already sold. Great for villages and farms as well as cities. A peep into its maric pages sells the book. Get your easy money and get trquick, Write Chapple Publishing Co., New York City.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every State. Full information, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission, free, Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—\$200.00 per month easy, selling "English Brand" Oils and Co-Products. Write at once for particulars, English Chemical Company, 39th and Union Sts.. Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for our new 25c Darning Machines; just out; weaves new heel or toe in sock in a few minutes; one agent sold 288 in a day. Send 15c. for sample or \$1.25 for doz. Hut. ton Co., Walnut St., Desk 10, Phila., Pa

Agents and Help Wanted-Continued.

MEN Wanted Quickly by big Chicago Mail Order House to distribute caralogues, advertise, etc. \$25.00 a week. \$60.00 expense allowance first month. No experience required. Manager, Dept. 60, 355 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-164 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Books and Manuscripts

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?— Everybody should know the German language. Lipman's German Self-Instructor will enable you to teach yourself , ickly and correctly. A cloth-bound book of 400 pages, litustrated. Send \$2 for the book litustrated send \$2 for the book. Then if you would make the self-lipman self-lipman, 914 Capitol Ave., N., Indianapolis, Ind.

Musical Instruments

WING PIANOS, BEST TONED AND MOST SUCCESSFUL—Ext d 40 years. Recont improvements give greatest resonance. Sold direct. No agents. Sent ou trial-freight paid; first, hast and all the time by us—to show our faith in our work. If you want a good pinos, you save \$75-\$200. Very easy terms. Slightly used "high-grades," I Steinway, 3 Chickerings, etc., \$75 up, taken in exchange for improved Wing pianos—thoroughly refinished. Send for bargain list. You should have anyway—"Book of Complete Information About Pianos." 152 pages. N. Y. World says: "A book of educational interest everyone should have." Free for the asking from the old house of Wing & Son, 383-365 W. 13th St., New York.

Automobiles

EVERY individual automobile owner in the United States should join the International Automobile League. Pamphlet outlining its proposition mailed free upon application. Address International Automobile League, 15 W. Swan St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Business Opportunities

"MY new store necessity is better than atelephone. Sells better than cash registers or scales ever sold. Sells for \$50 to \$1000. Your ability alone limits your possibilities. Salesmen, Territory Mgrs. and local Agts. wanted. Ref. 1st Ntl Bank, Chicago. M. N. Pitnere, 183-189 Lake St., Chicago."

ALFALFA and fruit lands in the Pecos Vailey \$50 an acre and up will make you rich in a few years. Write today for Pecos Vailey literature and six months subscription to "The Earth" our land journal free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1172 X, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

um

ued.

eago

cata-

reek.

onth.

ago.

opes oples

trait

go.

H!

man Selfeach

ages, oook. reek.

the

pitol

and ears.

atest

Sent

d all

teinaken anos bar-

aybout

ays:

king 363-

ownjoin

gue.

tion

WE START YOU in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full course of instruction free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail order line. Large profits. Simil capital. You pay using nouths; make big profit. References given. Sworn satements. Pease Mgc. Co., 879 Pease Bidg., Buffalo, M. Y.

\$25.00 TO \$50.00 A WEEK made on a \$100.00 investment, operating our Vending Machines. Smaller investment will start you. Can be looked after in your spare time. Write for plan. Callle, Detroit, Mich.

\$3000 TO \$10,000 YEARLY easily made in real estate business; no capital required; we teach the business by mail, appoint you special representative, assist you to success. Valuable book free. The Cross Co., 2374 Reaper Block Chicago. See our other advertisement in this magazine.

NOTICE—I resigned my position as Secretary and Treasurer of the New York Tribune, after having been associated with that paper for forty years. My opportunity has at last arrived, where I can make all the money I am legitimately entitled to. I am interested in a mine. Write me if you want to know about it. Nathaniel Tuttle, 100 Broadway, New York.

Music

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.
Successful Song Writers Have Made
Fortunes. Free Booklet tells how to
succeed. Send your poems for expert criticism, Free. First-class music
only. My personal work on each
Satisfaction guaranteed. Arthur A.
Penn, 36 Daly's Theatre Bidg., N. Y.

Floor Polish

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH is the best finish made for floors and interior woodwork. Not brittle; will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free booklet. For sate by dealers in Paints, Hardware and House Furnishings. The Butcher Pollsh Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

For Men

DULL safety razor blades (all makes, sterilized and made better than new for 2 cents each. Send for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keenedge Co., 831 Keenedge bldg., Chicago

Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Send sketch for free reports as to patentability. Guide Book and Wint to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free Evans, Wilkeans & Company, \$56 "F" Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS that PROTECT. Our 3 looks for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cents stamps. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

Real Estate

CASH for your real estate or business wherever located. If you want to buy or sell write us at once. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

CUBA—No frosts—No heat prostrations—Big crops—Good markets. Come and enjoy the finest climate in the world, A-1 land in tract on rail-road \$10 to \$20 an acre, price soon doubled. Good investment—no taxes. Booklet A free. Agents wanted. Geo. T. Street, Camaguey, Cuba.

LA GLORIA, the first and most successful American Colony in Cuba. Easy payments on instalment plan. Possession after first payment. Illus. booklet free, Cuban Land & Steamship Co., No. D32 Broadway, New York.

Bungalows

SEND 10 cents for sample pages with plans, or \$1.00 for Bungalowernft, the greatest aid to beautiful home building ever issued. H. A. Eymann, 403 Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Calif.

Silk Petticoats

\$5.00 buys a made to measure Silk Petticoat, fully guaranteed. Write for booklet. Speshulft Dropskirt Co., 256 Washington Arcade, Detroit, Mich.

For the Deaf

DEAF! Invisible Ear Pelliclets, lately patented, promptly relieve Deafness and Head Noises, andmake you hear. Nothing equals it. Moderate price. Write for booklet. The Pelliclet Co., 17 Grant Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Telegraphy

TELEGRAPHY—taught quickly. R. R. wire in school; living expenses earned. Graduates assisted. Home study also. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, 24th St., Valparaiso, Ind. Estab 1874.

TELEGRAPHY taught at home in the shortest possible time. The Omigraph Automatic Transmitter combined with Standard Key and Sounder. Sends your telegraph messages at any speed just as an expert operator would. 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Mfg. Co., 39A, Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Mantels

SEND for our illustrated Catalogue containing 67 cuts and price list of Carved Brick Mantel Fireplaces. Phila. & Boston Face Brick Co., Dept. 1, 165 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Games and Entertainments

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Müstrel Material Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison, Pubr., Dept. 19, Chicago.

Incubators

BUILD Your Own Incubators and Brooders and save half the purchase price. Any one can do it. I furnish mechanical parts, Tank, Lamp, Regulator, etc., at low prices. Over 25,000 in use, not one Tailure. Lampless Brooder will cost you only \$4.00. Complete plans only 25 cents to cover cost. Worth Dollars to you. H. M. Sheer, 465 Hampshire St., Quincy, Ill.

Miscellaneous

"JUBILÉE EDITION" of Page Catalog Free—Issued in celebration of the Quarter-Centennial of Page Fence. Tells why over 800,000 farmers buy Page Fence, made of High-Carbon, Open-Hearth, Spring Strel Wire. Shows why it is the most economical fence on the market. Send today for Free "Jubilee Catalog." Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 122 Z, Adrian, Mich.

Z, Ādrian, Mich.

\$50 A MONTH FOR LIFE. How would you like \$50 a month for life to come to you twenty years from today and to come in regular monthly checkel That is exactly what you can have through the New Monthly Income Policy of The Prudential when issued on the Endowment plan. Every man likes to feel certain in his lateryears, when he may have to stop work, there is something left for him, something coming in, and that he will not have to worry about it coming in regularly. Write to-day—now, while you think of it—to the Home Office of The Prudential, Newark, N. J., and ask for one of the most interesting books on life insurance ever writen.

1909 AINSLEE'S 1909

As all readers of AINSLEE's know, the primary distinction of the magazine is its quality of entertainment. Its purpose, above all things, is to give to the reading public diversion and recreation in the hours of relaxation from the hard facts of life.

A magazine of fiction which lacks this quality may lay claim to all sorts of merit otherwise, but after all has little reason for existence. On the other hand every kind and degree of literary excellence is inevitably involved in the capacity to entertain, and this is so simply because everything that has sufficient substance must necessarily find adequate expression.

Interest in the infinite variety of the manifestations of human life and experience, on its emotional side especially, is unfailing. But the success of the artist, the author or the magazine in stimulating and holding such interest depends upon a comprehension of the essential unity underlying all seeming differences; in other words, the significance of all things in their relations to the whole as well as to each other must be constantly kept in mind.

This fundamental fact lies at the root of the success of AINSLEE's as "the magazine that entertains." It has been predominant in the make-up of the magazine constantly and has, perhaps, had its clearest illustration in the number for December, 1908. It will be further developed in the coming year. There will be a list of stories in each number selected with the definite and distinct idea of the vital relation between them; there will be no mere haphazard throwing together of so many titles in order to make up so many pages of reading matter; each story or article will have an unmistakable significance with reference to the unity of the whole.

The plans of the publishers, built upon this idea, have been carried out in such a way as to secure the best fiction that contemporary authorship is capable of producing.

In a matter of this kind, specifications do not carry the weight that they used to. Readers of magazines have come to realize that they can judge of the merits of what is offered them, not entirely by the promises that are made for the future, but rather by what each current number contains.

Nevertheless, reputation does count for something, and in the present instance, the publishers of AINSLEE's feel that they are entitled to lay some stress upon the past achievements of the magazine as significant of what may be expected during the coming year.

Furthermore they think they may reasonably expect that their readers will take an interest in authors whose work in the past has demonstrated a capacity

1909 AINSLEE'S 1909

to entertain, and therefore the following list is given of some of those who will be contributors in 1909.

> O. Henry Edith Macvane Mary R. S. Andrews Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Clara E. Laughlin Marie Van Vorst H. F. Prevost-Battersby Kate Jordan Henry C. Rowland Anna A. Rogers Rupert Hughes E. F. Benson Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

Leonard Merrick May Sinclair William J. Locke Frank Danby Herman Whitaker Morley Roberts Joseph C. Lincoln Robert E. MacAlarnev Mary H. Vorse William Armstrong Robert Hichens Will Levington Comfort Steel Williams

The complete novel in each number of AINSLEE'S will be more important than eyer. It will indeed be made the foundation upon which the structure of the table of contents will be erected.

Supplementing this feature, there will be published during the year several. serials, each running three or four instalments. The first of these will be a remarkable adventure story by Miss Marie Van Vorst.

AINSLEE'S COVERS

Particular attention has been given by the publishers to the cover designs for AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE in 1909. As a guarantee that this art feature will be better than the best, arrangements have been made with the most gifted artists of the country and only the best specimens of their work will be used.

Here are the names of some of them:

Howard Chandler Christy

Harrison Fisher F. X. Levendecker Alonzo Kimball A. B. Wenzel C. Allan Gilbert Henry Hutt Clarence F. Underwood Ch. Weber Ditzler

can BOUBLE your Salary or Income the DUUBLE your Salary or income by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. My system of instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty endourement of the great experts and publishers and I am anxious to send my Prospectus, together with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction, 28 you are interested.

The proposition of the proof of the pr

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1884 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y. City.



We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only shirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No raied lines—no positions—no shading as in oling systems. So long to positions—no shading as in oling systems. So long to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Law yors, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may hond daily pratice awvith other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc. CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS 975 Chicago Opera House Bleck, Chicago, Ill.



Be a Salesman

Earn a good salary, \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Enter the most pleasant, and best paid profession in the world, where you are paid all you earn, where there is no limit to your earning power. Be a producer, the one man the firm must have. We will teach you to be a salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to accure a position with a reliable firm, through our Free Employment Bureau. Hundreds of our Graduates placed in good positions. We always have plenty of good openings with leading firms all over the country. Over 500,000 Traveling Salesmen employed in the United States and Canada. If you are ambitious and want to earn from two to ten times what you now do, our Free Book "A Knight of the "Grip" will show you how to do it. Write for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept.116 Rottons Salescans Training Association, New York, Chiese, San Francisco.

WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me soday. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your lows; Representative of my Company in your lows; and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Yaluable Book and full particulars Free. Writs today. NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY 60. 339 Marden Building rest. Washington, D. C.



Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering

by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded, My instruction is unequaled be-cause practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres. Detroit School of Lettering Dept. 22. Detroit, Mich. "Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind"



ESTATE BUSINESS

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE of the close and largest co-operative real estate and brokenage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent conportunities open to YOU. By our system you can begin making money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our oc-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Cearge FREE to Each Representative. Write for 62-page book, free. THE CROSS COMPANY, 2223 Resper Block, Chicago

NOT BE AN ARTIST Our graduates are filling High Salaried EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK
and upwards, in easy faselastias work. Our courses of
practical. Elever years' successful eaching. Expert intors. Pulliess guaranteed competent workers. Write for
softman of the successful eaching. Expert in-SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898.) N 36 Gailery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.



The salaries paid by Uncle Sam to Civil Service employees equal and exceed those paid in any branch of private commercial life. Thousands private commercial life. Thousands of appointments are made annually. To learn how you can secure a good government position by qualifying at home to passany CivilService Examination, write to-day for our Free Civil Service Book.

EARN TO WRITE DVERTISEMENTS

If you will study advertising by mail with this school you can positively increase your carning power. Ad writers receive from \$25 to \$160 a week. Send for our beautiful prospectus; it tells you how Free.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL

dress | Dapt. 110, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR—Learn to Draw. We will BE AN ILLUSTRATIOR Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION, Office 16 50 Walker's transfer of the Law for mail how A SCHOOL d for catalo

agraving School, Bept. 10,

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

46,712 Appeintments were made to Civil Service places dur-ting the past year. Excellent oppor-tunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointment to take yet for our Civil Service Ai-pouncement, containing full information about all government exam-pouncement, containing full information about all government exam-tions are considered to the civil Service Commission. inations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOOK-KEEPING SHORTHAND

by mail, in a few weeks spare time home study, under our Fractical Instruction—and a good paying, responsible position is yours; we are unable to supply the demand. Hany energetic graduates have worked up to salaries of 8,000 per year. We send complete outifs, and you PAY US NO MONEY secured. Write position for special offer, stating which you prefer to learn. RICHIGAR BUSHARSS INSTITUTE, 672 Nat. Edg., Kalamarso, High

Was It Insured?

Everybody asks this question after a fire. The next question, which is just as important, "What Company?" nobody asks. The property owners of America pay annually three hundred million dollars in premiums for fire insurance, but not one in ten of them knows even the *name* of the Company whose policy may be his only asset in case of disaster. Do **YOU** know? If not, what an astonishing state of affairs for an enlightened businesslike American citizen.

If you do know the *name* of the Company, what do you know of its standing or its reputation for fair dealing? The Hartford Fire Insurance Company for ninety-nine years has paid promptly every just claim, so that to-day it does the largest fire insurance business in America. When next you insure tell your agent you want to

Insure in the Hartford

Losses Paid "Cash Without Discount"

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

The Very Newest Idea in

Prudential

LIFE INSURANCE

A STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT:

NO other business is so important to the welfare of the family as Life Insurance. The Prudential's object is to provide the most practical form of Life Insurance—that which will contribute most completely to the welfare of those for whose benefit Life Insurance is taken.

With this purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Policy which meets more closely the necessities of those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies than any other form of Life Insurance.

It is called the **Monthly Income Policy**, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **Series of monthly checks**. These payments continue for a period of twenty years, or for the lifetime of the beneficiary, if it has been so selected.

Think of being able to leave your wife a Monthly Income,—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—which cannot be lost or stolen—but which will come to her regularly Every month for twenty years, or for her lifetime.

The New Monthly Income Policy pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary, in fact—all by a monthly income which cannot fail.

THE COST of this policy is low. For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential \$167.35 per year (which means a saving of only \$13.95 per month, or about \$3.50 per week), assure an income of \$50 Every Month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all to your family after your death. At slightly higher, cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter for her entire lifetime. This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to complete all your payments to the Company in the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you would like to arrange to **Protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from to-day, if you are living then, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you, as long as you live, and your wife as long as she lives, if she survives you. This can be done, too,—under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: \$214.20 per year (a saving of \$4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a Guaranteed Income of \$25 per month, beginning at age 60 and continuing as long as either you or your wife should live,—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value is absolutely guaranteed, in the policy itself, while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh in your mind. Address Dept. 90, We will furnish you full information—just adapted to your particular case.

Johnt. Dryden

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.





FOR

JANUARY

1909

Alfred J. Dewey

3
1 3
46
47
56
57
66
67
74
75
82 I
83 96 97
96
102
111
118
125
133
140 147
147
152
157

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.80



SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by Ainslee Magazine Co., Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York.

Crmond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Cepyright, 1908, by Ainslee Magazine Co., New York. Copyright, 1908, by Ainslee Magazine Co., Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.

Entered September 11, 1902, at New York as Second-class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 2, 1879.

WARNING Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.



will scour away the surface also.

Kitchen utensils quickly wear out under this severe usage and

have to be replaced by new ones.

cicles are blamed speak for itself.

sive and wasteful.

Bon Ami removes dirt, grease, tarnish, rust, etc., without damaging the surface. BOYAM

Try one cake of Bon The worn out ar- Ami and let it

"Hasn't scratched yet !"

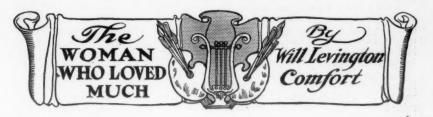
STERED 1908 BY THE BON AMI CO.

AINSLEE'S

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 6.



CHAPTER I.



ARBERLON had a huge fleshly face, but the flesh was white and firm. It is probable that fifty years never wrought less leathering and porewidening upon what

was originally a baby complexion. New York had not another like it, nor another Parberlon. His fathers had builded a physical manhood for him on a high and massive bone-structure, bound with thews of might and subtlety, and lashed with great agile, rhythmic muscles. They had brought his health apparently from the fresh new heart of the world. They had furnished his mind richly without question, but just how richly can only be suggested. Concerning this mental make-up, Adam Pryor, a close friend of Parberlon's, was heard to remark:

"I know him as well as any man; and yet, his mind is to me as inscrutable as the Book of Revelation. There may be women who know him better."

The passions which lived in this vast and desirable human tenement were also a mystery. Vapors of scandal had floated about his name, but never a drop congealed into fact. The known side of Parberlon was replete with worthy rather than mean performances. In playing the part of patron of the fine arts, it was not as a usurer relying upon a certain fruition of talents. He counted on no day of reckoning in aiding artists. A painter whom he had sent to Paris for study came back with some gold and many laurel leaves, praying to return the price of his victory. Parberlon waved him away.

"Money is of no value save to those who need," he said. "It has been a chance of mine to make plenty! Money that I give to any one must not be counted as a loan; but rather as a dinner that is eaten."

He was an artist himself, and the absolute dictator in the court of connoisseurs. Adam Pryor expressed it well in one sentence: "Parberlon is the New York representative of the Parisian Latin Ouarter."

Those great white hands of his had done many beautiful things. The paintings of his youth were still increasing in value. He could play the "Kreutzer Sonata," as it is played by few not at this moment in the warmest place of the world's musical heart. In a mirthful spirit he once designed a gown which an American girl afterward wore in the presence of the late English queen; on another occasion he designed the plans for a splendid park entrance of white marble. Added to this

he had beaten the commercial world at its own game, and was reputed to be kingly rich. Good artist that he was, however, Parberlon counted his financial coups as the cheapest of his achievements. He loved fine literature, especially poetry, but the rhythm of lines was not in him. This was his supreme failure.

"Real poets are fewer and made out of finer stuff than musicians and painters," he was wont to say. "I should rather have done Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale,' than Chopin's 'Etudes.' It

is farther from me.'

Parberlon loved New York. He believed that every big city is a cosmos, and that the real student of human affairs has no need to travel, save from street to street. This he did in his rapt tireless fashion. Not infrequently it was the second or third hour after midnight before he sought his lodgings; there to sit before his fire until dawn, unrolling and studying the films which his brain and senses had caught.

The city was myriad-minded to him. Sometimes her appeal was that of a witch; sometimes that of a ripe sensuous Carmen whose sumptuous garments were fouled at the hem, whose breath was the breath of spring orchards and whose heart was jungle-dark. New York was always feminine to him, and always had a new page ready to turn, and a new picture in deep colors for him to interpret according to the length

of his mind-rays.

Queer corners and queerer cults he knew. The fact that he added to the latter a visit to the Swastika Club is responsible for the present narrative. A certain Mrs. Cotter, whom he admired above all married women, with the possible exception of one, had advised him to attend a meeting of this organization. The night became one of the most important of his life-stations. Frankly. he had dropped in upon the little gathering with the desire to be entertained by a society presumably made up of human oddities; indeed, he had called in much the same mind that one ventures into an atmosphere where socialism is about to be brutalized into anarchy; or where the poor tired dead are harked back and nailed with questions regarding the flora and fauna of the Shades.

A dozen people were present. Parberlon was met with pleasant glances, but without curiosity. Slowly he perceived that he had come to the wrong place for unkemptness and mad-lit eyes. The people had a kindly, successful, temperate look. The meeting had not been called, and the conversations were divided in pairs or threes. The messages of the various low voices were carried in excellent English and were received with cultured attention. The furnishings of the little hall were

meager—save for books.

A woman sat at a piano, arranging some music. Her back was toward the stranger. Her figure was reedlike in its slenderness, and her hair gorgeously yellow. That her hair was wondrously fine as well, Parberlon knew from its blown look, and the strands were fashioned into an attraction of light. Silence was instant when she began to To the uttermost rim of his musical limitations, the playing was superb. It was one of those wonderful things which Wagner, poet and composer, had heard among the constellations. The woman reproduced the full concept with a hurl of power. At the end she turned quickly, her face elated with inspiration.

"You'll forgive me for saying it, I'm sure," she declared eagerly, "but I never did that so well before! I felt my audience." Her eyes fixed upon the stranger as she spoke the last sentence.

Parberlon was animated to the coldest clay of his being. His first thought was that the face was unlovely; but it never recurred. He had expected a maiden from the frailness of the figure and had found a woman. He had expected perfection from the high reach of her art, and the glory of her hair—and he had found a woman. Was there an error in the molding of that face? Never did mortal woman wear a nobler brow. The eyes that had already searched his mind and touched his heart were large, brilliant, wide apart,

gold-brown. The nose was delicately dominant—a fit and a fair companion. The mouth—he never saw it so plainly afterward—legions of pain had trampled there! Fragile almost to emaciation, yet there was abundant, even suppressed vitality, as she left the piano for a chair among her friends.

ad

S-

of

r-

es,

r-

ng

es.

ıl,

ot

re

S-

re

re

he

re

ıg

he

in

ly

ly

its

h-

i-

to

is

u-

ul

n-

a-

111

he

ed

m

er

1y

he

e.

ď-

ht

it

a

re

X-

ch

re

e?

er

iv

iis

rt,

A paper was read. In the hour which followed, Parberlon was borne yon and hitherward upon sharp seas of comment. Never in his half-century-and he had hung breathless while fine brains glowed and scintillated in the windfires-had he ever heard a group of human minds play together with such grace and glory. His own boundaries of mind and culture were lifted like paper stage-scenes, and with them the walls of space and time. The universe was his for a playground, and his companions were bright beings of thought. It was the hour of his life-the hour that revealed to him the possibilities of He did not feel his body until the meeting was over, and the pianist and leader, Vera Hetherington, took his hand and welcomed him.

A week later Parberlon again sought the little hall of the Swastika Club. The evening did not drag, nor did the talk sink into the commonplace; still the men and women were an earth-bound group. The fact that Vera Hetherington was not there did not cover the whole reason; for in later meetings in which she was the charioteer, Parberlon was not winged for a solid hour through glory as on the first night, although he glimpsed what seemed to be the central sun of truth in several flashes of splendor.

Vera Hetherington had maneuvered a monopoly of his thoughts. With her in the same room, Parberlon lost his mastery, a thing dear to him. She was adjustable to none of the feminine laws he had promulgated with such niceness and satisfaction. With ease, her mind stretched the vast octaves of mystical philosophy, and yet retained its sympathy with lowly things. Moreover, the mind of Vera Hetherington was most completely a woman's mind to his estimate. The signet of her sex was

upon its littlest product. He had not taken such a woman into his consideration of New York life.

It was a dry night of cold rough winds in early March, when Parberlon left the hall of the Swastika Club with Vera Hetherington-the first time they were alone together. There was a nervousness in the manner of each which neither had manifested in company. A peculiar thought is here: Parberlon was carelessly a master of the men and women of his day's work. It was a part of Vera Hetherington's religion to They found themselves be natural. alone in a boisterous spring night; and, behold, each had lost a characteristic poise.

"I love the city at night," she said, drawing her shoulders up into her scant furs. "Often I walk miles and miles, thinking such queer things. It is one of the finest stimulants to me—this great stone stage—in the darkness!"

He did not tell her that hers was his own pet hobby. "Do you walk alone?" he asked.

"Of course. When one is without fear, there is no danger. Once I was held up. There were only a few dines in my purse. I thanked the man for not striking me from behind, and asked him if his line of work was not thankless and ill-paid."

"Ah," said Parberlon.

They walked far and rapidly through the frosty air, the woman leading the way.

At length they entered the deep ravines of the tenements. The woman touched his arm and halted before one of these, saying:

"This is my home. Won't you come

CHAPTER II.

Parberlon accepted the invitation. He was startled a little, but eager. The gas flared noisily within when she unlocked the front door. The hall was bare, narrow, long, and cold. The rear wall was lost in the darkness. The shadows seemed to cringe in the gust of clean fine air from the street, even as the single gas-flame extended itself

in protest and threatened to leap back in the dark. Up uncarpeted stairs, through an unlit hall to the farthest door on the left, she led him. Parberlon heard her keys again. She touched his arm, bidding him stand until she lit

the jet of gas inside the door.

He followed her then into a cold, drafty room. Sheltering the match, she crossed the floor to the reading-lamp, and touched it into burning. The brave little stick of flaring phosphor in her hands was yet to ignite a shaving at the draft of a wood-stove in a farther corner of the room. She handled the match, Parberlon reflected, as dexterously as a man.

Then Vera Hetherington drew two large chairs before the fire, and hastened to fasten the blinds and pull

down the windows.

"I have been away since morning," she said, placing his hat upon the piano and taking his coat. "The fire will

make us cozy in a moment."

The floor was covered with matting and a few rugs. The room looked bare to Parberlon at first glance, possibly because it was so large. There were five windows, the interspaces of wall being lined with myriad books. The piano was a concert grand, and a broad low music-rack stood beside it. The table, upon which the green-shaded reading-lamp rested, was a huge affair covered with maroon felt, and held reading and writing materials innumerable.

The man watched her. Vera Hetherington's every movement was individual; her touch upon the fire or the lamp; the way she removed her long leather gloves, blew them out and swept them over the gas-jet; her voice; her stride. The new-warmed air was vital with her penetrating individuality; the thousand books glowed in it; Parberlon

breathed it.

"I love wood-fire heat," she declared, edging her chair closer to the stove. "Sometimes I have a slow fire in the spring and fall with all the windows open. Do smoke if you wish. I can't because it makes me ill. The odor of a cigar often comes up to my open windows from the street on summer nights.

and I feel like capturing it and keeping it alive."

"What a remarkable mortal you are!" Parberlon observed, and a boy could not

have spoken more sincerely.

"That is just what I don't like," she said quickly. "I try to be myself—only myself—and no one gives me credit for being a normal, rational creature."

"Because you are yourself."

"But should it be so, Mr. Parberlon? When I was a little girl, I wept
and wept because I was unlike other
little girls. My dear ones, no doubt,
wept for me. Those were bitter times
and futile. I could not change—long
since have ceased trying to change.
Look here to-night! I suppose I should
not have asked you to come into my
room with me—since I live alone—but
tell me why, why should we be afraid
of each other?"

"I see no reason," said Parberlon

dully.

"Here we are, two highly evolved human beings of a late day in the world," she went on, "and yet if New York could look in upon us to-night, the spiders of scandal would begin to weave and weave their webs. If they only knew that thoughts are things, and that such thoughts shrink their own souls, while glancing harmlessly from us who are unafraid! I ask you, Mr. Parberlon, ending the whole matter—what law is there for a clean mind?"

The stove had glowed red at the base, gladly would have destroyed itself in service. The woman checked it with a swift movement of her foot. Fresh water in an iron kettle was singing upon the lid. She lifted an earthen pot from its padded wicker and steamed it hot; then when the water was dancing, poured it upon a measure of leaves, and tucked the pot back into the cozy to infuse. All her movements were quickly, dartingly done. Parberlon did not answer.

"Tea—Russian tea—my only extravagance." she said. "Do you like lemon? Sugar? My cream, I'm afraid, went to one of the hall-cats."

For the first time in his memory, Parberlon was looking inside his own The trends and meanings of his life were there, all arranged in order. It was a gloomy place, like the interior of a church at twilight. This figure grew upon him without volition -his brain like a darkening church. The great organ in front; tone-boxes hidden entirely, but rows of painted tubes nicely graduated, hung up for show, hollow things with no soul of harmony—painted tubes! His own face singularly distorted looked out from every nook of the altar, but the virgins of thought were dimmed, the Christ of purity obscured! All this in a flash.

But the vision remained to haunt him -this man of mature years and big actions. For an instant, he had seen the fat-pithed evils and the hollow vanities of his life all graduated like painted tubes. Vera Hetherington had shamed He could not forget his own thoughts as he had followed her up the uncarpeted stairs of the tenement-as she took out the matches and keys from her little bag. "What law is there for a clean mind?" her words burned back.

"Surely you are not going to refuse my famous tea, Mr. Parberlon?" she

urged.

ev, oy, ry,

1

I certainly am not," he replied.

"You are a decided relief after many people," she said at length. "You do not compel yourself to talk if you

don't feel like it."

"I am not usually this way. have made me think many things. When you wish me to go-tell me. The tea is very good." He watched her as he spoke in a way that the world might call unpardonable, but she bore it smilingly, her face bent a little toward him, her eyes strangely bright.

"You do not feel like telling me the things you have been thinking about?"

"No, the things are raw yet, and they

are very many.'

Parberlon had made his way some distance down the street, when he halted suddenly and retraced his steps through the windy night toward the

tenement in which she lived. An arclight on the corner lit the streets. Her house was on the southwest corner of Bleak and Casamajor. He had turned back to note the exact location. Vera Hetherington's lamp still burned be-hind the shutters. An iron balcony stretched along the three front windows. It made him think, with a thrill, of summer nights. A policeman, rubber-tired, stepped out of the shadows like a creature instantaneously materialized, glanced closely at Parberlon who passed on. In his study later, he sat down to think.

The big man realized that he had lost his freedom. So long had his own Ego been to him both shrine and oracle that suddenly to have it overturned by a personality more finely knit was actual pain. It was not the first time that his masculine fabric had been caught and clutched by a woman, but other times he had played the game of Fabius. It was his way to delay until the women themselves broke his enchantments. He had led them sometimes slowly, sometimes swiftly, to the great wall of their limitations where they bruised themselves and became deplorable, endeavoring to follow him.

Parberlon had reached that period of life when Mind is an important feminine prerogative. Vera Hetherington had a mind, the finest and fullest mind he had ever met in man or woman. Manifestly, she would not wreck her pinions against any boundaries of his The larger chance, was that she would wing away over walls that bound him with grim finality. was the present case formidable.

Attenuation and the lips of pain notwithstanding, Vera Hetherington had drugged him with ardor. There was that about her so esthetic and finely fibered as to appeal directly to his age and portion of culture. What white fires of being must she contain to furnish the energy for such a brain!

He had been unable to speak as he sat before her. It had seemed to him as if her great gold-brown eyes had shot spears of light into his very sanctuary of Self-as if she had seen the ego accumulations, the sheeted shams, the

painted tubes!

There was moisture upon Parberlon's brow when he arose. He tried to put the woman out of mind, but a new phase of her life came to him as he stared about his own gorgeous apartment. What a contrast to that bare dim place of essentials to which she had led him! Chill, dark halls; the suggestion of sleeping horrors in the silence-scores of trodden minds, pitiful cramped lives, squalor behind shut doors where children were brought into the world to live all over again the sins and strayings and sullen pains of their forbears, rayless human brutes doomed to groan and grope always, beyond the outer wall of beauty and inspiration and every God-touched thing!

Why was Vera Hetherington there? Parberlon went to bed, but his sleep was not sweet. That part of a man which dreams moved restlessly about the hateful halls of the tenement, shivered outside with the cat-footed patroleman; waited, whimpering, before her own door, but could not cry aloud for

the woman to let him in.

CHAPTER III.

Vera Hetherington sat long before the stove after her guest took his leave. Her gaze was fixed upon the chair he had occupied, and such was the intensity of her concentration that one would think that Parberlon were still

there.

She smiled a little, but sorrowfully. "Ah, Parberlon, your mind was not a pretty thing when you entered this room to-night! How wicked you have been! How finished and workmanlike in your wickedness, but there is hope, since I made you writhe at the sight of yourself! Ugh, but how steeped in civilization you are! You are so braced and buttressed and overbowed with slave-driving conventions that you were uncomfortable when I took them away -like a poor creature who has worn tight stays so long that she is jelly that won't jell without them! Parberlon, master of men, arbiter of the arts. I

wonder if it is your destiny in this life to breathe God's air, with your head bared to God's sun—to let your soul breathe? You will have to suffer first, as you have made others suffer."

Intense physical distress seemed suddenly to possess Vera Hetherington. She turned out the reading-lamp and opened wide two of the windows, as if better to breathe in the gloom of the single jet by the door. After that, she paced the floor with a swift soft tread, her fingers pressing her breast, her skirts rustling with machinelike regularity against a rocker at one end of the room and the piano-bench at the other.

Upon the lafter she sank down after many moments and began to play. The musician's soul, harshly driven, was seeking to defend itself, through its art, against waves of agony and weariness. But for once, the quick depletion of her powers was not stayed. She ceased suddenly. A violin, somewhere in the halls, carried on the piece for a few quavering bars, ineffable in sweetness. "Poor little Thurber!" she murmured

hoarsely.

Her body had all but burned itself out. As one driven to water by poison, she left the instrument and swayed toward a small medicine-cabinet on the outer wall, above a low case of books. Her fingers had lost their sense. The lock would not turn under their fumbling. With a sob, she staggered back to the piano and struck one of the notes in the upper octave five times—a signal shrill, staccato. Then the woman settled forward upon the keys, a choking sound in her throat.

A running step in the hall and the door was thrust open. A little man in evening wear, a violin tucked under his arm, ran toward her. His face, beneath great masses of black hair, was terri-

ble with fear.

"My God, Vera, you are dying!"
"No, no," she whispered. "Bring the thing, Thurber! I haven't slept for many nights. I am just tired and choky!"

In an instant the lamp was relit, the cabinet opened. A moment later, he was crushing a small tablet in the bowl

of a teaspoon, upon which he poured a half-thimble of water, stirring, stirring quickly. His hands were chalky-white, slender, and extraordinarily long. The woman gasped, and the keys jangled as her arms grew tense and relaxed again. The liquid was sucked into a syringe, the flesh of her frail arm lifted, the needle inserted, and the charge driven. Then Thurber raised her head to his breast and chafed her hands in his, sometimes kissing them.

"Dear little Thurber!" she said faintly at length. "I wonder if I should have died—if you hadn't come!"

"Yes, you would die, and then I would kill myself!" he exclaimed, with an ardor that was like rage. "My God, Vera, why do you walk and think, and think and walk the night away?"

"I have slept ill lately. I couldn't have reached the thing in time." she added wonderingly. "My fingers wouldn't feel. Why did you stay up for me to-night?"

"Vera, Vera—I feel it when you are ill. Do I not know you?" he whispered, passion burning in his voice.

"No friend could be truer or dearer to me-"

"It is love, Vera Hetherington. I love you!"

"Ah, help me to a chair, Thurber. I'm better. Let's not be commonplace. I love you, too, for your goodness and your genius. There, now go to your room and rest."

He paused at the door, a little bent figure, and a face strangely young, strangely pitiful. "Some time when I am not here—when I am playing at the theater—you will fall—and I shall know and rush screaming from the orchestra—but I shall be too late!"

"No, Thurber, I shall be careful—when you are away," she smiled.

He came back to kiss her hand, and then she was alone.

After a little, Vera Hetherington arose, put out the lights, and opened the windows and shutters to the dawn. Then she moved slowly into a little

room beyond.

Parberlon awoke at nine. He felt

the bigness of yesterday at first indefinitely, as harbor-folk in the daylight gray perceive a strange ship which the night has brought, but cannot make her out until the fuller light. Tubbing, he reviewed the night. It is a passionless hour, that of the ablutions, wherein the colder ambitions play, and work assumes. He laughed at himself as a strong man laughs at a merry carousal which has not gone too far. He shaved himself as usual, leisurely, luxuriously. Parberlon had nothing but scorn for the men of one half his age and income who affected valets.

A mighty wholesome-looking male being he was to look at, as he sat down to breakfast, huge of height and flesh, but nowhere softly protuberous; full-limbed, but not bandy. Moreover, he wore the air of one who is groomed, not only in the exterior details of linen and raiment and skin, but one also whose health is attended and brought to its most nearly perfect adjustment. His face is hard to impress in words. Like a fine apple it lacked blemishes to

individualize it.

Throughout his second cup of coffee, taken clear, and his first cigar of the day, a mild one, Parberlon held his merry own. Then Vera Hetherington, quite as freshly attired as himself, and quite as new as the sunny March morning was to him, whisked his Ego out of its own establishment, and sat down placidly as predestination. Up to this moment Parberlon had planned to attend certain commercial matters that day. These were shunted, and he called instead upon Mrs. Cotter, who had advised him first of all to go to the Swastika Club.

Any man who had Mrs. Cotter to go to with his joys and sorrows was not sent into this world bare of benediction. She was unequivocally a lovely woman; a fact which no one appreciated so well as Mr. Cotter, the butcher. He was inane philosophically, but humanly sound and sweet. To watch that round mellow face of his in the Cotter library of an evening, as it bloomed and glowed under the inspiration of Mrs. Cotter's profile, or Mrs. Cotter's repar-

tee, or Mrs. Cotter's flight to the nursery-when no other ears save hers had caught a sound—this was to learn a lesson in the interstellar immensity of devotion. Cotter's love for her was a vast and delicious atmosphere, a pure and tranquil enchantment. That she was his, that her children were histhis was all he could bear. The butcher beamed alway.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cotter kept her house as neat as a little red wagon, and at decent intervals added a step to the royal staircase of younger Cotters, each a glory more golden than the preceding; and all this time she held Cotter in a state of continual transport; loved everybody in the world, especially the people she knew, and extraespecially Vera Hetherington.

"Mrs. Cotter," Parberlon said, "I have come to find out all that you know

about Vera Hetherington."

"I might listen at her knees throughout many lives, sir, and still not know all about Vera Hetherington."

"All that you know."

"Sit down and think hard about her for five minutes," Mrs. Cotter commanded. "In the meantime, I'll see to the servants and get Henry and some sewing."

Henry proved to be a yearlingcherub in the final stages of toast-andjam drowsiness, who was presently deposited upon the sitting-room lounge. The mother took up her needle and her

story:

"Where Vera Hetherington came from, no one knows. She has been in New York ten years. What happened in her life before that is obscure, but some people are wicked enough to say that her present existence is an expiation. One fact is known to me: As a girl she was a pupil of the illustrious H. P. B., who said that she had the 'best-organized psychic body manifested outside of the Orient.' The astonishing Indian seer, Ramakanda, who was in New York seven years ago, halted in the midst of his first lecture as Vera Hetherington entered the hall, and then uttered this sentence: 'I came to

America, believing that it was my mission to teach; instead I have found a teacher!' He ran to Vera Hetherington -whom he had never seen or heard of before that night—when his lecture was over. The two were inseparable during the weeks he was here, much to the scandal of the vile-minded-God

pity them!

"I try to love all creatures, but I can close my physical eyes and so shut out their faults. The minds of men and women whom Vera Hetherington meets are stretched out before her like a scroll in the sunlight! She sees with an inner eye which has no lid all that is there of virtue, and all that makes for soul-murder—passion, envy, hatred—as plainly as you see the color of my eyes, my dress, my hands. And yet she loves all, the least and foulest of our kind. This is the test of love. The Christ's love for men differs only in

Mrs. Cotter sewed in silence for a moment and Parberlon smoked, brooding upon the night before and his thoughts then. "I went to her home after the meeting of the Swastika Club

last night," he said at length.

"Oh, she is taking an interest in you

then!" Mrs. Cotter exclaimed.

"I hope so," said Parberlon, who could not forbear an inward smile at the thought of his having a patron. "How does she happen to live in a tenement?"

"It is her own, but won't be long. Poor Vera, she couldn't keep anything! The house is mortgaged to the extent of its value, and it was given to her free and clear."

"By whom?"

"By a man I never met. No, he was not her husband."

"Do you think she would allow me to clear her tenement-house for her again?" Parberlon questioned.

"No, I'm quite sure she would not." "She accepted the gift in the first place from a man who was not her husband," the connoisseur mused, "and yet she would not allow another to recoup her fortunes."

"He may have left it to her in his will," Mrs. Cotter suggested uneasily.

"In which case she might have given

it to the poor."

"And that is just what she has done!" declared Mrs. Cotter, with restored confidence. "She has given it to the poor in the wisest way, too-in little bits! That is why her property is all eaten away now. Some time when you are walking through the East Side and see the horrible spectacle of an evicted family, crying in the streets about their poor little household things, just hire a wagon, Mr. Parberlon, and have the entire outfit sent to Vera Hetherington's tenement. You need not go with them. You need not give them further money. The family will not be turned away from there. It will be fed. More than that, it will stay and be fed until it is self-supporting again.

"Believe me, I have seen that house of hers so full of the suffering poor in a bad winter, that whole families were camped about oil-stoves in the hall. At this moment, where one family pays a pittance of rent there are five who do not. She does not keep them when they can—only a little violinist who will not leave her. It seems he was starving when she found him, but he has done quite well since, and he makes her share the half of his kingdom—

literally worships her.

"But she does not give the poor bread and lodging alone. My dear friend, I have called upon Vera Hetherington at seven in the evening, and found her pale and trembling with fatigue, after giving the neighborhood children piano-lessons for ten hoursthe ones of promise whose parents are too poor to pay for instruction. I have seen her take up in her arms a shivering mangy cur from the gutter, and carry it to her room to be fed and warmed and anointed. I have followed her into huts of unspeakable squalor where human beings were starving and dying. I have left her in those places alone at nightfall to return to my babies and send Mr. Cotter with groceries and meats. I have relieved her the next morning that she might bathe and

change—not to rest. She never rests when there is work to do!

"And this is not all her work. She has calls innumerable to speak and play to her people. She is the leader, as you know, of the Swastika Club. She has classes of philosophy and occultism, none of whose esoteric sections I am advanced enough to enter. Ah, and does she not play divinely? Yes, and she talks just as well! I want to tell you, Mr. Parberlon, that there have been moments as she talked—the highest and rarest moments of my life—when it has seemed to me, verily, as if the great Saint Paul had come back to earth in the body of Vera Hetherington!"

The connoisseur inquired gently: "Some time when my sins find me out, and I am aged and bereft—won't you plead for me, Mrs. Cotter?"

The woman laughed at him. you wonder that I love her?" she asked. "But before all, Vera Hetherington is the sweetest woman—as a woman—I have ever known. If I were a man, I should rather worship her across the world, worship her memory, than to lead any other woman in the flesh to my hearth! Ah, don't listen, I pray you, friend of mine, to any evil tales about that saint! They will tell you things said to have happened before she came to New York. They will whisper things said to happen now in that tenement-house of hers. They will say that the violinist is her lover, and that there have been other lovers. If these things are true-and I should believe it only from her own lips-I could not love her less, Mr. Parberlon."

There were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Cotter who had risen to one of her really big moments. "And that little babe of mine, asleep yonder, might nestle in her arms just the same—when she came here!" she added. "I have watched Vera Hetherington in these rooms, Mr. Parberlon, seen the starving mother-heart of her, with that little boy pressed in her arms. Though her sins were as scarlet, I should consider it a blessing to forgive her, as He forgave the woman of tears and flowing

hair and the box of alabaster—because she loved much!"

And the connoisseur went his way.

CHAPTER IV.

A sweet June morning three months later. Parberlon and his friend, Adam Pryor, were breakfasting together at Deuber's, which was a wing of the High Art's Club, rather well down-town. It was nicely adjacent, also, to the Faltis Building, the fifteenth and top floor of which Parberlon occupied entire. Here were his offices, his lodgings, and his studio. A gallery of rare pictures was there also, and certain other apartments which few men had seen. He also had a sumptuous home and grounds, two hours up the Hudson, which was occupied by his wife who had divorced him years ago. Between the two a good-natured toleration existed still. On occasion Parberlon gave a dinner and festival to his friends at the up-river house. At such times, the guests found Mrs. Parberlon a beautiful hostess, but noted that Parberlon invariably accompanied his last guest down-town.

"Taking all things into consideration," said Adam Pryor, as he stirred his coffee, "I am forced to conclude that you are not entertaining this morn-

Parberlon was absorbed in a certain letter from a considerable pile of mail which he had gone through while the breakfast order was waiting.

"This is rather interesting," he said, handing the other the sheet which read as follows:

I should like to have you call at my studio and judge a picture that I have just finished. I have spent four months' work upon it, and ten years' preparation. It is good, and I am starving.

Walling Brealt.

"To the point—eh?" said the connoisseur.

"Mightily interesting," observed Adam Pryor.

"What have you got to do this morning?" Parberlon asked.

"I never do much until night," replied Pryor, who was a writer.

"Let me see," the other considered, "I have a directors' meeting at eleven which can be postponed. Then I must send a check to little Mamie Sevrance, in lieu of calling this forenoon as I intended. You have seen her, the danseuse? I had asked her to perform at our little dinner up the river the last of the week, but she has written me a pitiful note that her mother is very ill. And think of it, Pryor, her brother is a cripple—that genius-limbed creature and a cripple in the same family! I can call upon Brealt this morning—will you go?"

Adam Pryor assented. "Do you

know this Brealt?"

"Yes, he is an enemy of mine," was the peculiar reply. "There isn't a boy of promise in the city whom I dislike more keenly than this same Walling Brealt. His mother was one of Nature's beloved. She brought him to me five years ago. He was then about twenty. She told me that the boy was a dreamer and had painted pictures since he began to talk and walk. A more beautiful face than his could not exist, nor a more hateful heart. He is one of those beings who think the world a dirty unrhythmical thing, because it does not instantly seize and glorify him. Brealt's is the most one- . pointed inclination without, I believe, real genius to energize it, that ever came under my notice. All the eccentricities, all the weaknesses, all the meannesses which sometimes go with the tortured great, he has—but I deny him the divine spark itself. His greatest virtue, and one that will likely kill him, is a furious zeal for work.'

Adam Pryor drew a long breath. He loved anything that had to do with terrible sessions of toil. Parberlon, while not exactly animated, was unusually intent upon his subject, as he continued:

"His mother died in a bed of charity. Brealt was unmoved. For the sake of his mother I gave him lessons, until one day he reviled me for criticizing one of his callow pictures—a raw passionate daub. Unknown to him, even

afterward, I paid for his attic—the same he lives in now. He thinks the old woman trusted in his future and was willing to wait. She gave him food which I paid for. Brealt did not know. He called me to his studio eight or ten months ago to see a canvas. He had spent months upon it, as in this case. It was an impossible Western thing. You see, he is aloof from men and life, and hasn't the inner faculty of reproducing them. His ideals are cold stone-age stuff. I told him so, and he attacked me physically. I really had to hurt him and his picture to get away."

"Why under Heaven does he ask for you now?" Adam Pryor demanded.

"That's the queerest thing about him. He continues to believe in my honesty and eye as a judge of paintings. I heard it from him second-hand that Brealt would rather please me whole-heartedly than to be hung beside Warbelier at the Luxembourg. He knows I dislike him. His hatred for me is one of the most unique things on this planet; yet he plans to win me, believing that I will be honest, as, of course, I should be, though he were a snake and painted with a belly-glide."

There was silence for a minute or two. Pryor turned his eye upon the man across the table, not secretly at all, but dartingly. Parberlon was eating a chop. None could use the implements of food with finer delicacy and deftness. It may have been that the gusto, so nicely conserved by civilized tools, was imagined by the writer. Adam Pryor, at least, never told what his inner brain-sanctum held that instant. He had a secret inclination, however, toward the fiery Brealt. He was eager also to see the boy and his picture that morning, and to study the decision of the connoisseur.

"I count it a big thing," he said quietly, "that Brealt is determined to get you on his side at any odds. It's a pure compliment, Parberlon. But how has he managed to live since you withdrew your patronage?"

"That I cannot tell. He seldom does pot-boilers. Any impressionable young

woman would fall in love with Brealt's face, but he hates them, is impolite, inconsiderate, brutal. I don't think he would take money from a woman, and that old landlady of his is not one to be put off. She is an extreme type of the evil-tongued, clod-headed virago who shrieks for the police if coin of the realm is not forthcoming for space in her house. It is interesting to hear that he is starving."

At this moment a man came with a message from Parberlon's office, saying that it had just arrived. The contents mightily pleased the connoisseur.

"It is from Vera Hetherington," he told Pryor, "and mystical as usual. She declares that she was just sitting down to tell me that she scarcely ever made an exception in refusing social invitations, and that she would not be at my up-river dinner Friday night—when something which she does not yet understand prompted her to accept. So she will be there."

"I am glad," said Adam Pryor.
"There is a great woman."

The two presently emerged from Deuber's in the summer mid-forenoon. The real burning of the season had not begun, and the air was sweet from a shower in the night. There are men, chiefly city men of country beginnings, who contend that sunlight is only worth while in the open places, in fields and hills and endless roads; yet a summer morning in a rain-washed city is a splendid stimulus for him who has the leisure, the natural cleanliness of mind to enjoy light and sound, and the acumen to appreciate the works of his brother men. Pryor, who was a dry, slender, nervous brain-worker thirty-five, lit a cigarette at the café door.

Parberlon said laughingly:

"The air is too fine to smoke in, Adam. One should rest his lungs for a while after breakfast on a day like this."

"You are right, no doubt," said Pryor, who continued to inhale deep drafts, "but my body is nothing to me except a typewriter—and I often forget to cover it at night."

"In the last fifteen years how many days has that machine of yours spoiled, because of its pains and depressions?"

Pryor flipped his cigarette out into the center of the street with a goodhumored laugh. "I'm different from other people," he explained. "If I rode my mare regularly, walked long distances, put all evils away, and slept a certain eight hours nightly, my brain presently would put on its animal youth again, and I should be unfit for flights: instead I should be a sleepy, earthbound mortal piling up sentences of single candle-power, doing lines for the market, instead of for my soul's good. Mind, I don't advise any other man to follow me, nor to force his growth as I do, but for me black coffee, whisky, tobacco, drugs, anything that will shake off the body of a man, and turn loose his mind for high work. I have suffered certainly, lost many days, and done little after all, but there has come into my life, Parberlon, a few gales of inspiration."

"Sail your ship into the rapids if you must," said the connoisseur, smiling appreciatively, "but look out or I'll attend

your funeral."

The attic which Brealt occupied was on the third and top floor of an ancient The encroachment of foreigners had destroyed the locality, and an east wind brought fish-odors from the water-front. Walling Brealt had no concern with the traditions of the house or the locality, but with his work, his days of light, and with a grim woman who haunted the halls and demanded money at intervals. She did not wait for him to speak or to come to her; but descended on the day and the hour. She was a pious woman, too, and every Sabbath morning crossed the city to renew her soul in a church. Then the children played in the halls for an hour.

Parberlon and Pryor approached the landlady in the second hall. The latter whispered: "Think how one of that sort must torture him! Before God, I have passed through it, and on one of the nights, I put a gun to my head."

But Parberlon did not hear. He had moved forward to speak to the woman.

Rejoining the writer in the upper hall, he asked: "What was it you were saying? I felt in the small of my back, as I left you, that it was something worth while, but I had to speak

to her-

Walling Brealt appeared in his doorway and stopped further talk. He was tall as Parberlon and thin as the writer beside him. Now, it is a fact that among men who have done things in art, one's features are trifles beneath notice. If traveling salesmen, for instance, had to wear the faces of great men, their plight would be pitiable. At the same time, Brealt was so demonstratively handsome, his features so cleanly cut, and the contour of his head and profile so nearly perfect, that one cannot forbear a statement of the fact. His pallor was that of an infant momentarily ill; but Adam Pryor knew that it meant hunger. The latter's thoughts are worth mentioning: "He looks like a young god lost in a desert. I am willing to gamble that his work is good, for only a genius can starve like that!"

The artist did not shake hands with either of the men. He had not met Pryor, and did not appear to care to. The writer was too decently big to be hurt, or to lose his consuming interest in the thing at hand. The truth is, Pryor would have been glad to be so careless of the world's high men. could not starve like that," was his added thought. "I am indebted to Parberlon because-I could not starve like

Brealt was plainly nervous. His words were few. Pryor reflected that he would have perceived the young man's hatred for the connoisseur, even if he had not been advised regarding it. Parberlon was courtesy and niceness itself. His eye did not rove to the attic furnishings as the writer's had done, but rested expectantly upon the easel.

Brealt uncovered the picture and then stepped back, his gaze becoming fixed upon some point between the eyes of Parberlon and the canvas itself-as if to deflect or magnetize the current passing from the glance of the expert to the colors. The light was perfect. The street-sounds seemed hushed.

A battle-field at night. Horrors humped in the gloom upon the trampled blood-sated soil. A ghastly Thenardier at work among the dead. A distant lantern. A foggy moon.

Parberlon stepped to a different angle. In a terrible pressure of silence, he studied the thing at a distance; then at arm's length. Pryor was spending volumes of nervous power and hating himself for it, since his own work required all.

"Brealt, are you broke?" the con-

noisseur questioned at last.

"I think that is outside the question," the artist replied, with anger.

"It isn't from what I have to say,"

said the other gently.

"Yes, I am broke—I have been broke

for years."

"I am going to leave enough for you to live on for a few days. Until Friday evening, in fact. I want you to be present for dinner at my up-river house then, and you shall have my decision there. I must meditate upon this picture of yours."

Brealt sat down. Parberlon passed him a sum of money which he took without thanks and pocketed without

a glance.

Parberlon was already in the hall. Pryor, just behind him, looked back. The boy was sitting tight, his elbows resting upon a naked table. Pryor

hastily returned to him.

"Cover up the picture and try not to think about it until Friday night," he whispered quickly. "Go out and get food and drink and rest. Honestly, I think Parberlon means to have big things to say to you!"

"Who are you?" Brealt asked im-

patiently.

"I am Adam Pryor, a writer."

"Newspaper men-press-agent for

that canaille, Parberlon?"

"No, no, I write stories and verses and books. I have not been on a newspaper for years," Pryor found himself explaining as if to some higher power. He was delighted to find that there was

no rage in him toward the boy. "You know that a writer who can keep off a newspaper and live," he added, "is fingering the outskirts of success."

"He isn't if he lets Parberlon keep him," was the remark that Adam Pryor digested as he hastened out into the

hall to rejoin the connoisseur.

"What do you think of his picture, Adam?" Parberlon asked as they reentered the section of metropolitan opulence.

"I thought it great. In spite of the fact that he insulted me variously, I am sorry that my word does not count."

"Did you ever study the pictures of the great Russian, Vereshchagin?" Parberlon questioned curiously.

"No," the writer replied. "I haven't gone much to the galleries. In the presence of great musicians once or twice, I have wept drunkenly, I know not why. But for the most part, my work has been attempting to put on paper in the right place, right groups of words, conveying the right thought."

"What do you suppose would happen if I told Brealt that his work was

bad?" was the final question.

"I think he would die," said Pryor, "possibly he would murder you first."

CHAPTER V.

Parberlon's place on the Palisades was built of rock, built upon a rock. It was broad, low, and massive. The classic eye of Ruskin could have found no flaw in its architecture. Stables, kennels, aviaries, and similar joys of the rich were scattered about the thirty acres in the midst of gardens and orchards.

Forty artists sat down to an inimitable dinner on this keystone night of the present narrative. Adam Pryor, Vera Hetherington, Walling Brealt, editors, magazinists, virtuosos, cartoonists, painters—men and women to whom physical appearance meant little or nothing; men and women who had gone up into the higher planes of mind and brought back visions and harmonies tenuous enough to be reproduced falteringly, at least, with such

crude material symbols as words and

pigments and tones.

In the light of a full moon, June approached divinity that night. Recent showers had been brief and warm-just plentiful enough for the pure and simple needs of vegetables and to set their every fiber tingling to consummate its own destiny. Parberlon's conservatories contained, without doubt, the rarest marvels of high life in the plant world, but the fragrance from his orchards was sweeter far. Indeed, in the moonlight, the flowering fruit-trees made one think of men and women with powdered hair, gathered for a dance in an old régime. It was that time of year, too, when all that is vegetable in man feels the imperious springing of earth-atoms and responds -he does not know quite how or why -to the stimulus of the soil. Some men paint better at this time of the year; others cannot paint at all. Some are tired; others crave to cover great distances afoot. Still others want to woo a woman.

Two persons watched Walling Brealt closely. They were Adam Pryor and Vera Hetherington. The writer was interested in the drama of the young man's life, and this especial night of it. The woman, who had never seen the artist before, was animated by some indescribable psychic sense, which forces us to peer deeply into the face of a stranger with whom we are strangely to be related afterward. Men look into the eyes of the woman they are to marry this way; and men who are to be enemies in the future are sometimes fascinated at first glance by the countenance which later sublimates

their hatred.

Brealt ate nothing, nor drank any wine. He made no pretentions of eating or drinking. His eye never roved far from the massive figure of Parberlon. He was there, not to be merry nor to display any pretty line of faculties, but to hear what the connoisseur had to say about the canvas on the easel in his attic. The expression upon his face was not a sneer—quite. Without the flicker of an eye-

lash, he listened to sayings which the

age might well call brilliant.

"Mr. Pryor," Parberlon said, rising, toward the end of dinner, "up at this end of the table, we have been talking about genius. Tell us what kind of genius a man must possess in order to leave such a scar on his times, as to create a school of artists after him."

The little man's eyes flashed as he answered: "He must be fearless absolutely of form and convention in all that he paints or plays or writes."

Pryor's voice, while not strident, had a penetrating quality. His sentence won the dearest applause—an instant's silence.

"That is a good and true saying," said Parberlon, "but if I am not mistaken, Miss Hetherington has an added

word on the matter."

The frail woman smiled as she said: "I only wish to complete, or rather to amend Mr. Pryor's sentence, 'A man must be fearless absolutely of form and convention, in all that he paints or plays or writes.' He must be of mellowed culture and seasoned mind, in order that he may dare with reason and accuracy."

Brealt scanned her idly as she finished, as if to say: "How do you know?" or, "Where did you find that quotation?" There was also something in his look which suggested: "All these things which you poor mortals are striving so hard to give expression to, I know instinctively. My work is painting. I have a masterpiece in my attic

at the present moment."

Parberlon did not gather up the eyes of his guests for nothing on occasions. He did not miss the varied lights there. More than once he had settled a glance upon Vera Hetherington, and always the huge heart within him leaped at the sight. There was something almost fanciful in the fashioning of yellow silk that she wore—something that became her magically. His thought that she was too slender for evening dress was refuted with a shock of pleasure. The greatest passion of his life had kindled in the past three months. To-night it burst into flame.

All that the man of the world knew about women, all that age and New York, wine and rising breasts, red blood and the arts, passions and the cool of dawns, expectation and dissolution, fortunes and infatuations—all that these had taught him was stripped from his brain in the presence of Vera Hetherington. He was a youth full of timidities, full of virginities, faltering of tongue, fluttering of spirit, yet surging with the first love of his life.

Regarding the woman now, as the exigencies of the moment permitted, he could only liken her to that rarest of all orchids, the *Espiritu Santo*, which the Spaniards reverence. About her were roses and dahlias, daisies and hollyhocks, but Vera Hetherington was the Flower of the Holy Spirit, which treasures in its cup a snow-white

dove.

A low mild laugh startled the connoisseur in the midst of his thinking. It was from a sweet-faced woman who sat directly opposite—the wife of his

youth.

More than once during dinner, Parberlon had turned his glance to the single discordant note, Walling Brealt, and he had felt new ranges rising behind the already formidable foot-hills of his hatred. Parberlon had quelled many of his animosities during the past three months and cast away many of Brealt remained as his his dislikes. single dissipation, so to speak. sought to justify himself in the conviction that the young man's art could only be mellowed by punishments; still he did not allow a breath of personality to enter in the making of his verdict on the picture.

Dinner was over. The groups had variously scattered to different parts of the house and grounds. Walling Brealt was following the connoisseur, who knew it, but was in no haste to be cornered. Adam Pryor was by no means cold to the fact that there was a likely possibility of an artistic climax to be had by staying close to Parberlon. He contrived to pay his devoirs to the hostess after dinner, without losing track of either of the principals.

The three came together in the luminous orchards. Stepping close to Parberlon quickly, Brealt demanded in a voice of suppressed anger:

"How long do you mean to play with me? I did not come here to eat and drink and be fatuous. I came for your word on my picture—what is it, Par-

berlon?"

In the light of the bright moon, Pryor watched the artist's face. It was the index of a body burning with fever or wasting from starvation—a haggard face beneath vivid unnatural eyes.

"Remember, I did not seek to judge your picture, Mr. Brealt," Parberlon said gently. "One should not be discourteous, even though the verdict upon his own work is pending. The world is cold and dull and has never yet adjusted its comings and goings to the passion of an unarrived artist."

The look upon Brealt's face was as if a serpent had bitten him. Pryor's inner self was weeping. He knew the moment the boy was passing through. The latter's voice was that of one

fighting for air, as he said:

"Do I take it that I have not arrived from my present picture? God help me, it's not because I think you are an artist that I ask your word, Parberlon. I know your thin-lined stuff. I know the school you live in, and the best of any of you are steady-handed imitators. It is because you know pictures that I called you."

"From what I know of pictures," Parberlon went on, in the same way of deadly quiet, "I must confess that if you should die to-night, your 'Battlefield at Night' would not cause your grave to be distinguished from the mounds of such excellent citizens as clerks and grocers and harness-makers. Still, it is an improvement upon some of the things you have done."

Pryor was chilled and rebellious against the utter hate manifested in the wording of Parberlon's decision. Brealt raised his two clenched hands before the face of the connoisseur, and said with a laugh that was haunting in its

hopelessness:

"Parberlon, for the first time in my

life, I believe you lie-I believe you lie in your heart."

"I was going to add," the connoisseur finished, with a smile, "that you have not the eye to see other work than yours, that you do not appear to have the health for extended work, and that above all you lack the human heart to warm your work. There is another matter-

Brealt rushed away. Pryor followed, caught the artist's arm, and faced him

in a light from the great house.
"Listen, Brealt," he panted, "I liked your picture. I thought it great, but God knows I'm not in power. But let me tell you. I work as you do. I have lost my health working as you do. Ten years ago I spent seven months of semistarvation doing a manuscript. I was in the West then, and dared not trust it to an express-company, so I brought it on with me, and was robbed as the train was crossing New Jersey. I was dazed and whipped and suicidal as you are now. I was hungry afterward and unkempt and diseased of spirit. I only tell you this because I have had my hell, and because this hell makes painters and writers. I did the story better afterward, and it caught on, because I spilled all the blood I had to give in it-and a hollow laugh besides! I want you to keep your hope -what's left of your health and your hope! You can't fail if you do that. My God, Brealt, it's not in the cards to fail! Only remember this, too, that the damned little world will go on just the same, if you should come up out of the fire—a Raphael, a Wagner, and a Shakespeare rolled into one!"

Brealt pulled away without reply. Adam Pryor went back to Parberlon at

the edge of the orchards.

CHAPTER VI.

Vera Hetherington left the dinnerroom after a little talk with Mrs. Parberlon. She was thinking sadly of what the life of this woman must be, a remarkable woman who appeared happy and of whom the world had no facts to the contrary, save a separation from her husband. She imagined-but would not have granted it to herself-that there was a miserable history behind the laughing eyes of Mrs. Parberlon. It was a grievous fault of Vera Hetherington's, in her own eyes, that she saw so quickly and deeply into the human face. Always she said of a passing stranger: "I have wronged Always she believed that the evil which her eyes caught in an instant would be balanced by some mighty psychic virtue, which better acquaintance would reveal to her.

Avoiding the groups of people, she made her way out toward the cliffs. Something about the dinner had distressed her subconsciously. The exact process which led to her depression was not yet clear. She was sorry that she had come; sorry that she had responded to Parberlon's call for an utterance from her at dinner. It is true that the face of Brealt had thrilled her, but she knew not the man or his world.

Vera Hetherington was entering upon-and well she knew the symptoms-one of her wretched periods of melancholia. All her funds of philosophy failed her in this species of madness, as she called it. As a girl and as a woman, she had pitted against it science, hypnotism, passion, morphia, charity, art, asceticism, but the mood was greater than all, greater than herself.

The figure of a man was carved in the moonlight ahead at the very edge

of the cliffs.

She would have turned away, but something in the movements of the man compelled her suddenly with the thought that he was not there for serene meditations. His hat had dropped to the rock. The play of his hands told of inner agony. Shudderingly careless was his manner of leaning over the A quick indescribable laugh ledge. came from him. At the same instant she recognized the purpose and the man. It was that wasted youthful face of beautiful contour that had stirred her so.

Her sole thought now was to draw him back from the edge without startling him into the final fury. Softly she spoke, as if he were a sleep-walker carrying a child of hers across an unrailed bridge:

"Would you mind telling me when Mr. Parberlon plans to take us down the river?"

Brealt turned in dismay like an interrupted burglar.

He stared at her, as she approached almost stealthily, to grasp him before his impulse returned. She was lily-white in the marvelous light, and her eyes were lustrous jewels. Her head was uncovered, her throat and breast bare, a cape upon her arm. The exquisiteness of her face and figure and movement appealed to the artist in him, pulled him away from his poor boyish thought of death.

His feelings toward her were artistic, not sensuous. He hated women; held proudly the Oriental belief that women are but frivolous imperfect men whose brain-matter is disseminated variously through their bodies.

Her arm stretched toward him, and he felt her fingers upon his sleeve, saw the sparkle of her teeth and the concentrated femininity of her brow, her lips, her hair. A Hudson River steamer passing down at this moment, and fingering the Palisades with its searchlight, caught and held them for an instant in its cold, white brilliancethen darted on and left them in the original gloom of the moon. A vague gladness came to the heart of Walling Brealt now, in that he was not a mangled bundle of human débris far down by the boat-houses. A half-formed dream of new work incited this inner warmth, no lure of the feminine nature so vibrant with romance.

"I am glad that I caught you! You would have been so foolish!" she whispered wearily.

Brealt laughed at her. "Do you think you could save me even now—if I were in a hurry?"

"But the moment is passed. You wouldn't now!"

A bit of bravado, the male brute to show his strength, made him jerk away.

Her arm gave, but her fingers held like fine steel clamps upon his sleeve.

"My God, you wouldn't go with me?" he demanded.

"I shouldn't like to," she answered huskily. "It would be so aimless, so foolish."

"But you cling--"

"I must know what is the matter. You are ill. You did not eat or drink at dinner. I watched you. Why—why, you have a fever now! You cannot have been buffeted about and misunderstood long enough to have received a mortal hurt. You are too young—you are only a boy."

"I have failed," he said.

"What is your work? They did not introduce us."

"I am a painter, and I have failed. Parberlon told me so to-night. I thought I would kill him, and then I thought I had better kill myself."

"How old are you?"

"I am twenty-four," he said impatiently.

"One cannot fail at twenty-four. In ten years you shall scarcely know whether you have failed or not. Ah, I understand that it is terrible to be twenty-four and deluged in despair as only an artist can be, but you have so much to do and learn and suffer yet. After this night you will fail again possibly—I hope not. You will become weary, more weary, unutterably weary, but you will not come to the edge of the cliffs again. Really, that is only a youth's rage at the world and a fear of defeat-which is defeat."

She still held fast to his arm, and talked with haste and sympathy, as one who had passed through this stage of

personal insecurity of life.

"It is pride devouring the body," she went on. "More than all, it is a wicked mistake, because you must suffer so afterward. Do you think that to crush your fevered body would destroy the mind and the artist—do you think you could exterminate the You? God, how You would suffer to-night if your body lay down there! I know. That is why I tell you."

Her words could not have been heard

twenty feet away, but her vehemence found the inner court of his brain.

"I went down into hell for that picture which Parberlon insulted to-night," he said angrily. "I have listened to you, taken your word for some things, but what do you know? Have you painted a picture?"

"No."

"You have saved me from being pulp this instant, but you cannot understand. Some time I may be grateful to you for this-but you cannot understand. I have agonized through bad-light days. I have starved and slaved-I have dreamed and prayed and drugged for that picture. What happens? Parberlon comes to my attic and looks at it. He tells me to come to his dinner tonight for the verdict. He speaks a word out in the orchard, lights a cigar, and continues his conversation with another man. I find that I have done nothing-that my heart is burned to death.

"Parberlon may be wrong." "If only I could believe that! I did an hour ago. I thought worse—that he But it seems to me now that I must be wrong. Much as I hate him, much as he hates me, I cannot believe that he would lie to me, that he would misuse his best gift-the eye of a con-

noisseur-just to punish me."

"If he told you that you had failedyou at twenty-four—then Parberlon was wrong," she said.

"He said that this new picture of mine is not great and other vicious things which I do not remember. That

was enough."

"Pictures brought up from hell, as you say, and starved and drugged over, are sometimes great, but it is more often the other way," she told him. "Frequently such pictures are inspirations in detail, but lack unifying strength. Besides, it is wrong to work that way. Such terrible fits of work weaken the faculties for the better and maturer years, even if they do not leave a permanent lesion. It is the madness of fatigue and not the shock of the decision which brought you to the edge of the cliffs."

"How do you know about these things?" he had the audacity to ask.

"What does one live for, but to learn such things?" she inquired gently. "Listen, you must have more tolera-You must learn that there are other minds, other artists beside those who paint pictures. But I do not want to worry you with more talk. I must remember that you are going to be very ill."

Swiftly she touched his cheek. "You have a high fever now. Do you mean to wait for Parberlon's launch to go

back to the city?"

With a shudder he avowed that he would die rather than accept further hospitality from the connoisseur.

"I am tired and depressed, too," Vera Hetherington declared. "I do not care to join the company again. Besides, it will likely be two hours or more before the yacht leaves here. If you care-I will go with you by trolley down to Jersey City and ferry over. The car, you know, passes the rear of the grounds. Moreover, I know something about works of art. It is possible that I might be able to tell you if Parberlon is altogether wrong or not. I want to see your picture."

"To-night?" he said quickly.

"Yes, if you wish."

"You remember that they did not introduce us. What is your name?"

"Vera Hetherington."

"The pianist?"

"I teach piano-lessons to little chil-

"Nonsense! But there could not be more than one of that name in the world! You must be the same."

"Where did you hear of me?"

"There was a musician who used to have a room next to my studio. He was a terrible bore. God, how he used to torture me-playing, playing his fiddle far into the night! I was often hungry even then, but he was starving -finally took to his bed. Then when I was out one day—it was too dark to work-some one came and took him . away. I did not see him for months, but when I did, he was raving about

Vera Hetherington, a pianist. Are you that woman?"

"What was the fiddler's name?" she questioned. "And by the way, you did not tell me your name."

1-

re

se

ıt

u

n

0

1e

er

ot

9-

1

f

y r. f

e

0

d l-n g n

0

3,

n.

The man's entire singleness of mind, his absolute disregard for the world full of dreamers and toilers, made a deep appeal to the woman. Strangely enough she felt a purity about him and vast mines of undiscovered virtues. "I have dreamed and prayed and drugged for that picture," warmed her to the boy. There was to her an indefinable ease in his presence which she had not yet explained to herself. Plainly he was a man whom men dislike, and usually such have little substance of value; but this she felt was an exception, and exceptions are rich subjects for study.

"His name—and how he tortured me!—was Thurber," said the painter.

"Mine is Walling Brealt."
"I am that Vera Hetherington."

The brain of Walling Brealt was filled with half-lights, half-dreams. It was strange that she should ask to see his picture that night; yet not so strange as it would have appeared to him in his normal faculties. He looked down into her face, so white, so fragile, and the imperious nature of the man became awed at the miracle of inner illumination before his eyes. It was a face that would have inspired the old masters whom Brealt worshiped. They would have crossed continents afoot for such a face, and coerced kings for the privilege of painting it. And in what ecstacies of adoration would they have toiled until the end!

So often in great moments of the soul like this, the poor brain of man tries to keep pace, and in failing seeks to dim the glory by doubts and reservations. The soul of Walling Brealt was rapt in its vision, but his brain was occupied with a sordid logic. Thurber had played marvelously on the violin, was his thought. One by one, each in a separate weakness, Thurber had berated all the greatest musical performers in the fancy of the people; and yet, Thurber had called this woman his master, his goddess of their art. Thur-

ber had wept upon his shirt-front when speaking of the heart of this woman! Therefore she must be a good artist in that inferior and noisier game than painting.

She had said very little regarding herself, but one of her statements was that she knew something about the painters' art. He warmed toward her for this saying, and for being an artist, because there was a possibility of her rising to the eminence of judging his picture adequately.

But there came a moment as he stood before her, when the grand passion of his soul brushed away all this monstrous squalor from his brain. The passion was to paint this woman as she lived in his soul's light that instant—to put upon canvas her spirit, her mind, and her body. In the fury of his wasting tissues, he saw her all!

"She will come with me to the studio," was his last thought. "She will come with me to-night! This is not a woman such as I have known before. She is brave enough to act like a man, but pure, pure, luminously pure—and so beautiful in her strange frail type! I will paint her as I see her now, and I will call her—I will call her—"

At this instant the full inspiration swept over all his consciousness, blinding, ravishing, exalted. He swayed before her, so that she caught him with both hands.

"Oh, God," he prayed with inexplicable power, "don't let me forget the line and light of it! She shall be, 'Death is Swallowed up in Victory'!"

CHAPTER VII.

Vera Hetherington scanned the surface of Brealt's thoughts. She saw that he was exalted by a vision of a picture for which her presence was responsible. Whether it was an inspiration splendid and real, or a vagary which his sick brain magnified in value, she did not try to learn. The fundamental matters were that he was becoming very ill and had a picture already done. The latter would show her at a glance

what substance he made of his dreams. Parberlon had lately loomed big in her life and she desired to see the painting which he had so recently outraged. That the boy was being stricken with fever before her eyes was a larger concern. His illness demanded all that she had to give of hand and heart.

"I will go back on the trolley with you, Mr. Brealt," she said. "I must thank Mrs. Parberlon and explain my haste—that is, explain that I have an appointment in the city. There is no need of them knowing that we go together. So you walk out through the orchards toward the big stone gates—I understand that Parberlon's entrance is a troiley-station—and as soon as possible, I'll join you. Good-by for the moment."

Instinctively, she felt that Parberlon would be looking for her; and there is grim humor in the fact that his search made it simpler for Vera Hetherington to see his wife without encountering him. It was still early in the evening, and as the yacht would not leave for two hours at least, her explanation to the hostess was reasonable. skirted the hedges and passed through the orchards swiftly, reaching the high stone gates ten minutes after Brealt, and without meeting the connoisseur. The artist was sitting on one of the massive stone seats, his head buried in his hands. He started violently when she spoke and touched his shoulder-

"There," she said reassuringly. "I wasn't long, was I? And how lucky we are! There's a car in the distance."

stared at her for a moment uncompre-

hending.

They walked up and down the moon-flecked path. Brealt's state of mind was the strangest of his life. The woman had come to him out of the emptiness with a new and sublime theme which broke the point of his tragic disappointment. Often he looked down at her dumbly marveling. The fragrance from her garments was like some sweet mystery from undiscovered islands. That he was ill, starving, penniless, was lost. In the near future—there was no hurry—he would begin afresh

on a new and greater work. She would pose for him and there would be plenty of sunlit days-with her in the studio. In his moment of greatest need she had come, bringing all the essential spirits of feminine beauty and purity for his masterpiece. The mere fact that he now lived was due to her. Of course, she would be eager to help him to great things, having given him added days of work. She would be his model, gentle, fragrant, stimulating. It was all deliciously real to him-as real as the unfounded hopes of one who is fired with wine. He was glad that she held him from the precipice.

They were on the ferry and it was

eleven o'clock, when she said:

"Mr. Brealt, have you eaten anything

to-day?"

"No," he said, with a shudder. "Before I got Parberlon's decision, I could not eat—and his food, never!"

"And have you no money at all?"
"Oh, why do you talk about money?"
he said, with irritation. "I've been thinking about finer things."

"I came with you to-night to be your friend—to look at your picture and be your friend. A friend should

know."

"Very well, I have no money. I paid debts with what Parberlon advanced me. I have been penniless for weeks. The clothes I wear to-night are on my back simply because the secondhand dealers who looked at them said they were worthless above a few cents. I have not a place where I can get food on credit. I have been beset daily by a she-demon in the halls of my house—for money—money! She says I will be put out of my studio tomorrow. It is quite true that I should have caught her by the throat more than once-did I not fear for damage to my picture. Money, money! To think that money should be important enough to hamper a man's work! No, I have no money."

"You must have food to-night."
"I do not care for food now. One

starves a fever, you know."

"Starvation produces fever—that and overwork. You must have food

to-night. It may be the one thing that

will save you."

"I know of no way to get it-save to beg. Can you imagine Walling Brealt begging? Or I might sit down in a restaurant, eat my fill, and surrender to the police because I cannot pay. My picture would then be clutched by that tiger-cat to-morrow. Don't bring me back to those thoughts and things which brought me to the edge of the cliffs. They hurt, and I was so free from them a little while after you came. Do you think I would have stayed in that attic to-night-if you were not here? I should have stolen back for the picture and then remained in the His voice was hoarse with fears, as he added: "That place has become a hall of death to me. Slowly I have been murdered there! And Parberlon would have finished me, but for you!"

"I have some money with me," she declared. "You must take it. We will either stop at a restaurant, or procure things on the way to the studio, and take them with us. Perhaps this will be best!" She simulated a brightness

at the prospect.

"You are very good," he answered coldly, "but I cannot let you buy food for me. I cannot take money from a woman. Do you think I missed the fact that you paid the trolley and the ferry fares? I am humiliated enough. I meant to go back with Parberlon and victory to-night or sleep at the base of the Palisades. You caught me!"

Vera Hetherington faced him quickly. "Tell me why, Mr. Brealt, that men cease to be artists when they put their brushes down? Please don't let either of us be foolish to-night, but sane human grown-ups—a man and woman, if you will, but friends together. I have what you need. I am eager to give it to you. Let us be glad that it is so."

"Don't trouble. I shall do as you say," he said wearily. "Forgive me if I can't think much about eating. You made me see a great picture to-night, and it deadened the pain of the other—which is lost. Always before, something in my brain kept me busy—kept my

hand busy bringing out pictures that were there. But my hand has always spoiled them, because the pictures grew dim when I began to work. It will be different now. I shall see you every day. And something about you, I think, will renew the inspiration every day."

New York was before them—like a myriad of stars set in rows upon hills and towers. It was silent when the engines of the ferry ceased—as silent

as a sick-room.

"If I can help you to a great picture, I shall be glad," the woman said.

They passed among the fruit-shops and commission houses. The hot bright night was heavy with decay, like an unkempt orchard. A little later they were in a nest of dim red lights where vermin and vampires and spiders human lived.

"I was thinking," he said nervously, after a pause, "that I won't be able to pay you for all the time you must give

me."

"I am your friend," she answered. They crossed the famous Manhattan arteries, thrilling cañons of illumination.

"Here is my purse. Stop somewhere

and buy food," she said.

"I wouldn't leave you outside on these walks, and certainly I wouldn't take you in any of these places," he replied, with disgust. "I must see you safely in the studio first, and then I'll come back and get things for us both."

Her first thought was to laugh at him, but she checked it. The more she thought afterward the gladder she grew that she had not laughed. That she, Vera Hetherington, who had walked alone, in all hours, over all parts of New York, studying the garish, the glaring, and the pitiful of metropolitan night-life, should be spared by a boy from the scenes and atmosphere of these brilliant flames and gilded moths—it was humorous at first, but it made her reflect keenly afterward.

What manner of men had she known? None like this. She had met him in the strangest fashion, unaccompanied; she had talked to him in free spirit at a moment's notice; suggested

that they repair to his studio at a midnight hour; intimated that she would not refuse to pose for him in his future work. She could not have done these things so thoughtlessly had not his aura been pure to her inner eyes. He had not taken the slightest liberty with the tenderest graces of her womanhood; and his effort to conserve the delicacy of her sex was not accomplished cunningly, nor experimentally, but in the brusk, matter-of-fact way of one who recognizes an inflexible law

and builds his plans about it.

Was it because he was a boy, or because he was a gentleman? Or was it solely because Walling Brealt was devoured by a pure white passion for his art, to the exclusion of all coarser desires? Such a passion was sinister in his case because of its intensity, but not unclean, she reasoned; it was selfish, but not fleshly; a thing of mind, not of the body; of ideals, not of matter. His was a frenzy potent to destroy, but powerless to brutalize him. All her psychic forces were instantly awakened. She looked into the painter's mind and thought that there was nothing there not as fair as a babe's.

This innocence caught and held her like a glimpse of Heaven. There was something about it, too, that hurt with a hurt that probed. Vera Hetherington had long put the hope of such things away. Mature men and women of her age had none of them revealed such primevalism. She had ceased to look for it; and in its stead she had come to demand equality and naturalness from her kind, forgiving the rest which her terrible gift disclosed.

This sudden chivalry in the midst of the night was a warm, a vital and growing thing after lean dry years—an old and a sweet emotion restored. It made her a girl again. She was filled with mighty fears lest she lose it; lest she say or do something to destroy the perfect thing. She could have kissed his hand, slaved for him, fought off the world to retain this diadem for him. She became suddenly bereft of her old freedom, charged instead with shyness and hesitancy. She could not resume

their conversation in the easy open way it had begun. In the thrall of all these emotions, as they traversed now the darker streets, Vera Hetherington found herself wishing that they were alone together in some Babylon where

all men were strangers.

Again Brealt shuddered when they were on the stairway, leading to the studio. She waited in the upper hallway, while he lit the hanging-lamp within. They faced each other under the lamp—a queer moment. His breath came quickly, for the night had covered no flaw in her frail beauty. Vera Hetherington trembled inwardly under his quick peering. She felt his artist's glance burn into the depths of her eyes—which had seen so much! She saw how illness had ravaged the perfect lines of his own face.

The covered easel stood in the cen-

ter of the room.

"I am sorry it is not a better place

for you," he said simply.

She handed him her purse again with a smile. "Go quickly and bring plenty. In the meantime—may I look at your picture?"

"Yes, lift the curtain when I go and drop it before I come. My brain is

lame at the sight of it."

"Wait," she said shyly, for he had rushed to the door. "Must I say what I think to-night?"

"Of course, why not? Parberlon has hurt me all that I can stand, and have I not a new dream to live for?"

She heard his steps upon the stairs, upon the pavements outside; she listened at the opened window until only the city monotone ascended. Then, adjusting the easel carefully to the lamplight, she raised the cloth and gazed

long and intently.

"The thing is of goodly, goodly promise," she mused. "But is it his own? I think I see Parberlon's point of view. One feels that this young genius is overpowered by the terrible strength of another. Yes, he has a career—a bigger career than any one here of his age—but has he the physical body, the brute courage to manipulate the genius that has already tried to

murder him? He must learn to study long and with calmness, learn to work sanely, learn to be himself, and above all, to tear himself free from the spell of Vereshchagin, the great war-painter of the Russians. Parberlon was cruel, needlessly cruel, but he suffered all but crucifixion himself in his youth, only to fail at the end and become an incomparable teacher and critic. Still he need not have hurt this boy so deeply."

Oddly enough the name of Parberlon seemed ill to her in Brealt's bare clean room. She moved about the place trying to put him out of her thoughts. A small mirror showed her uncovered shoulders. Sensitive as she was by the rush of emotions, the evening gown now appealed to her as a thing savagely incongruous. The night was hot and windless, yet she tossed her cape about her and fastened it at the throat.

The books were few, but rarely good, some of the deathless little books of the world. There were no smoking things anywhere. A door at a far end of the room opened into a tiny chamber, containing a single window and a white hard bed. It was all simple, direct, and chaste. Contrasting complications in her brain burned the tissues there.

Brealt was running up the stairs. Hastily she dropped the cloth over the picture. His frightened face appeared in the doorway.

"Thank God, you are still here!" he panted.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You didn't think I would run away, did you?" she asked, with a smile.

"No, no. It wasn't that. Only it was so strange and desirable. I haven't been used to desirable things. I was afraid that it was all a delusion." He spoke breathlessly and with a quaver of weakness in his voice. "You see, I have been half mad the last few days—and lonely and ill. I hurried back, hoping that you would be here really, and that I wouldn't find it all a dream. Is there such a thing as phantom tor-

ments? If there is, they wait upon me here—sounds and odors and devils—that's what I mean. If I hadn't felt your purse in my hand, I'm afraid I shouldn't have dared come back here—for a while anyway."

Vera Hetherington felt like taking him in her arms, as she would have taken a frightened and feverish child. "Poor sick boy," she murmured. "There, now, sit down and rest and don't think about things. All these obsessions are because you are so weak and worked out. We are going to have the nicest little lunch imaginable, I'm sure."

"That's just the thing," he rattled on.
"I couldn't rest here alone. When I'm
alone, I think hurricanes of things, and
my head keeps going over the work of
that picture betweentimes—doing every
day of it over and over again. But you
are here now, and I am going to rest."
He was like a wounded soldier in his
joy at finding her, a soldier who cares
nothing about life or death because he
has reached home.

"Yes, you will rest now," she answered, busying herself with the packages. He had brought no wine, no tea, this incomprehensible being—just some crackers, cheese, a small jar of marmalade, some butter, and a sausage. With something like a sob of relief he had thrust back her purse into her hands. Vera Hetherington was consumed with pity at the thought of the way he must have lived—this delicately fibered human, who required the most consummate hands of woman to care for him, whose genius seemed to have earned this boon in other lives.

He ate unthinkingly, frequently watching her. There were moments when his eyes had the wide, uncertain look of semiconsciousness; and again she perceived that he was waiting for her to speak about the painting.

"Where did you study Vereshchagin?" she asked.

His face became suddenly illuminated. "It is true, then, that you know about paintings!" he exclaimed.

"I have always admired the Russian. Where did you study him, Mr. Brealt?" "That is just the point!" he cried exultingly. "I never studied him! I have never looked upon a line of his work!"

"But your 'Battle-field at Night' is like his work," she said, with astonish-

"Do you mean that for a compliment?"

"I mean if Vereshchagin has not influenced you in the making of that picture, you have done a great, but unfortunate, thing," she replied.

"Unfortunate?"

"Because critics will say that you were overwhelmed by the Russian's genius. If you are free from him you are greater than I believed, and I am glad. Another theme, so strongly done as that, should place you above want. Parberlon could not have known that you have not studied the famous warpainter."

"He did not ask me."

"But how did you become familiar with Vereshchagin without studying

him?"

"Listen," he answered feverishly, "Once I heard a Frenchman talking about the Russian. He was mad with the Russian's realism. He said that as you watched a Vereshchagin battle-field in a certain light, the forms of the dead grew and multiplied in the shadows! That sentence fascinated me. I dreamed about it—dreamed and dreamed. dared not look at the Russian's work after that, because this picture was in my head, and I was afraid that I should imitate. My God, how could I have so lost myself in it-if the work is bad? That's what slaughters me-that I couldn't see while I was doing it that it was bad; that I can't see now that it is bad—as Parberlon says!"

"Will you believe from me," Vera Hetherington begged, "that Parberlon is wrong, that the picture is not bad, but the beginning of mighty life?"

He laughed harshly. "From a babe I have labored to do that one thing, and if this should be the end, where would my name be—and my life?"

She saw without anger that her word

had not changed his faith in Parberlon's verdict. "All is well, Mr. Brealt," she said softly. "You have talents of the sort that the world is inevitably compelled to accept in the end. Your duty is to conserve them; your first business is to sleep. I want you to go to your bed now and sleep. My, house is not a great ways from here. I shall go there now, but return early in the morning. Indeed, I am not afraid—"

The change in him was instantaneous. He glared at her in sudden distrust and rage. There was no point of view but his own. Brealt was lost in the sick male's absolute envelopment in self. Moreover, his racked brain was open to all the fear-devils in space. Almost menacingly, he arose and stood over her, demanding:

"Do you think I would stay here alone? Why, if you go to-night, I should not even dare to kill myself—

here!"

She dared not take him to the tenement. The only room vacant there was undesirable; and to one used to studio-light and in his mental condition, such sordid environment would have been actually dangerous. Besides—

Thurber would suffer.

"I did not know that you wanted me to remain here with you, but I will gladly. Hush, you are a poor, tired child, and I won't leave you. Yes, I will stay until you don't need me any more. There, there now, did I not find you at the edge to-night, so that I might be with you and help you? You may trust me always to be here—when you need me."

He was undone completely. The spectacle of a man weeping was before her. He asked for water from the hall, and when she brought it, held fast to her hand and forgot to drink. His absolute faith and his utter need of her opened wide a new room in Vera Hetherington's heart—a place of

soft singing.

Something incoherent passed his lips as she loosed his collar. He did not stir, but bent back staring at the ceiling with fever-wide eyes as she unbuttoned his shoes. Then she led him to the little room and brought cold towels for

"Vera Hetherington—Vera Hetherington!" he mumbled. "She won't leave me. She isn't the kind to leave me!"

He whimpered and started in his sleep for a long time. Finally his hand was raised high and gropingly, a hand that was charged with dry pitiless burning. Brealt sighed as she grasped it.

The leaden light found her there, sitting at his bedside, and the first faint yellow glow which warmed the birds out from under the eaves of the old house. The full morning found her there—a nurse in a ball dress, bold and afraid all in a moment, her moods changing like the colors in the great revolving lamps which shine at sea.

She ran to the door at the first step in the hall. It was an old woman with a face of narrow authority.

"Good morning," Vera Hetherington said timorously. "Is there any one you could send for a doctor—a good doctor? Mr. Brealt is very ill."

The woman looked her over carefully. The devil only knows what animal scents her brain whiffed that moment—this creature of halls and keys and sweepings.

"Brealt owes money here now seven dollars. He'd better find a new place to be sick at. I ain't seen you before."

"I will pay what he owes. Possibly later in the day he may be moved. If not—you shall not lose. Will you see that a doctor is called now?"

"You must be a relation of his," the woman ventured.

The money had changed hands. Vera Hetherington stepped close to the other. The eyes of the two women met. A man who had ever seen the look of that moment in Vera Hetherington's eyes might have loved her all the better for it, but he never would have been without a tempering caution afterward.

"Just at present, I am Mr. Brealt's nurse," she said slowly.

The landlady drew back. She had

a vague feeling in her knees and a dry pulpy throat—as one who has been grazed by a bullet or a train. She had been unafraid for years, this cold mistress of squalid affairs, but for the moment now she lost her sense of self-righteousness. Wars and pestilences had never unseated this sense before. Moreover, she felt that she had narrowly missed the spring of a pair of white garroting arms that were hidden beneath an opera-cape of yellow silk. She went for the doctor herself, mumbling to the morning and often looking behind.

The doctor was an old man. Vera Hetherington was thankful, since old men are kind. He studied the patient for a few moments and said:

"He'll go up to the Gates with this. St. Peter may think he is under age and send him back. It's our only hope. Has he dissipated?"

"Only with work. He does not even smoke."

"Work is a slow killer, but he seems to have gone far. We'll know in a week if he has scorched his fundamental vitality."

"Doctor, I am to remain with him, but I haven't proper clothing here. Won't you stay with him until I go to my house for changes? It will be less than an hour. You see, he was taken delirious suddenly. We had been to dinner together up the river, and I came with him here on the way home to see his picture. It turned out that I couldn't leave him—"

The old man smiled at her. He had one of those faces which retain their natural sweetness and benevolence against the assaults of forty adult years—against four decades of dealing with ugly weaknesses of the flesh and the darkest secrets of his race. His was a profession which makes the veteran one of the whitest or one of the most unlovely of men.

"So you mean to stay here until he is dead or out of danger?" he asked. "Yes."

"You will have much to do—if you do it alone."

"I have promised to remain."

"Then I'll wait for you to bring the

things you need."

They were lucky enough to hail a cab from the window. The corner of Bleak and Casamajor Streets was not far, and the woman gladly would have walked, except that every moment was an encroachment upon the doctor's time, and a dinner dress looks ill upon the streets in early morning light. From the cab window, she regarded the stirring city, stared idly at certain of the houses which were still sunk in deepest sleep. Away from the sickroom and its work, her mood of depression came back. A desperate gloom filled her soul as she crossed the pavement from the cab to the hollowed stone steps with the rust-eaten iron railings, and thrust her key into the creaking lock of the tenement. house had never been so hateful to her before. It seemed to her now a place of dead air and horrible fatigue. The gas burning low in the hallway for so many hours had consumed the vitals of the air.

She was conscious of a growing desire to return to the studio with Brealt. Her tired brain had played many tricks in the night; and one after another the illusions were broken by the daylight; yet she found herself still dreaming of a great peace in the toil of nurse in the bare attic studio. There would be a broad lapse of memory, and little time for depression, as she bent all the concentrated energies of her life in battle for the life of the painter.

There was nothing so horrible to Vera Hetherington as just living when her mortal enemy, the black bird, Melancholia, sunk its talons into her mind. It meant days and nights of thinking then, thinking with her soul awake, in the shadow of those pestilential wings, thinking thoughts that sucked the resistance out of her life's blood. She felt that her mind might heal and grow strong during a week's war against death; for had not her own terrors been beaten back, while she held the hot hands of the artist through the hours after midnight, until the dawn came? But now she remembered that spectral

horror, the human reverted to a mineral—the woman of the halls!

In that plain attic studio with its good little books and simple bedchamber, Vera Hetherington had planned in the night fine joys for the future in watching the genius of the boy unfold. in helping him to hold his great dreams until the snaillike hand of man had fixed them upon the cloth. She loved the boy for these visions, for the purity of his life, for the absolute disregard he had for his body. This last, of course, must be corrected, if great things be accomplished, since his genius could only be manifested through the instrument of flesh. Still this utter asceticism of Brealt's, utter because unconscious, was most beautiful to her in contrast to the people she met and the times she lived in.

She thought of the other men close to her life. Thurber played harmonies of the higher spheres, interpreted the silence of interstellar spaces, revealed the poetry of the human hand with his violin; then stopped in a Dutch saloon after his evening's work and renewed his forces with cheese and black bread and steins of beer. Adam Pryor, who interested her, was addicted to the subtler and more deadly poisons to turn his mind loose from his body for the expression of the finest that was in him. Parberlon, a balanced human, the completest type of the Twentieth Century she had ever met, ate and talked, drank and painted and judged, a unity of mind and body-but his soul was seldom lifted from the cradle of his diaphragm.

Walling Brealt was different. He asked no stimulus but the task at hand. The ferocity of his natural zeal was his

peril.

This was Vera Hetherington's dream in the little room before the dawn: She would teach him to work moderately; she would watch over his food, coalesce his visions, show him a broader humanity, rest him with wise philosophies of gentleness to his kind, lead him out into the country places, hold his health in rhythm, make him need her dawn and dark and high noon,

pilot him at last to reaches of beauty and power in his art unknown to those poor strivers whose genius has not the genius of a woman for a guide.

But the light of morning broke this dream, as all illusions are broken. Away from Brealt and her work in the studio, old memories rushed back to assail the new chances of content which her maturity craved-other years, faces, fascinations, ventures, mysteries, failures, passions. She glimpsed the face of Vera Hetherington, the maiden, on that one night of appalling misery, in which she had cried aloud in her agony: "Oh, men, men, hungry, hungry men-dear in all that is human and friendly among yourselves in work and play—but unnatural and insatiable in the presence of women!" That night had riveted her intellect to the books of dead sages. She had kept her faith in her kind after that through philosophy rather than life.

What would the attitude of Walling Brealt be toward her, was the next thought, if she could reflect upon a canvas before him some tableaus of her past? She examined her mind closely on this matter and found a cold hard fact there. It was this; that she would rather have the whole world look upon such phases of Vera Hetherington than this one painter of virgin mind.

Such were the bitterness and the distortion of all that was joyous in her life when the brooding devils laid siege. There was only one balm after all. Frequently she strayed far from it, but only to return with secret gratitude. It was the lofty and changeless worship of Thurber.

Hastily she penned a brief note that she was going away for a week, possibly a little more, and thrust it noiselessly under the musician's door. Then she changed quickly, gathered a few effects together in a suit-case, and halted for an instant before the little cabinet, the key in her hand.

"No, I will not take such a thing to his room!" she muttered.

A moment later she emerged into the morning, clad in close-fitting gray. The slam of the front door was a grateful sound with her on the front steps. "I am a working-woman," she thought, taking a deep breath. "I am going forth to my work."

But even this pretty illusion was broken by the cab at the curb. Working-women are not carried to their tasks in cabs. She had always held an instinctive hatred for this build of vehicle. It was associated in her mind with orgies, abductions, funerals—invariably something sinister.

"No, you did not stay too long," the good old doctor said, as she reentered the studio. "He is sleeping again, but I had to give him morphia. He awoke and screamed for you. I had quite a time with him. He seemed mad to leave this place, and wanted to throw the picture out of the window. He took exception to your going away, too, said you promised not to. If he has any relatives, they had better be notified. I'll leave you a tablet of morphine and a syringe. Do you know how to administer it in case he grows violent?"

"Yes, doctor," she said.

CHAPTER IX.

Two in the afternoon, five days after the dinner up the river. Adam Pryor stepped out of the elevator on the top floor of the Faltis Building, and was admitted into Parberlon's inner office.

"Have you been to the tenement?" the connoisseur asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Pryor. "No one has seen her since that night. Her rooms have been locked constantly. I met a musician who lives there—one Thurber, he said his name was—who seemed to be in a terrible state of worry about her. He has apartments adjoining hers apparently. This Thurber explained that Miss Hetherington had come home some time during the night or morning following your dinner and had gone away again directly. He did not state how he knew."

"Thurber, the violinist?" Parberlon asked. Excitement was scarcely ever

shown in his manner, but there was an intense look in his eyes at this moment.

"He said he was a musician," Pryor replied. "I don't know whether he is a violinist or not. He certainly looked wild enough to be one. If he ever wins fame for himself, his hair will be all ready for the genius part,"

"A bent little chap with black bushy

hair and fierce black eyes?"

"The same."

"And he lives at Vera Hetherington's tenement?" Parberlon asked queerly. "She never told me about him being there. Oh, I remember that Mrs. Cotter spoke of a violinist at the tenement, but she did not mention his name."

"Is he strong in his game?" the wri-

ter inquired.

"Then you didn't read about the singular triumph of a comparatively obscure musician at the Arcadia two nights ago? Adam, you shouldn't neglect the newspapers, simply because you don't write for them any more. This story especially was great live stuff in embryo."

"Tell me about it, please."

"This Thurber has been the first violin at the Arcadia for some time. He has got into the papers on several occasions for the excellence of his performances, but has never done any concert work. Two nights ago the great, the inimitable Hungarian virtuoso, Valderscheck, was secured to give three numbers at a benefit concert. The program was rounded out with selections rendered by operatic stars. Night before last was hot. Nobody can deny that. Valderscheck had just come in from a long tour and was ragged-tempered. He has a talent for ugliness anyway. It appears that his manager accepted the engagement without consulting the artist. At the last moment, Valderscheck balked. The manager pled, praised, cajoled, and threatened. Finally the great one was almost shoved upon the stage.

"He looked over the audience in his insolent way; then man by man scrutinized the orchestra. His eyes finally rested upon Thurber, who was regard-

ing him as a peasant would look upon a king. The accompaniment began, and Valderscheck whipped his instrument to his chin with an exclamation of rage. His first number was a matchless thing of Grieg's, which he played indifferently. The audience felt it, and noted also that the eyes of the Hungarian, as he played, never left the face of the first violin in the orchestra. The applause was stinted. scheck didn't mind that. He waved his violin over the heads of the people as he finished, commanding silence. When it came, he began to speak in his broken excited way, which I will not try to imitate. This is the substance of what he said:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, you are going to hear a greater violinist than I am to-night. I did not want to come here to-night. I am hot and tired and thirsty. I have a brute of a managerfour hundred pounds of manager, all brute, who thinks about nothing but money, when I have too much now. He threw me on this stage, and I began to play because I was afraid. But I have found a greater player before me, and I am saved. This man I knew in Berlin when we studied together. He has more soul than I, and God knows He has given me some. You will love this man as I do before he is done-Johann Thurber, whom I have not seen for years! I thank you all. Now I shall listen, and if my manager attacks me I shall have him arrested.'

"Valderscheck is nothing if not natural," Parberlon resumed. "He then stepped down to the orchestra, grasped the hand of Thurber, and led him upon the stage. The latter was in a trance. Valderscheck took both violins in his hands and regarded them carefully, finally handing Thurber his own—that is, the Valderscheck instrument. He then left the stage, taking the seat of Thurber in the orchestra.

"The audience was at first amused, then ominously silent. It must have been in the main a critical audience, for it made Thurber earn what he received. All grievances were presently lost. The little man grew immense. Furies and

zephyrs, sunsets and gales and evening stars, he divined from that violin of Valderscheck's. The moment was tremendous—a soul breaking loose, a soul coming into its own after thirty years! And high above the applause of the people when Thurber had finished, clapped the huge white hands of Val-

derscheck in ecstasy.

on

ın,

u-

of

:h-

ed

nd

n-

he

ra.

er-

nis

as

en

en

ni-

he

0-

I

ne

nd

all

ut

Te

to

ve

nd

T-

as

Te

is

nn

or

all

I

iten

ed

nc

e.

115

V,

at

łе

of

d,

ve

or

d.

ne

nd

"It was good to be there, a rarely warming incident. 'At Dominie's afterward, Thurber entered. He was alone and quite dazed still. He ordered a bit of a lunch of cheese and sausage and drank a couple of goblets of imported beer-as I understand is his nightly custom—then hurried away home without speaking to any one. You would have thought him a second violin of some shoddy vaudeville orchestra with a family of small children to support. As a matter of fact he had seized his opportunity and created fame thereof. The end of the whole matter is that Valderscheck has asked him to go back to Europe and tour the Continent with him in the fall.'

"That's a mighty enticing tale," Pryor said, with enthusiasm, as he studied the other's face. "I am worldly enough to feel genuinely elated over a victory like that, but did Thurber ac-

cept, do you know?"

"Valderscheck sailed this morning," Parberlon replied, "and you saw Thur-

ber an hour ago."

"At the house of Vera Hetherington where he lives," said Pryor, who was now examining intently a series of cartoon originals high upon the wall. "Moreover, he appeared to be in a state of badly controlled frenzy at the mention of her name—glared at me as if I were her abductor."

"Of course there is the inference that Miss Hetherington's absence has, for the present at least, kept Thurber from the larger field. She is a tremendous woman, and I confess I should like to know where she is this after-

noon "

"Did Brealt come down with us on the yacht that night?" Pryor questioned after a pause.

· "I didn't notice," said Parberlon.

"He must have. I can imagine him finding some dark place on deck and brooding there alone down to the city." "I didn't notice Miss Hetherington

aboard either," Pryor observed.

"She took the trolley home two hours before we left. I was looking over the grounds for her at the time. She pleaded an unbreakable appointment to Mrs. Parberlon shortly after dinner."

Pryor was silently thoughtful, and presently took his leave. It must not be imagined that the writer had consented to act as Parberlon's tool to the extent of going to Vera Hetherington's house for particulars. The impulse had been entirely his own, and his unqualified admiration for the missing lady had energized it. He realized but imperfectly the extent of Parberlon's desire for Vera Hetherington. He did not guess the frequency of Parberlon's calls at the tenement. The connoisseur had not found it necessary to tell Pryor, moreover, that he had twice called at the tenement since the dinner up the river only to learn nothing; that he had kept in close communication with Mrs. Cotter and other members of the Swastika Club to no avail, save to hear the supposition repeated that Miss Hetherington was no doubt away on an errand of mercy somewhere.

Pryor made no secret of it to himself that the woman had fascinated him. He had become a regular attendant at the sessions of the Swastika Club and had studied the character of the leader with as much profit and amazement as the philosophy she expounded. The woman's breadth of brain and sympathy, her person, her playing, her conversation, the movements of her hands, the mysteries behind the light of her eyes—all these and inexpressible volumes beside had summed themselves into a bright inspiration for the man

who wrote.

There was another peculiarity which had an intimate appeal. No matter how depressed or depleted he felt in the intervals of rest between nights of furious labor, the presence of Vera Hetherington replenished his forces, made him think clearly and strongly. In a word,

the magnetism of her personality was the rarest stimulant he had yet found, and the blessed thing about it was that

no reaction was demanded.

It was Pryor's custom to ride horse-back for an hour in the afternoon when the weather was fine and the pavements permitted. It cannot be said that he loved the exercise, but he certainly had a secret fondness for his mare and was a finished horseman. "It punishes me," he would explain, "but I sleep better afterward."

He rode a rough, high, walk-trot mare which he called Mamie, that could leave the gentle Kentucky rackers and rocking-chairs of the park and boulevard out of the question, and then pull hard at the bit for the privilege of ex-

tending herself.

"You see, I don't care for the saddle a great deal," Pryor had once explained to Parberlon. "With Mamie here, I get my exercise over as quickly as possible. She gives me full treatment in an hour or so. It's an improved osteopathy."

"She's a derailed freight," declared

the connoisseur.

Upon leaving the Faltis Building, Pryor went directly to his rooms, telephoned for his mount, and drew out his Bedford cords, puttee leggings, and a soft shirt thinking meanwhile

soft shirt, thinking meanwhile.

"Pryor," he mused, as he buckled on one of the calf-leathers, "you are an old and decayed person, and you have allowed a woman to come in and complicate your life. Moreover, you've got several rivals, two at least—one a great musician and one a celebrated painting-master who is seldom denied anything he wants. You've got about as much show as a sutler has of seventh heaven. Moreover, your heart is turned toward a lady with a past—""

He jumped up with one legging on, the other on the floor. A smile curved his thin lips, as he seized a ready pad and wrote one sentence. Presently he sat back and laughed aloud at the line. "All in all," he chuckled, "that is one of the best things I have ever done

of its size!"

"Damn a woman who hasn't got a past!" was scrawled upon the pad.

He gained the saddle at the door and turned the stable-boy loose with a piece of change as was his custom. the up-river dinner Pryor had been unable to keep Walling Brealt out of mind for any length of time. The painter had interested him not only on account of his picture, but because he dared insult the man with whom his fame rested. He knew very well the distortion of all men and things to the overpowered artist, down and crushed; how continued misery at last dulls the eye past distinguishing the generous hand from the hand that punishes; how one is driven to bay at the end and turns upon the world with lifted lip and heart of hate.

The affair he was on broke queerly. Pryor decided that he was strong enough to bear another rebuff from Brealt, if necessary; yet he hoped that this would not be the result of his call. There was a possibility in his mind that the brutalized young man would be so hurt and hungry and humble that he would be glad to make a friend. The writer pulled up in front of the old house which he had entered with Parberlon eight days before, and Mamie submitted to a neck-strap. Adam Pryor encountered the woman of the halls.

"Yes, he lives here, but he can't see nobody," the landlady said briefly. "He's sick-a-bed."

"Is he very ill?"

"I guess so. Doctor comes three times a day. He's out of his head, if he ain't puttin' on."

"But who is taking care of him?"

Prvor asked.

"I don't know the wench. She came in a low-neck dress, but changed it since. She ain't a nurse reg'lar—you can see that. Besides, she paid what he owed until yesterday out of her own pocket. All I know is that I'm not to let anybody but the doctor go up, and that I'll put 'em out to-morrow if they don't pay another week. I'm a decent woman and I don't like it. That woman ain't my style. Lord knows what has happened before in that room. I can't

afford to take chances with the reputation of my house—it bein' decent so far."

a

d

e

e

1-

d

d

f

lt

1.

d

1-

st

n

is

n

f

7.

g

n

it

1.

it

0

e

e

d

-

e

T

e

7.

P

f

29

e

it

u

it

n

0

d

nst

"If it's a question of another week's rent, madam," Pryor said, "don't put the sick man out. I'll call at this time to-morrow afternoon—I don't wish to intrude, but Mr. Brealt is a friend of mine—and if the rent isn't paid, you may rely upon me. Hold it open, please. I'm sorry to hear that Mr. Brealt is ill."

The joy had gone out of the day and the mind of Pryor. He mounted thoughtfully. The sordidness of the house and the interview clung to him. In his past, in the most mournful part of his past, there was a face of a land-lady—he had forgotten her name, but she had looked like this woman. He had put her in a story since, and repressed the hate in his heart as he wrote, lest the reader should not understand.

The sense of direction was not in him. The house he had just left stood upon the corner, and Mamie turned to the right along the side of the building and began to pick her way through the teams. Pryor raised his eyes toward the attic studio. The windows were wide open to the afternoon. In one of them sat a woman. She did not look down; her eyes were lost seemingly in the distance over the roofs. Her elbows rested upon the sill, her chin in her hands. The sunlight fell upon her face.

Pryor rode on for a square, and then turned back by a different street to the stables. He was numbed, and out of the numbness presently a pain was born. Mamie found herself veered into the stables without action, and turned loose her disgust at the whole matter with a kick at the world in general.

CHAPTER X.

Sometimes as the dawn came in, and an east wind bore the coolness of the sea over Long Island to the city, Brealt would rise to the point of knowing her, not long and indistinctly, his brain being too languid to unravel altogether the illusions of other planes from actual consciousness. He would look into the face of Vera Hetherington then, more in wonder than in gratitude. When the fever heightened, burning day after day deeper into the very marrow of his life, he was haunted by the terror of being alone in the studio. He thought that she had left him. It was not unusual for him to implore her return and to execrate her name in the same sentence.

The single hour in which she had been absent to obtain proper clothing from the tenement, had established the key-note for his entire course of de-He had found her gone. running away, she was responsible for the horrors which beset him. His single variation from this delusion was equally dreadful. His picture, "The Battle-field at Night," bore down upon him a pitiless tyranny, Sometimes he screamed that it was being destroyed like Heldar's "Melancholia"; sometimes he prayed to it, a sort of devil-worship which scandalized the old physician; again in the utter concentration of genius-or madness-he repainted the

canvas day by day.

If the trend of a man's normal faculties is to be judged at all by the play of delirium, then Walling Brealt was entirely poisoned, the heart of the man diseased by his art. In all that his brain prompted his tongue to speak, not a single human affection was voiced. The doctor did not try to conceal his dislike for the patient. On the evening of the fifth day the old man stayed longer than usual.

"God pity him!" he muttered. "God pity any man who can go down so close to death as he has, without remembering his mother. The picture will kill him yet. Get some sleep, little girl. I'll be back at daylight. He will be conscious then undoubtedly. It is the crisis."

Then she was alone. Rain whispered upon the window-panes. A step passed often in the hall—a step she had come to know well. It always sounded as if one of the shoes were unlaced, the heel dragging. The woman of the

halls had asked for money again. Vera Hetherington's purse was empty. Floor by floor of her own home and foot by foot of her land had been eaten away in a decade by mortgages. She had little interest in obtaining tenants who could pay. Her heart and her house, the bread upon her shelf and the substance of her waking hours, had been given to starving artists and the unhoused poor.

Brealt moaned—a child's moan, All but the bone-binding flesh had melted from him; yet terrors still haunted this

mummy of a man. Vera Hetherington stared at him in the dim light. In the morning he would awake to live or die, the doctor said. If he lived— For the first time she allowed the thought to enter the arena of mind. It had been held back among the dreams before. What would he say to her? Had not the five days of battle and vigil cleansed all the past from her eyes? Could a mother or a sister or a wife have been more pure or tender or tireless? What would he say to her?

That this vital issue of her life should be complicated by the lack of mere pieces of silver was unbearable unto madness. In her weariness and hunger of heart, each thought was a lance. What could he say to her-if he lived? There would be weeks of convalescence. How could they exist? What of the debts? Parberlon had spoken and the picture was beneath price. Thurber would rescue themah, yes. Thurber, who gladly would mortgage for her his future years!

The violinist had been near her so long that she had not known before how she could miss him. So often in Brealt's studio, she had felt drafts of coldness, as from a tomb. Could it be that Brealt's was a glacial purity? Could it be possible that she had mistaken him-that his soul-sac was vacuous, instead of filled with splendid virtues, yet unkindled; that Parberlon had seen deeper than herself into the painter's weakness; that his art was intellectual instead of immortal.

None but the psychically developed can conceive the dread which accompanied such fears in the mind of Vera Hetherington. And in the chill of reaction after these suspicions, her whole nature cried out for the warm hu-manity, the red-blooded loyalty of Thurber. Nor did it alter the hunger of her heart, because she bitterly accused herself of wantonness in harboring a dream of untainted manhood in the painter, yet longing for the devotion of the musician.

And she had been cruel to Thurber. She knew well how he feared for her health; what the agony of his nights and days would be, without knowledge of her. She tried in vain to palliate her silence toward him with the thought that he was doing well in the world, that he was above want—but what a petty subterfuge! The beginnings of his success had not changed his heart toward her-that was his virtue.

"Ah, no, Thurber," she murmured, "I cannot let you know, lest you come -and you mustn't come here, Thurber. You cannot help me here. This thing I must see to the end alone; and yet-may God love you, Thurber!"

The night was creeping by, but her brain gave her no rest. The thought came that she must run away if Brealt died before the dawn. The woman of the halls would not be cowed again without money. Vera Hetherington, penniless, overwrought from watching, had not the courage to face the creature with an empty purse. She had come to share Brealt's fear of the woman. No one suffers the shame of the moneylack so keenly as one who has had plenty and disbursed it with prodigality.

The sick man, who had been silent long, now stirred upon his bed, and began mumbling afresh. She listened, and presently these words followed each other in a whining monotone:

"He said it was good. I told you he would say so. Why, Parberlon, of course. 'Brealt, my boy,' he said, 'Brealt, you have done well. "Battle-field" will make you famous. I'll get you a purchaser if you like.' That's what he said. I had him, and laughed in his face. Yes—"

The name of Parberlon and the art-

ist's muttering had a meaning for her. Parberlon would pay the debts. He could keep Brealt alive--if it lay within mortal means to cheat death. He could make the career of Brealt, but the obligation would be hers! Would Parberlon demand a price? It was not the way of the connoisseur to give fame and fortune to an obscure painter, against his judgment. He would not do it for Brealt, but he would do it for her.

This way was clear; and yet, Vera Hetherington groveled before it. Parberlon had become in the five days a part of another world-a part of the arcanum of hell her past meant to her now, since she had conceived, justly or not, in Brealt a pure-minded man. Parberlon was the supreme type of his times, crafty, calm, dangerous, gentle, artistically commercial, commercially artistic, ardent, sensuous, coldly generous, and intellectual. Here in the studio, slaving for her dream, the woman had lost that other world intermittently for many precious moments. The coming of Parberlon would bring it back to stay. All that the future might hold of truth and loveliness was lost-if Parberlon came.

And yet the inexorable systems of life now demanded dollars. Parberlon would gladly supply them. The thought crazed her that brute metal could thus stop the breathing of her

The big hours of the night were gone; and passing were the strange little hours which flee so lightly over lovers and revelers and clean consciences, but which drag like a panorama of frozen continents before the sleepless brain. The rain pattered steadily against the glass, like an endless story of the Orient. Death seemed forever behind the woman now, noiseless, patient, shadow-swift, shivering along her spine. High, sharp, and with a suddenness that brought a scream to her lips, Brealt cried:

"For God's sake, mother, go away

and let me work!"

That was all. Thus came the name the doctor had waited for, the first love of man and the last of his memories. Out of the shadow, trembling but quelling her fears, Vera Hetherington

stepped to the bedside.

I could sit as still as a mouse and let you work, my painter," she whispered. "I could leave you with your God-all but the wee hours when you came to me for rest. I could make your studio so cool and still and keep out dust and men! I could make your house a place of soothing and magic, but you-but you would have to be much that you do not seem."

She touched his cracked lips. He appeared scarcely to breathe. His pulse was weak and fluttering. She brought the lamp. His face had a different look! Seizing her raincoat, she ran down the flights of stairs, and hatless, rubberless, sped through the puddles across the street to a drug-store tele-

phone.

A moment later the phone rang in Parberlon's apartments and his man answered sleepily. The woman's part of

the talk follows:

"Is Mr. Parberlon there? Yes, but you must awaken him. It is very important. Tell him to come at once to Walling Brealt's studio-Walling Brealt-yes. A matter of life and death. And tell him that Vera Hetherington is there. Have you the names? Yes. Thank you. Good-by.'

The painter still lived. All but fainting, she raised her wet face from his with a sob of thankfulness. The doctor would come in an hour. Parberlon should arrive within half that time. She bathed her face in cold water and remembered a powder-puff and handmirror in her case. In the latter was reflected a white thing which frightened her. The five days had altered her face. She sensed failure in the waste of it. To the man who was coming a ravage like that was abhor-The delicacy he admired had become emaciation. Her hair was drenched and loosened. Her shoes were wet, and the ruffle of her gray dress blackened with muddy water.

She locked the outer door, listened for Brealt's breathing, then drew the door of the little chamber to, and rummaged through her suit-case for a change of clothing. The doctor had brought her some wine days before. She opened the bottle now for the first time.

Twenty minutes later an automobile drew up to the curb in the street below. She had left the front door unlocked. The quick heavy step of Parberlon was upon the stairs. For a last time she rushed into the little room and inclined her ear to Brealt's lips. There was no change. Then she opened the door of the studio to the connoisseur, who held out his hand eagerly and searched her face critically with his eyes.

"Why, Miss Hetherington, you look worn out! What—what have you been

doing here?"

She beckoned him into the sick-room, and let the light fall for an instant upon the face of the artist.

"How long has he been ill?"

"You did not know, Mr. Parberlon, that you spoke all but his death-sentence," she said, pointing to the covered easel.

"I didn't think he had the heart to take it as hard as that," he said wonderingly, "but then, he had been starving himself to death and working like a fiend for weeks before. Besides he deserved what I told him."

The woman turned upon him quickly. "I think differently, but please don't judge him again now. The crisis will come at daybreak, and it is a breath of wind upon a feather—either

"Where did you meet him?"

"At the edge of the Palisades—that night on your grounds—he was about to fall, I think. I diverted his mind by talking about the picture—agreed to come and look upon it that night. He was incoherent at intervals on the car coming down, and grew delirious here after eating a few bites of food. So I could not leave him. I have been here since."

"And you never knew him before?"
They had returned to the studio, She did not like his question, stepped back from him white and angrily. It was

as if finding her in this place had given him a strange authority.

"No, I did not know him before."
"If you have found a man in Walling Brealt in delirium," he said quickly, "you have found what no one else has uncovered when he was normal."

"I beg of you, Mr. Parberlon, to go away—if you cannot refrain from thinking ill of one who lies in the very

shadow of death."

The man of the world brought forth his brightest instantly. "Forgive me, please, Miss Hetherington," he said, stepping close to her, "but I know him so well. I knew his mother, who was an angel—and is now, if things are right. And when I saw you here all worn and ill from slaving for—him, it startled me into rebellion. I don't know how to account for it differently. God knows I tried for years to do things for him. God knows I would have sent a hospital of nurses here to care for him and a corps of doctors—at a word from you. Why did you not allow me to save you from this terrible task?"

"He wanted me."
His face clouded again. "Is it just that the vitality of the most useful woman in New York be lavished upon

such-"

With a quick gesture, she touched her fingers to her lips in a sign for him to be silent. He obeyed, and she harkened intently for a few seconds, then darted to the outer door of the studio which had been ajar since Parberlon entered. There was a sound of skirts and the slack heel in the hall.

"She has been listening?" Vera Hetherington said, turning in the doorway. Her face had a stricken look.

"It is monstrous, unthinkable, that you should have to be subjected to the surveillance of that Mother Damnable," Parberlon exclaimed.

"Ah, no," she said, smiling a little, "it is her life, her house. We are all on the path to perfection, but some are a little farther along than others. She wouldn't have made me so nervous, I think—if I had had a piano, but a piano would have been fatal to my patient, I'm afraid. By the way, Mr. Parber-

lon, you remember that queer note I wrote you, accepting against my first impulse your invitation to dinner up the river? You see, this work here was in my life to do."

"But after the crisis—and he lives may I not have you relieved then?" he asked. There was a tone of rare

earnestness in his voice.

"Oh, I cannot tell that now," she said, with nervous rapidity. "There is something—a very vital thing to me which I cannot explain—that I must learn first—something that was intended for me to learn. To-night, since you came, oddly enough, something tells me it will not take many days to learn this thing. He was good to his mother, was he not? But there, don't tell me—don't tell me! He may die, and then I should not want ever to know!"

Parberlon gave a gesture of despair. "You sent for me," he said hopelessly. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"Yes, there is much. I wonder if you know how hard it is for me to mention one matter—that we are penniless here——" She halted, perceiving that something had hurt him. Reviewing her last words, she found the "we" and added: "Mr. Brealt had absolutely nothing, and the little that was in my purse when I found him is gone. It happens just now that for the first time in years—I am wholly without resources."

"Is that all that I can do for you-

money?" he asked.

There was a stir in the sick-room.

"No, it is not all that you can do," she said quickly. "Listen, the day is breaking. The crisis is at hand. I think he is waking now. It is the moment of a lifetime for you—and only you—"

Brealt called her faintly.

"Yes, yes, I am coming," she responded, and then to Parberlon, a whispered rush of words: "Tell him his work is great—that his 'Battle-field' is a mighty beginning—that he angered you the other evening—that you thought it a mere imitation of Vereshchagin, when, indeed, he has never looked upon a line of the Russian's

work! He caught his inspiration from the words of a Frenchman regarding the Russian's war-pictures. Work is his God. Tell him anything. Buy his picture. He will be conscious, his life wavering in the balance. Only your words can vitalize his heart. I implore you to do this thing for me—wait, I will call you!"

She ran to the little room.

Parberlon paced the floor. The thing he was called upon to do was hateful to every instinct of the man. He raised the cloth from the easel and stared at the canvas again. "The Russian in every line, and he never saw the Russian!" The words dropped slowly from his lips. Voices reached him from the little room—the whine of Brealt, utterly weak, but still irascible, and the low sweet tones of the woman. Both voices thrilled the listener, one with hatred, one with adoration.

"Mr. Parberlon," she gently called,

"won't you come in, please?"

The connoisseur obeyed. She had raised the curtains and the room was gray. The wasted face among the shadows was turned to the enemy.

"Brealt," said Parberlon slowly, "I have wronged you. You rushed away the other night before I had a chance to accuse you of copying Vereshchagin. Miss Hetherington says that you have never seen the Russian's work. Is that true?"

"Yes-true," said Brealt.

"I never knew you to lie," Parberlon went on dully. "This fact changes the whole matter. I will give you eight hundred dollars for the canvas, and have it discussed in the papers. Do you care to sell?"

The painter tried to raise his hands to rub his eyes. Miss Hetherington brought a damp towel and cleansed his face. "Go over that again," he whis-

nered

Parberlon led up to the offer once

more, and repeated it.

"You hate me," Brealt muttered, with difficulty, after a full minute of silence. The room was whitening and the rain had ceased. "You hate me—and yet, and yet—you offer eight hun-

dred dollars for my picture! It is probably worth much more."

"You may use my commendation and seek another market-if you like,"

Parberlon said, tight-lipped.
"No, I will sell—yes, I will sell!"
The shadow of a laugh crossed the shrunken face, as he added: "Critics have their place-even if they can't

paint!"

The doctor entered the sick-room. The others withdrew. Vera Hetherington smiled upon the connoisseur. Neither spoke. Parberlon studied the uncovered canvas and the lie he had uttered. The woman studied the door of the little room-a look of terrible intensity upon her ashen face.

The doctor emerged at last, approached the woman, and placed his

hands upon her shoulder:

"If I were called to die and didn't want to," he said quietly, "I should like to have you fight for me. In fact, living or dead, I should like to have you on my side. He has rallied and will live."

For a second she swayed, then wilted under his hands. Parberlon sprang for-

ward with a chair.

"Thurber-bring the thing-Thur-

ber!" she muttered chokily.

The old man placed his ear to her breast. "Loose her collar," he commanded suddenly, "and hold up her head. Her heart has weakened!"

The doctor ran to the table where the syringe and tablet of morphia had lain since his first call. The hypodermic was prepared in a moment.

"Ah." she sighed as the needle en-"That will make me tered her arm.

rest, Thurber."

CHAPTER XI.

The doctor noted the swift and complete action of the drug and the sigh of serene resignation as the needle entered the flesh, but he said nothing. Parberlon left the room, found the landlady, and assisted her to bring in a cot. The huge aggressive personality of the connoisseur instantly mastered the haunt of the halls.

"Now go and bring linen," he or-

Miss Hetherington was wavering on the verge of consciousness. Parberlon stepped to the door presently, and met the woman with pillows and coverlets.

"I'm going to the street for a few minutes," he said. "I want you to help the doctor get Miss Hetherington undressed and perfectly comfortable."

The driver of Parberlon's car was blinking on the front seat. He was ordered to the Saint Vittoria hospital from which the big man emerged in an incredibly short time with a gentlefaced woman who took a seat demurely beside him, and waited for her work. The car was then driven to the Faltis Building, where Parberlon secured currency, and ordered a return to the

"Her pulse and respiration improved almost immediately after you left," the doctor said. "She passed from a swoon to sleep, without rising to the pain of consciousness. She is utterly exhausted and the longer she sleeps the better. There must be absolute silence here."

The doctor then took the nurse into Brealt's little room, whispered his di-

rections and departed.

Parberlon sat down in the studio, a little removed from the sleeping woman. The morning was new and vital. It was still very early and a time of day with which Parberlon had long been unfamiliar. The sparrows were bringing fresh meat to their babies under the eaves, and joy there was unconfined. The brilliance of the windless morning promised heat for the later The connoisseur regarded the face of the exhausted woman from time to time with quick glances. He was afraid to gaze upon her with the steady intent his heart craved, lest she awaken under his eyes and his thinking. He arose and drew the shades, but they were old and thin, and the sun was climbing to high heaven behind them, and the room would not be darkened.

Possibly the faint color which suffused her cheeks was due to the swift coursing of the drug in her veins, but it was beautiful. Her face was tranquil, the pure white brow clear of the faintest trace of pain. Her lips were parted a little, free from the slightest tension, and the eyelids seemed to have fallen of their own weight. Her arm had dropped outward over the edge of the cot in utter relaxation. The hand was fragile as a flower and as delicately white as frost—that right hand which had done so many things. The profile was finer than any dream which Greece has left alive in marble. Parberlon was enraptured—the man, the artist, and the master of men was enraptured.

"It would take a chemist's scales to weigh that hand," he mused; "and yet, if I were a psychometrist, I could read her history from it—place it upon my brow, see how it played as a babe's, faltered as a maiden's, and wrought as a woman's. Would I see the faces of the dying who have clung to it, and the faces of the men who have kissed it? Would I see again how that hand and its mate completed the connection between heaven and earth, through Wagner, that first night of mine at the Swastika Club?" With a contraction of the heart he recalled the work it had done for Walling Brealt in the past five days.

"And what have you not made me do?" his thoughts went on with a sudden turn. "What would I not do for you, my heroine? I have paid eight hundred dollars for a drunken canvas, which is nothing. I have lied about a man's art which is much—betraying the knowledge for which I paid my heart's blood. And what comes of the lie? The man I hate above all men continues to live, and the woman I love continues slowly to murder herself in his dirty slavery."

At this instant, Brealt called her name. The voice was so weak that it scarcely reached the ears of Parberlon, yet the woman's fingers fluttered responsively, and her face lost its look of serene relaxation. The voice of the nurse, who had moved about meanwhile, with a silence and unobtrusiveness that were like the mere thought of one not present, was now heard in soft

expostulation in the little room. Quietly, but swiftly, Parberlon moved thither.

"I don't want you," the artist was saying when Parberlon appeared. "What are you doing here?" he inquired of the latter suddenly, his face contorting in anger. "I want Vera Hetherington."

"But she is sleeping," the two exclaimed in a breath. The man shut the door.

"Call her-"

"No, no, Brealt, my boy. She has almost given her life for you in the past five days. She fainted this morning when the doctor told her you were out of danger. She's more ill than you are this minute. In God's name, let her sleep!" Parberlon spoke gravely, but with great gentleness.

"She said she wouldn't go away!"
Brealt was working himself into a passion. "She said she would stay and pose for my new picture—when I can work again."

"She hasn't left you. She's just sleeping in the other room. She wouldn't leave you."

"I think you lie, Parberlon!" The skin-bound skeleton writhed under the covers.

"And see what I have brought you, Brealt," the other resumed genially. "I brought it in currency, instead of a check—the eight hundred for the picture!"

Fully three minutes elapsed, while the artist fumbled and fondled the bills. He was sinking back into unconsciousness, but roused himself at the end.

"Vera Hetherington! Vera Hetherington!" he called to the limit of his strength—a cry, high-pitched, dry, throaty.

There was a frightened, pitiful answer from the studio. "I am right here! I'm coming!"

Parberlon's face turned livid, as he bent over the sick man. His voice was a whisper: "You'll suffer for that, you young beast from hell!"

The nurse heard the words and shuddered. Miss Hetherington entered. She was not wholly awake. Her eyelids drooped in spite of the will rousing

within her, but she moved stiffly, helping herself from chair to chair. Parberlon caught her arm and steadied her. She shivered at his touch.

"You are angry," she said strangely.

"I feel it! It is terrible!"

"I begged him to let us wait upon him, but he laughed and shrieked your name. He is a leech feeding—drinking up your life!"

"No, no—hush!" she whispered. "He wants me. I told him I should be here. A man so ill cannot be natural!"

Brealt was grinning at the connoisseur. Vera Hetherington went to the bedside with a smile and soft words; attended to his wants as only martyred woman can, and sat down at his bedside, caressing his hand until he fell asleep.

In the studio again, Parberlon asked: "Won't you go to your rooms now and rest? He'll call again, I suppose. My car is below. I'll get you there quickly and you'll not be disturbed. He will want nothing. I've arranged for every-

thing with the nurse here."

"Oh, no. I shall not leave him today," she answered. "The cot here is so very good. I shall rest. I can't seem to keep awake. You'll forgive me, won't you? You have been very good—only don't—I beg of you, don't get angry again. If you could only see how you look to me—all a horrible red

about you!"

She fell asleep again almost instantly. Parberlon sat down for a moment. A man not intimate with the connoisseur would have been forced to look twice to recognize him now. The skin of his face was colorless, the eyes squinting, the arch and fulness of his lips drawn out into two lines of whitish purple, the nose pinched with the tense dilation of his nostrils, the curve gone from his fleshly jaw. The bone showed white, and knots of muscle stood out beneath his ears. It was the face of a man whose brain has become a jungle and his thoughts—tigers.

Parberlon tiptoed out at length, carrying the canvas with him. The ferocious mask which his countenance had

worn was only relaxed in part. He looked carefully at his own door in the Faltis Building to find that the outer lock was sprung, as he bore the picture into his room. With his penknife then he cut the canvas clear from the board and lit a gas-lamp upon the table. It was the lamp he used for reading, since he preferred it to electricity—the lamp beneath which he had verged into the philosophies which Vera Hetherington taught. For many seconds he moved the limp canvas about over the globe, until the quickened oils dropped upon the shade and mantel, and the canvas itself was charred and warped in the blast of heat. "The Battle-field at Night" was presently a stench and a blotch, but the signature of Brealt was untouched by the fire.

The connoisseur at this point crushed the canvas into a wad and dropped it into one of the lower drawers of his desk. Then he put out the lamp, opened the windows wide, breathed the delicious morning for a space, bathed,

shaved, and breakfasted.

About one, Adam Pryor called at the studio, met the landlady, and was told that everything was settled. He inquired the condition of the patient, and was informed that Brealt was not only recovering, but was rich from the picture he had painted.

"A big fat man took it away this morning, and left him more money than he has seen since he was born," the

woman explained.

"And Miss Hetherington?" Pryor inquired.

"The thin one, you mean?"

"I didn't know that there was more than one caring for Mr. Brealt."

"Oh, a special nurse came this morning with the fat man."

"But Miss Hetherington?"

"Oh, she's been sleepin' all day. The doctor gave her a lot of morphine."

Pryor went his way brutalized. Parberlon came again at four to the studio. Miss Hetherington was awake but still resting. Brealt was sleeping his way back to health after the crisis. The nurse had things in order to the last detail. Miss Hetherington smiled upon the connoisseur as he entered, but in her eyes was a striving against the lassitude of the drug's reaction. Parberlon sat down before her.

"I repeat, you are the most useful woman in New York?"

"That's interesting," she said, with a

Parberlon had that breadth and repression which beating a brute world gives to an artistic nature. "Miss Hetherington," he said quietly, "I have lied variously in my life, but never about a man's work before. I bought a worthless daub—"

"I knew that you did it all for me. You saved his life."

"I could not have done him a crueller service," Parberlon declared hastily. "If I were the bitterest enemy Walling Brealt has, there is no more savage wrong possible than you asked me to do. I obeyed. But he was spoiled in the making before all. Listen, the money on his bed now will put out the last little light he contains!"

"I knew that you did it all for me," Vera Hetherington repeated. "I knew that I was the canvas you wanted to own." Her eyelids closed wearily, and her head sank back into the pillows. "And yet, Mr. Parberlon, I have suffered, but I have thought high things here—pure white things—things not of the world, nor of the flesh and the devil. I think you are wrong about the picture, though you know much more than I. I think you spoke against your art's final word, that night in the orchards. His canvas is not a copy, but an inspiration!"

"Miss Hetherington, you have dipped into the deep and turbid of this planet. It's a thing a woman can't do gracefully in the eyes of most men, but I pride myself in appreciations. It is as you say—you are the crowning canvas to me. Before I go any further, I want to ask you something. You, who have thought so many things like Maeterlinck, you who have felt in one life the poignance of so many deaths—do you think that that boy who smuts good oils—who would have died but for you—can appreciate the masterpiece you are?"

"I have stayed here to find out," she answered weakly. "Oh, I do not mean that! I am not a masterpiece, but I am going to stay on until I learn him."

"God pity you for the broken enchantment to come!"

"Don't say it—don't say it to me. If Vereshchagin had signed that picture, hundreds would have bought it eagerly for five times what you paid."

"Quite true," Parberlon said slowly, "but the critics would have laughed at the hundreds. If it were not for the undiscriminating rich, there never would have been a Latin Quarter in Paris. But the big god of the war-stuff is dead—blown to pieces in the roadstead of Port Arthur."

"What is the future of Walling Brealt?"

"Zero."

"I was wrong then to call upon you in his crisis to bring him back to life?"

"Miss Hetherington, you do nothing wrong in my eyes."

She raised slowly upon her elbow and bent her head toward him. "I have dreamed that he would become immense and celebrated in his work. I pray that you are wrong and that I am right."

"I can make him immense and celebrated—for you!"

"What do you mean?"

"I can make his next ten daubs hang in the illustrious galleries of the world. I can tell the newspapers that another Vereshchagin lives in our midst. I have earned the right to do these things because I have been faithful all these years to my eyes. I hate Brealt, but I would do it for you."

"And you think he has not the qualities to be worthy of your patronage?"

"No."

"Then, I pray of you, do no more! You gave him money; you saved his life when I called upon you. It was fine and generous—but don't do anything more for me!"

"Miss Hetherington, at your word to-night, I would give away twentyeight millions of dollars to the poor of

New York."

"But I ask nothing of that!"

"But in the fifty years of my career, I have met in you the first woman absolutely admirable."

"Please don't depict me so. It is not

so!"

"Vera Hetherington, if I could honor you in the words my heart inspires, I should be the poet-laureate of the world."

Grateful, but affrighted, she watched his face. Parberlon was animated. The big eyes wide-stretched; the heavy

cheeks warm with color.

"I am fifty," he said, "strong, rich, honored. I come to you as a boy with the first treasures of his heart. Sleeping and waking, I can make your life ideal, Vera Hetherington; our house a refuge for all the forgotten artists who live, a home for all the great tribe who try, but fail. I can bring to our house the perfect sculptures, the finest tapestries, the everlasting pictures. I can illuminate the boy with a dream who calls upon us—because you would be there. More than all, I can worship you from the middle distance—if you don't love me."

"Mr. Parberlon-"

He interrupted her raptly. "Think of what you can do with me! The last and loneliest artist in the world may come to our house and live. It is the artists who need help most—because they suffer most."

Her eyes were tightly shut.

"You love all the world, Vera Hetherington, and I can make your love a constant and tangible service. Listen, never since that night I first saw you at the piano in the little Swastika rooms has my life been the same to me. I lived my days before that in a sort of stylish tandem with my ideals. They were weak worldly ideals. That night I saw my past years as hollow painted tubes, ranged side by side; saw that all my thoughts were temporal and many of my desires salacious; but they are all put away as a child puts away childish I come to you now, full of things. strength, full of hope, full of fortuneand with a love I never knew lived in the world. I can make you happy because I can enable you to make others happy. In being near you always, I

shall be happy myself.'

Vera Hetherington lifted her head from the pillows, her face colorless, but her eyes shining. "I cannot go to you as you wish," she said huskily. "If it hurts you to hear me say it—I wish I might take the pain. I would carve the letters of Pain in my own flesh rather than hurt you. I wish I had the heart to give you!"

Parberlon's skin faded to the hue of tallow. The old Parberlon mastered him for a second. "Do you know, Vera Hetherington," he said quickly, "that I have never failed in my life to gain anything I wanted—save supremacy as

an artist?

"Ah, please don't spoil your beautiful appeal to me!" she pleaded almost desperately. "Don't—don't make me tell you that you have failed! Would you have me capitulate an empty fortress?"

"Vera Hetherington! Vera Hether-

ington!"

The voice came in a weak, affrighted way from the little room. The woman arose with an answering cry and ran to Brealt, touching Parberlon's shoul-

der as she passed.

The connoisseur sat rigidly, heard the man within abuse Vera Hetherington for being absent, heard her low sweet answers and the expostulations of the nurse—all in the tones of a sick-room. It came to him that instant that the whole vital force of the woman was waiting to learn the true Brealt. He knew better than any man what she would find in the artist when he accumulated his manhood—a whited sepulcher full of dead men's bones; a human animal, soul exterminated. His thoughts turned to Thurber.

The sparrows were nesting and dusk was in the windows when she came

back to him.

"If I have said anything which you do not want spoiled," he said, rising, "it is because you inspired it. You are my dearest heart. And always you must know that Parberlon loves you—his first and last love on earth."

The room was dim. They were alone.

She held out her hand.

"I shall always rejoice," she whispered, "in earning such consideration

from you."

Parberlon then ordered his driver to the streets, Bleak and Casamajor, where he found the little violinist and told him where he might find his lady.

Thurber burst into the room and knelt beside the cot. What he said was too incoherent, possibly too dear and tender for the chronicler. Hetherington leaned over to him, took his hand, and kissed his brow.

CHAPTER XII.

The nurse remained in the studio for two weeks. Miss Hetherington continued her ministrations, calling daily. Several days after the first fortnight, in the green of the morning, she was hurried to the artist from her own apartments. Brealt was dressed, sitting in his chair before the empty easel.

for me," he began abruptly.
"Yes." "You said you were going to pose

"I have been thinking about getting back to work for a good many days, but the picture doesn't come back to me as I saw it first—that night I was taken down. Most of the stuff seems burned out of my brain-pan, but it will come back. I've got confidence now, since I made Parberlon come to me. He bought my picture for a song, but he won't get the next one-and I won't have to starve while I'm doing the next one."

The woman felt a chill in her blood at the thought of the truth. She had been fighting for many days against a foreboding of reality in the case of the

artist.

"I want you to undress and get into those draperies yonder, and see if you can't make the picture come back to me," Brealt continued. "Parberlon said he was going to announce the value of the work in the papers. It would be to his interest in a monetary way, since he owns a painting of mine, but he doesn't care for that. He hates me too much. His real interest is to smother

me and my future, but he can't now! He can't smother me because I forced recognition from him, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he tried to lie out of it."

Miss Hetherington shrank back from She could not bear the terrors of Brealt glorying in a delusion which

she had brought about.

"But in regard to the new picture," he resumed impatiently, "You will pose

for me?"

"I told you I would-but what do you mean to ask?" There were a break and quiver in her voice.

"I mean to ask the services of a model, for which I can pay if that's

what is troubling.'

For an instant she stared at the wasted but still beautiful countenance of the artist. She saw him to the depths that instant—that she had been wrong and Parberlon right. She recalled that she had been ready to love this man because he was not an animal. She learned with terrible force that a man who is not an animal is not necessarily a god. She saw Walling Brealt as a mere animated mania for lines and pigments, an intellect without a heart, a lamp without a wick.

"You are not ready to paint the great picture yet. I must-I must hurry

back this morning."

He looked at her in a queer, startled way. At the door she met the woman of the halls, who was bringing in tow-The latter hung up the linen on the rack, went to the door, and listened for a second. The light quick step of Miss Hetherington was audible to her from the first flight. She turned to Brealt, saying:

"We'll have no models in my house!" He turned to her wickedly. Of late, for the first time in months he had felt himself reenforced against this creature. The money in his pocket gave him power. He felt it time to domi-

"Oh, you don't like artists in your rooms," he said wrathfully. "You don't like my friends. For a vulture and a hag you have made me suffer a good

deal. You are going to die presently and it will be made plain to you!"

She had dominated too long to lose her mastery before this man. "No, you don't owe nothin', but you know why it is?"

"Because I have paid you."
"With charity money."
"What do you mean?"

The old gray face was lit with a tri-

umph over which she lingered.

"They thought you were going to die," she answered. "I knew you wouldn't. You're not ready to die, but the wench who brought you home sick thought so, and she called in the big fat man. She told him he could save your life. She made him buy your picture. She made him say he was wrong before, and that your picture was great. You had called out in the dawn. She led him into the room. They got your mind on money and you went back to sleep."

Brealt's face and body were withered as he bent back into the chair. "You say the woman made Parberlon buy my

picture?"

"Yes, she thought you were goin' to die. I knew better. And she made him say it was good before you—when he had told her again and again it was a daub. That's his word—daub!"

"How did she get Parberlon?" he

gasped.

"Ran out in the rain and telephoned. Oh, he came sure enough." The gray cracked lips were smiling as she bent over Brealt now. "Why, he spent twenty minutes telling her how he loved her; and not twenty minutes afterward she was kissing a bushy-haired little man—in these rooms."

There was a kind of deathless hate in her words. Brealt had turned his

face from her.

"Why, she brought you home after midnight—and you know I have no women here. She stayed a week. I keep a respectable house. If you want that kind for a model, you'll have to get another room—even though the fat man pays your debts. He can pay for you some other place."

The artist dropped his face forward

upon the table, covering it with his arms. "What do you mean now?" he mumbled.

"Didn't he pay for you last winter for seven weeks, before you got your job on the newspaper? Do you think I'd trust you for seven weeks—you who need sunlight to work by? When you paid me I gave it back to the fat

man.

Two tragedies had beaten down the artist. His faith in his work was lost, but another thought was in avalanche with this horrible giving away of his As a little boy, holding his mother's hand, he remembered Parberlon! There had never been another man, but Parberlon, in his child life. He remembered vividly one of her visits to him. His mother's end was a horrible mistake! The wreck of his work and the suspicion in his brain, of which was formed the second tragedy, burned the sick man into madness. He raised his head and met the worn watching look of the woman.

"Go away-go away or I'll kill you!"

he muttered.

Alone, Brealt finally reached into his pocket and found the money. He did not think of a collar. His shoes were unlaced. He made his way down the murky halls to the street. A huge gilded sign on the corner caught his attention. It was a saloon-a place he had never thought of entering, though he had passed by for months. For two drinks of whisky which he gulped down he took the change for a fifty-dollar bill and rammed it into his pocket. The spirit heated and steadied him. An empty taxicab was speeding by. He hailed the driver and asked to be taken to a hardware store. Brealt's skull felt as if it were filled with ice, but his body was whipped by fire.

"I'm going up into Labrador," he told the clerk in the metal shop at random. "I've got all my rifles, but I need a pistol. I want a short gun with a big bore and just a box of cartridges. I may never use it at all. This sawed-

off thirty-eight will do."

In the taxicab a moment later, he said: "Bleak and Casamajor."

Vera Hetherington admitted him with glad surprise, but drew back affrighted at the sight of his face.

You should not have dared to come

out so soon!" she faltered.

"I felt it rather important for me to see you before I looked up Parberlon," he said. "I want you to understand that I know all about you-that I know you betrayed me!"

"Brealt! Walling Brealt!"

"That Parberlon bought my picture for you-not for himself-because he wanted you for one more of his pas-times!" The absolute madness which knows no fear, no pity, which makes for murder, was in the death-head which bent toward her.

Strength came to her. She tried to burn the light of her eyes into his brain to organize the chaos there. "All my thoughts of you have been white," she

said. "All my attempts to help you pure. I may have been wrong, but I thought it would save your life.

"You thought it would save my life and you've made a beast and a madman of me. Your thoughts of me have been white, yet you listened to Parberlon's dirty passions and kissed another man—all within a half-hour in my rooms! There was a day and a night when I looked upon you as a strange sweet sister-the night you saved me from the cliffs-but I have found you a vampire like other women, and I don't want you for a model! I don't want you for a model until I sink so low that I paint a Carmen or a Sappho!"

Vera Hetherington caught his arms, but he broke away. "Don't—don't, I beg of you, go any farther! Go away, but don't hurt me any more. I may have wronged you, but it wasn't my meaning. Don't be more cruel. I was pure with you. I loved to be there in the little rooms because I felt nothing

but purity there!"

He let himself out the door with a laugh as hollow as a burned-out world. Intuitively she caught something of his intent, and was impelled to cry after

"Where are you going now?"

"Since I have finished with you," he called back, "I am going to complete the morning's business with my friend and father, Parberlon!"

She tiptoed after him down the stairs, a landing behind; saw him grope his way into the cab, heard his uncertain directions, containing the name "Faltis Building." Then she hastened across the street to the telephone.

At the entrance, rushing back for her hat, Miss Hetherington encoun-

tered Thurber.

"Oh, I have been looking all over the house for you!" he exclaimed. "See what I have just heard from Valderscheck!"

She took the cablegram tremblingly, found that the great virtuoso had called Thurber abroad, that he was waiting for the word of Thurber to arrange his tour of the Continent, that expenses and a fortune were awaiting Thurber.

'Ah, God, my little boy, Thurber, my true one always, I could kiss your hand for its achievement! I will see you to-night-after your performance -but now I must go! One of mygood-by, Thurber. I am getting my hat."

Pryor and Parberlon were talking together in the latter's rooms when a telephone-message came from Vera Hetherington. The author heard Parberlon's answer and divined the meaning or a tithe of it. Then he watched closely the face of the connoisseur as he put down the receiver and turned back in his chair.

"Miss Hetherington is a marvelous woman, isn't she, Adam?" he asked thoughtfully. "I didn't know the boy was abroad yet. And she seemed desperately excited."

"What do you mean to do-let him in?"

"Of course."

"You know my first idea was that would murder you-for going against his picture," Pryor said, with a laugh. "If you don't mind I'll take a little drink."

"You didn't know that I took his picture afterward? I have it here somewhere." Parberlon glanced casually at the lower drawer of his desk.

"You surprise me."

"At the suggestion of Miss Hetherington I did it. She was with him more or less when he was ill."

"As I understand it-this is interesting-you told him his picture was good

and bought it?"

"To save him from death-at least, Miss Hetherington thought it was the

thing to do."

"Do you suppose he could have divined it and is coming here because he sees the episode as it is?"

"There's nobody but Miss Hether-

ington to tell him.'

She wouldn't. That's out of the

question."

"As I see the boy," Parberlon resumed, "his vanity wouldn't let him divine any truth about his own work. He thinks I came back to him conscience-smitten."

"You say his picture is here?"

"Yes, somewhere. My servants took care of it."

There was a knock at the door. Parberlon admitted the man whom he always kept on the floor. Pryor heard

this breathlessly:

"There is a man below who wants to see you. His name is Brealt. He doesn't wear a collar. His shoe-laces are untied. He went into a telephonebooth and undid a package, pocketing the contents. The conductor of the express-elevator told me this."

Another forceful tap at the door. "He is evidently outside now," the servant

added.

"Admit him," said Parberlon. "But I think he is dangerous."

"Admit him."

It was noticeable to Prvor now more than ever before that Parberlon was perfectly taken care of by the employees

of the building.

"I believe he is dangerous," the connoisseur said mirthfully. "A man is usually stumbling when he can't attend to those strong little shoe-ropes of his."

"And he came in a taxicab, sir," said the man softly, his hand upon the knob.

Brealt rushed in, as if he were chased. saw two men instead of one, and sat down to breathe.

"You don't mean to say you've got another picture to show us already?" Parberlon inquired sarcastically.

"No, but after I talk to you, I'm going to let you observe a panorama of hell in a continuous performance. First of all, I want you to send Pryor

"Oh, let Pryor stay. He was with us, you know, when I judged your pic-

ture."

From Brealt's next sentence can be drawn the only evidence of ensouled humanity that he uttered in the presence of the chronicler of this narrative.

"I don't want him to listen nor to see!" he panted. "He seems to be a workman. I don't think you have quite spoiled him, Parberlon. I don't want him to hear what I've got to say. You won't want him, either."
Pryor had arisen. He had been sit-

ting at just the right angle to catch the meaning of the package undone in the telephone-booth below-in the artist's

coat pocket.

Pryor's face was tense and white. He turned a startled glance at the unexcited connoisseur. He moved slowly toward the pitiful stricken figure. Strange thoughts of the instant were recalled afterward. Parberlon looked so huge and sumptuous as he laughed at the other. The queer suggestion in Pryor's mind was that of a wounded eagle tearing at the body of a dead lion -he never fathomed quite why this His hand was outpicture came. stretched. He found himself speaking in a sharp, hasty way.

"Brealt, you and I are toilers together. We kill ourselves in the service of the god, Work, a good god and a high god. I don't think you've drawn anything but a blank for a heart, but damme if I don't admire the way you

can toil-

He was standing directly above the artist now. The latter seemed to divine Pryor's intention before the writer leaped upon him. There was a shot.

Let the thing be told leisurely, and

in order. There were a woman's cry and knocking outside. Parberlon's floorman had no keys to his suite. Pryor, fastened in fight with Brealt, was torn away with elephantine strength and hurled across the room. He saw the huge horrible body of Parberlon pick up Brealt as the latter was half risen from the chair, saw him lift the poor chalky-boned, thin-muscled convalescent above his head and hurl the creature to the tiles—as a boy throws a torpedo to explode.

Pryor was unhurt, but only partly conscious of what he did. Parberlon was bending in a queer hunched way over the crushed figure of the artist on the floor. The writer let the woman in, and the servant in the hall followed. The big man had sunk into a chair, his white vest staining rapidly from the fountain of blood let out by Brealt's shot. The ghastly face of the woman bent over the wreck of humanity on the floor; and from the wreck words came:

"I have murdered you, Parberlon, and I am proud. Pryor meant good to me, but did not understand. The bullet was truer. I wanted to murder you, Parberlon, for my mother's sake. You are a fish, a beast—and my father. You are going to die, I think. I am, too—either from this, or up the river in the chair of red-hot wires—for killing you. Either way, I go out gladly! Oh, here is the woman again—my model!"

Parberlon opened his eyes, felt his servant's hands upon him, and muttered: "Get a doctor, but no police!"

Pryor and the woman met face to face. She found words first, and called after the servant:

"After you have summoned the doctor for Mr. Parberlon, get some one to help you take this man down to his taxicab. Have him sent to Vera Hetherington's rooms at Bleak and Casamajor Streets. Phone old Doctor Singer of Worther Street."

Parberlon was semiunconscious; Brealt entirely so. Vera Hetherington loosened the collar of the big man in the chair. There was a rush of feet in the hall—the doctor and the servant.

"Quickly, take the pistol out of

Brealt's hand!" the woman commanded, as she turned to the door.

CHAPTER XIII.

Both men survived, but went separate ways. The wound of Parberlon was muscular, not abdominal; that of Brealt's was a broken rib, and not a concussion of the brain. One sentence of the artist at the last swept into the understanding of the connoisseur like a match upon flakes of tinder. It was not that he hated Brealt less, but that the boy had discovered the old romance. The police were cut out of the issue entirely, as they are out of many.

Vera Hetherington and Adam Pryor vibrated between the tenement at Bleak and Casamajor and the Faltis Building for many days. They were together much. Finally when the dusk was falling one evening, the man said:

"Miss Hetherington, would you mind if I uttered a little tribute to you?"

"I should be glad. Don't mind if I drop down on the couch. I'm utterly exhausted."

"This is not a proposal," Pryor said, with a fine smile. "You know I love you, but that doesn't matter. I should like to have known you when I was running over with strength and cleanliness and boyhood. That I love you even so does me much good, Miss Hetherington. Those three words I have just uttered—do you know, I have scarcely dared to put them into my work? They mean nothing to you, but to me you are the crowning achievement."

She raised her hand. Thurber entered suddenly, as was his way.

"I am just an outsider here, Mr. Thurber," Pryor added, as he arose to take the hand of the violinist. "I, too, have learned to like Bleak and Casamajor. I have heard of you often, especially of late—your recent work with Valderscheck. I write stories for a living, but I like music. I'm going away now, up in the pines somewhere, Michigan, Minnesota, Vancouver. I don't know yet—but I am going to dream of a lady for whom I have lived too much

and too swiftly to win. I was thinking of putting her into a story some time, but she needs no honoring from me, since God knows her. Mr. Thurber, play for me once, before I go."

The words had gone on quickly. Thurber caught merely the artistic appeal. The actual trend was sensed only by Vera Hetherington, who shook her

head despairingly.

Thurber went out and brought back

his violin.

He pulled down the stars behind the shut eyes of Adam Pryor. There was something in the room which lent enchantment. The woman was leaning forward, her eyes lustrous, her face deathly. Thurber performed as he had done for Valderscheck—a crouched, swinging figure of flying arms and momentous music. Color and life seemed to surge back into the veins of Vera Hetherington. She arose and gave her hand to each at the end.

There were tears in Pryor's eyes when Thurber dropped the bow.

"Take care of this diadem," he said.

"I mean your talent," he added quickly, but his eyes were upon the woman. At the door alone with her, he added: "Don't think of what I said. I am a lonely old wolf who has lost his pack, but I want you to know that yours is the only cry I have heard in the wilderness; and that even though I failed to find you, the rest of my life is full of memories of your sweet sounds."

Vera Hetherington faced the violin-

"Thurber," she said huskily, "I see you shining in a dome of music. Play to me! Play to me again! I thought at first that I was going out on a tower of harmonies, but they wafted me back again. I am better. Thurber, ah, Thurber, I have seen the parch on your lips, felt the burn of your hands when they touched mine. I feel it now, Thurber, but it is not that which I want; not that which takes me to Europe to watch your triumphs. It is your constancy, boy, the string of equal and exquisite pearls which your days have been to me."



SONG

TAKE thou my heart—
It is a cup
From which none but thyself may drink.
None hath the art
To lift it up
Save thee, when sorrow makes life shrink!

Quaff thou my soul—
It is a wine
That Love brings sparkling to thy lip.
Ne'er could its goal
Be more divine
That that the length should cler it trip!

Than that thy laugh should o'er it trip!
WILLIAM STRUTHERS.





APTAIN FITZ-HUGH told me this story as we sat in the last seat of the last car of the Empire State Express, west-bound, and flung off the line of the Hud-

son River from the reel of the gilt-iron observation-car just outside. Misty mountains lay on turquoise sky, cottonwool clouds hung over the broad silver of the river; patches of vivid green—yellow-green of juicy grass, gray-green of shadowy willows, black-green of pine-trees—shouted aloud of the spring. "There's the old Point!" Captain Fitzhugh said suddenly, breaking off a sentence to say it.

The low mass of the West Point stables lay gray across the river, and beside it the round-arched end of the Riding School. The Memorial Building, new and magnificent, stood higher up, and the slender shaft of the War Monument shot above the trees by the Parade Ground. A bit of the hotel showed near it. If you knew the Point you could see the whole well-groomed place through the scrap of foreground—the crossing paths, the sweeping drives, the big empty Parade, the row of officers' quarters that looked across from white-curtained, hospitable windows.

Captain Fitzhugh shook his head with a reminiscent smile, and stared dreamily at the fast vanishing hillside. Then it was gone, and he turned to me. "I remembered a tale of my youth in that two minutes," he explained.

"I was looking at Flirtation Walk and thinking of the blue eyes and brown that have made my poor old leather heart beat, under those trees. Then I got around to the corps, and my class, and then suddenly I remembered little Marcus. Do you think it would bore you to hear about little Marcus?" It was unnecessary to answer. He went on. "It was the worst hole I was ever in, and I used to be an expert on holes. Duncan was my wife that year—Jack Duncan of the 'Fighting oth.'"

"Your wife that year!"

"You don't know the expression?" asked Captain Fitzhugh. "The cadets call their roommates wives." He smiled. "Well, then, Duncan was my wife, you see, and Hill and Carruthers were across the hall, and we four were thicker than thieves. The tactical officers had a bad time with us, for what one didn't think of another did, and the rest covered up his tracks."

"What did you do?" I asked, settling myself comfortably into my blue vel-

vet chair.

"We raised Cain. We did all the old tricks, and a good lot of new ones out of our own mighty intellects. We kept an afternoon tea-table up the chimney all winter, not that we liked tea, but we liked to break regulations. Then Carruthers went to New York every Saturday night for months—all one winter—in civilian dress-clothes which

he wasn't supposed to have. His patent leathers lived in my arctic overshoes. There was much other nonsense, but the liveliest was the little Marcus episode. It began when Hill and Carruthers were in our room one night, and we got speculating how far it was possible for cadets-for us-to go. We discussed old scrapes and suggested new ones, and finally one of the four

struck out the great idea.'

Captain Fitzhugh's easy tones went on, full of present joy of life and past whirlwinds of mischief, and as he talked, the Hudson River rolled away unseen, for the tale held me. Yet the words of it are as lost as the sunshine of that May morning. The atmosphere of the post, and flavor of cadets' quarters, the West Point argot, not to be reproduced, the little touches which make local color, these could be rightly given only by an army officer and an ex-cadet. So I must tell the story as it stays in my memory—the simple tale of little Marcus.

I could see the four soldierly lads, in their gray uniforms, as Captain Fitzhugh talked, in the bare, orderly room, and I could imagine how their jaws dropped as the inspired one brought out "the great idea"; for young Machiavelli, searching for a deed of daring, had suggested that they should keep a baby in their rooms for a week. The grotesqueness of the thought made it the more appealing; and at once they planned a beginning. Carruthers was singled out to correspond with an orphan asylum. His aunt in New York was interested in one and he had been there with her and remembered the address. On the instant he wrote, and his letter ran:

"MATRON ST. WINIFRED'S ORPHAN ASYLUM. "DEAR MADAM: My sister and I, being maiden ladies of thirty and seventy years of

"Gosh!" remarked Hill. "Sisters! Why didn't you make them grandmother and grandchild?"

"What?" Carruthers looked up annoved. "What's the trouble? Ohwell, that is far apart. I'll join the dames." He scratched a figure. "Fifty and fifty-one-that's safe, isn't it?"

"Go ahead," was the consensus of opinion.

"Of fifty and fifty-one years of age, and being very lonely alone together, as we have neither of us ever succeeded in getting mar-

"Or seldom," murmured Hill. Carruthers glanced sternly at him.

"Desire to purchase or obtain by gift a sound, kind, and well-broken child, of about one year, light-colored preferred, with good wind and good eyes and, if possible, no vices" vices.'

"Send that to a horse exchange," advised Jack Duncan.

"Tommy-rot!" said Carruthers po-

litely, and went on.

"We would like to have such child sent to us for a week on approval, and guarantee to treat it with perfect kindness and hygiene. As reference for the integrity and spotlessness of our characters we are happy to

"Who the deuce are we happy to name?" inquired Carruthers despondently. "That queers it."

There was deep thought. "Here's name," suggested Duncan. sounds like those two nice old ladies. the Miss Bellinghams, who live down near Highland Falls. Just sign it their name and give the chaplain for reference."

"The chaplain!" The boys gasped. "Just the thing," said Duncan confi-"He'll give them a rattling recommend, and he's too much of a gentleman to tell them their characters are questioned. Besides, he'll never think of it again after he mails the letter. I know the chaplain. He's a good sort-he doesn't fuss."

"Proceed!" ordered the chorus. Carruthers read aloud as he wrote:

"We are-happy to-name-that noble and uplifting-leader of-religious thought-

"The chaplain would swat you if he

heard you call him that."

"Hill," said Carruthers, with irritation, "you've done nothing but criticize and kick. If you can write better, do it. As far as I can see there's not a fault in this letter, so far. Now let me finish. Where was I? Oh—'leader of religious thought.' That's enough about the chaplain."

"Anticipating news of our sweet charge, who will become, we hope, the support of our declining years, we remain,

"Sincerely yours in hope,
"THE MISSES BELLINGHAM."

"Now, Hill, any more criticism?"

"If the asylum people think the old ladies are going to make the child support them, they won't send it," objected Hill gloomily. "And it's not etiquetical to sign your name 'The Misses Bellingham.' Ought to sign it their front names and no title."

"But I don't know their front names," complained Carruthers.

"Might be Letitia and Mary," suggested Duncan. "Make 'em that and have the letter sent in charge of Fitzhugh, else it will go straight to Letitia."

"Why in charge of me?" Fitzhugh

straightened suspiciously.

"Because you've been sitting there asleep, and haven't helped a hair, and it's time we made you," his wife answered, with severity. "Georgy, put in a P. S., and say it's more convenient, owing to the storms, to have an answer sent in charge of Letitia's and Mary's nephew, Cadet Theodore Fitzhugh," he directed the author.

Carruthers scribbled obediently. "Why the storms?" Hill ventured.

"There aren't any storms."

"Oh, don't be such a fuss," said Duncan. "Of course there aren't, but it prevents suspicion to give reasons, and they won't investigate our weather."

There was silence for a moment while the boys stood over Carruthers, an erect and stately young trio in their gray and gold, and contemplated his finished labors. Duncan and Fitzhugh, leaning on each other's shoulders, nodded with satisfaction, and Carruthers grinned with modest pride.

"Good work, lad!" said Fitzhugh,

and slapped the scribe.

But Hill put his lips together. "Now look here," he said, "that letter's no good."

"No good!" echoed Duncan and Fitzhugh, and Carruthers asked frowning: "What do you mean?"

"Why, this." Hill sat on the edge of the chair and put his elbows on the table aggressively. "It's not business-like. It's drivel, and it's too long. You ought to talk to the point and not put on frills."

Carruthers threw down his pencil.

"All right then-you do it."

Duncan, the conservative, was wary. "Your letter's a good one, I think, Georgy," he said, "but we want the best possible. Hill might have something still better up his sleeve, and we'll need the devil and all his works to worry us through this. Take some paper, Mountain-tops, and see if you can beat Georgy."

Hill pulled the pad toward him, helped himself to the pencil, and wrote fiercely. Then running his fingers through his thick black locks with an

air, he read:

"MATRON ST. WINIFRED'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.
"DEAR MADAM: Please notify if you can send to address below on approval for one week, one white child, nine months old, weight thirty pounds, no teeth, blue eyes. Adoption to follow if satisfactory. Refer to Reverend Edgar Stuyvesant, Chaplain.
"Very truly,

"(Misses) Letitia and Mary Bellingham.
"Care Cadet Theodore Fitzhugh,
"U. S. Military Academy,
"West Point, N. Y."

"There!" Hill looked at his colleagues to mark the effect.

Duncan voiced the sentiments of the

three.
"Won't do, Topsy." He shook his head gently but firmly. "You'd never

head gently but firmly. "You'd never get one to order exactly like that. What do you think they'd do if they hadn't it in stock—whittle the kid to thirty pounds? And pull its teeth? It's all right, you know, if you were ordering chickens, but Georgy's has more feeling, more what you'd expect from old ladies with a kid in their eye. I think we'll send Georgy's letter, won't we, boys? Here, you—copy it."

And Carruthers was planted with pen and ink while the others discussed ways

and means.

"It'll need peculiar things to drink," said Hill, undiscouraged by his lack of success. "My sister has one that size, little Jimmie, and it drinks—let's see. Something you see advertised. I don't know but it's some sort of whisky."

"Oh, no," said Duncan decidedly. "I'm sure it couldn't. Awful way to begin to raise a kid. I'm against that."

"Well, perhaps I've got it twisted," acknowledged Hill. "But it's one of those things."

"Little Jimmie has naps," went on Hill. "They sing him to sleep."

"Holy Moses!" groaned Fitzhugh, who was the musician. "I see myself

singing this thing to sleep!"

"And they change little Jimmie's dresses afternoons, and put on clean ones—why, sometimes he's dressed as much as four times a day." Hill's face was rapt with reminiscent pride.

was rapt with reminiscent pride.

"Look here, Topsy," said Fitzhugh nervously. "You'd better not get the idea that this kid is to be modeled on your little Jimmie. Not much. If it comes out alive from its outing to the country, it's all we ask. Most of the time we've got to keep it up the chimney."

"Let's turn Wipes on the case," suggested Jack Duncan, the fruitful thinker. "He has kids of his own, and he can get points from his wife. He'll

keep it dark, too."

For Wipes was an old collaborator in crime. He was what the cadets call a "policeman," an orderly detailed to

take care of cadets' quarters.

"Little Jimmie has a crib, white iron and brass," Hill struck in, quite carried away by poetic possibilities. "We'll have to have something for our young one to sleep in. And toys, you know. I could write my sister for some of little Jimmie's—"

"Hill," broke in Fitzhugh, "cut it out! You're losing your mind. Thought you wanted to be businesslike. This infant isn't going to live in luxury. It's going to live, we hope, but that's all. Leave your sister's kid lay."

Duncan, tactful as always, put in his word. "Anyway, there's no use settling things till we hear from Mrs. St. Winifred. First we'll mail Georgy's letter. Then if they'll let us have the kid, we'll call in Wipes and plan our campaign with that breadth of foresight which has before led our banners to victory."

Five days later saw Fitzhugh a widowed sojourner in his room, with silence across the hall where Hill's and Carruthers' steps were wont to echo. Scarlet fever had broken out in the academy, and the three, Jack Duncan, Carruthers, and Hill, were among the first to be sent to the infirmary. The cases were light, but the disease broke up the gay partnership, and Fitzhugh

was low-spirited.

As he came into his room there were letters on his table. He took them up half-heartedly and slipped through his hands. Two bills, a letter from his mother and-he glanced at the printed words in the corner of the other envelope. "St. Winifred's Orphan Asylum." His blood ran cold. In the worry of his friends' illness he had entirely forgotten that letter of Georgy Carruthers, mailed the morning after the council of war. He held the long envelope by two fingers and stared at it as if afraid to open it. Then he took courage, cut the flap, and drew out a page or more of handwriting. This is what he read:

MISSES LETITIA AND MARY BELLINGHAM.

DEAR MADAMS: Your letter of the seventh was received and we are happy to look forward to placing one of our little ones in your care. We wrote to the chaplain, as suggested, and our response was gratifying. Therefore, as we are satisfied with the home offered, we shall not wait to hear further from you, but send by four o'clock train on Friday, in charge of an attendant, little Marcus.

The paper dropped from the boy's hand as if a bullet had struck it, and his lips moved in wordless anathema. He sat for a moment stunned by the blow, then picked up the letter and read on.

We send him, as advised, to your nephew, Cadet Theodore Fitzhugh.

The lad groaned.

He is a fine child of ten months. Feed him condensed milk. It should be prepared in the following way.

Fitzhugh skipped four lines.

This should be fed to him every-

He skipped again. His eyes wandered down the page, and he read aloud, in a gasping voice, bits of sentences:

"His bath should be tested with a thermometer." "Must have two hours a day of fresh air." "Sleeps every morning from ten to—"

He sprang to his feet, dashing the letter to the floor, and marched back and forth across his room, muttering. Then he rubbed his eyes as if to see better. "What under the canopy am I going to do?" he groaned.

A subdued but firm knock rat-a-tattatted at the door. "Come in," moaned the cadet, too lost in misery to try to pull himself together, and in the open doorway Wipes stood saluting.

Wipes was a tall, ugly soldier with a large nose, a red complexion, and a wooden expression. Fitzhugh greeted him like a messenger from heaven.

"Wipes! Oh, Wipes!" he cried in a bleat of joy. "I'd rather see you than any one on earth."

"Very good, sorr," said Wipes, and saluted again. Under his stolidity was a heart much like hominy served for breakfast—as warm, as soft, as steaming with fragrant kindliness. In spite of experience, such a greeting flattered him to its depths. It was five minutes before the boy's nervous statement made apparent impression on the slaty surface of Wipes' intellect. Then a smile expanded slowly over the hatchet face, as if a mountainside had cracked. "Wipes, if you grin like that I'll kill

you," said Fitzhugh, exasperated, and Wipes answered respectfully:

"Very good, sorr."

Fitzhugh went on. "It's up to you to get me out of this hole. It's the worst one yet, but you've never failed me, Wipesy. Now tell me what can be done? The kid's due"—he took out his watch—"Oh, momma! In an hour. Something's got to be done, and quick."

"If ye'd excuse me, sorr," said Wipes, "Oi've 'n idea."

"I'll excuse you this time," Fitzhugh agreed. "Get it out of your system." "F'r me to meet th' kid, sorr, and

sind him back."

For one moment of exquisite relief Fitzhugh felt almost sentimental toward Wipes. Of course! Why had he not thought of it? He wrung the soldier's hand till the cracked-rock smile split his face again, and then he rushed into arrangements. Wipes' words were few and direct, and what he said he seemed to swallow back half-way out, as if with regret at the outlay. But Fitzhugh was equal to the talking. Wipes was to say that the Misses Bellingham had suddenly decided to go abroad for a year and had given up the idea of adopting a child; that they were on the point of so writing the matron when her promptness forestalled them: the trip of attendant and child was to be paid for, so that there should be no discussion. The young man brought out some bills.

"Wipes, I'm broke, but it's cheap at

bankruptcy."

But the soldier refused the money. "F'r me to sind in th' bill, sorr, whin th' job's done," he remarked half-way

down his throat.

Wipes went off, and Fitzhugh watched him from his window as the ship that bore the cargo of his safety or destruction. His figure, fine and erect, swung with vigorous strides along the diagonal path that crosses the Parade, and the boy, his eyes glued on that one dark-blue spot, did not see another figure advancing to meet it, till the man stopped sharply. Then, with a jump of his pulse, he saw who it was. But why should Julia Duncan be talking to Wipes? However, there was no time to meditate over that—it wouldn't help to be late to cavalry-drill.

But a vision haunted him as he took hurdles with his arms crossed, and made flying leaps over his horse galloping down the tan-bark. It was the vision of a slim figure in a tailor-gown, a glory of red-gold hair gleaming under the black of her hat. That was all he had seen as she talked to Wipes, but he knew the details, the laughing face, the brilliant white, small teeth almost always showing, and the mischievous eyes with tawny lashes. A fascinating face, full of charm; and the drowsy voice, with a reedy note, like a child's voice just awakened, the quick wit, and innocently naughty ways—he remembered all that, too.

In and out through the strenuous mazes of cavalry-drill went the glint of red hair and the shine of white teeth, and the echo of her laugh. The evening was his own till nine o'clock, and "a spirit in his feet" led him to the house where she stayed, Colonel Emerson's house, looking up the river.

"What were you talking to Wipes about, on the Parade this afternoon?"

"Who is Wipes?" demanded the laughing, slow voice, and Fitzhugh thought how pleasant a thing it was to realize a vision and an echo.

"Why, Wipes—our policeman. You oughtn't to talk to the men; they're not allowed luxuries reserved for the

corps."

"Oh, you mean that bright-red soldier, Weiber—I forgot Jack called him Wipes. Why, I know him. Fascinating man! I know his wife, too. She's not just fascinating. She's always scrubbing the children, and I'm sure she's right, for they never look finished. I go to see her sometimes. That is, I went yesterday." And Fitzhugh reflected how nice it was in girls to go to see poor soldiers' families. It flashed across him that perhaps he would stroll down to visit the Wipeses some day himself, when he knew she was to be there.

Nine o'clock was removed from eight by about five minutes that evening, and his dreams afterward were empty of little Marcus and filled with a bewitching, mischievous personality. But a shock was in store for him. The next day when Wipes appeared, his vermilion face seemed longer. Fitzhugh had

waited for him feverishly.

"Is it all right, Wipesy? Did you get him off without trouble? How much do I owe you?"

"F'r me to sind in th' bill whin th' job's done," gulped Wipes.

"Isn't it done? What do you mean?

Why isn't it done?"

Wipes, in throaty gurgles, told his tale. The attendant had thrust the child into the soldier's arms and jumped back on the train, refusing to listen to reason. She was not going back to New York, she was going up the river to visit her cousin—she had no further concern with the baby than to deliver him at West Point. She laughed at the idea of taking him back to the city. The train went on, and Wipes was left standing with little Marcus howling in his arms.

Such was the tale. Fitzhugh stared in horror. He gasped before he could

"Wipes," he whispered, "where is it?

Here?

"Yis, sorr-me wife's got it."

Fitzhugh breathed again—how good, how thoughtful of Wipes—and he had never dreamed of this obvious plan, either. Mrs. Wipes—of course—what more natural?

"Wipes, you're a fine fellow—you're glorious, old Wipesy," he exploded. "Tell your wife I'll pay anything she wants—anything. Only keep it, Will she keep it? It's only a week. She will, won't she? You tell her to keep it, Wipesy."

"Very good, sorr. I'll tell 'r. She'll keep 't," the soldier answered, in vocal shorthand, and Fitzhugh trembling still, shaken with emotion, was yet relieved and grateful. Wipes turned to go, then wheeled. "Miss Duncan, sorr."

Fitzhugh opened startled eyes at him. "What about Miss Duncan," he de-

manded, with dignity.

"Oi met 'r with th' kid 'n me arrms."
"Well? She knows you have children, doesn't she?"

Wipes shook his head.

tagged."
"Tagged?"

"'To Cadet The'dore Fitz'ugh.'"
The name sounded like a sneeze.

"Oh!" The boy fell back in his chair. "And she read it of course. What did you tell her?"

"Oi said 'twas yer pa's coachman's kid, sorr, th't 'd need of air."

Fitzhugh's people lived in New York. It was far-fetched, but yet the gods were good, for they might have lived in San Francisco. Fitzhugh blessed the soldier again. "Wipes, you're a lot brighter than you look. What did she

"She said how good 'twas 'f ye, sorr,

t' remimber th' poor,"

Fitzhugh smiled placidly and was aware of a warm feeling around his heart.

"Oi told 'r ye'd not like ut mintioned

outside, sorr.'

"Wipes," said Fitzhugh, "you're a born gentleman, you certainly are. Your tact is remarkable. I'll make this up to you somehow, Wipesy."

"F'r me to sind in th' bill whin th' job's done," repeated Wipes oracularly,

and went.

To the nervous and lonely cadet it was a godsend that he could even partly discuss his dilemma with Julia Duncan. He longed to tell her the whole situation, but feared her teasing spirit. She would worry him unmercifully, and it might make him ridiculous in her eyes—he dared not risk that. It was not so bad to pose as a philanthropist, unintentionally of course. He chuckled with satisfaction at the accidental air of the discovery—of how he appeared not to let his right hand know the good his left was doing. But he must see her and talk to her about it.

The next day was Sunday, and when the cadets had formed and marched away after service, a gallant and soldierly sight, he dashed back from his headquarters to the chapel door, and walked home with her. He blessed Colonel Emerson for living far around the turn, beyond the Parade—a quarter of a mile more with her was worth

while.

She began talking about the leaves that were coming on the trees, the spring in the air, the misty look over the piled hills beyond the river, and Fitzhugh fairly jumped with nervousness. It would seem like ostentation to lug in the coachman's baby before

she spoke of it, but here they were half-way around the square, and she was still going on about springtime! And her eyes were dancing as if it were the best joke in the world. He wrenched the conversation off by main force.

"How is Jack, Miss Julia? Does he

write you at all?"

"Every day." She glanced up at him. "Every morning I get a nasty letter that smells like a drug-store, and every afternoon I send him a nice clean one. I shall write him something about you to-day."

"About me?" Fitzhugh tried to be careless. "Is there anything interesting enough about me to put in wri-

ing?"

The girl's glancing eyes seemed to watch him. "Yes, indeed. I'm going to tell him how good you are." The cadet felt a dash of discomfort, and the drawling, soft voice went on. "I think he'll be surprised. Isn't it a new thing, this Coachman's Babies' Fresh Air Society of yours and Mr. Wipes?"

The cadet stammered. "I—it was an accident—I—I didn't mean any one to

know about it."

"That makes it twice as good. It's wonderful that a young man should take such an interest in the poor and in children, but that you should go to the trouble of getting one up here and keeping it for—a week; didn't Weiber say? And then to be so modest about any one's knowing it! Really, that's perfectly fine of you! Shows so much generosity and thoughtfulness, and at the same time such an unostentatious sort of character!"

Fitzhugh wondered afterward if there was a touch of mockery in the grave interest of her tone, but at the moment he felt that he was all of that and more, and the feeling was agreeable.

"Don't," he said. "You praise me too much." And he almost forgot, in his satisfaction, the true history of that

haby

"Not a bit. I'd enjoy praising you more." Fitzhugh jumped, for a laugh came running over the edge of the sentence. "It's nothing—only a joke I

thought of," she went on quickly, and so easy was her laughter always that he only smiled in approval. "I called on little Marcus yesterday afternoon, and found him a cunning rat. Don't you want Mrs. Weiber to bring him up to see you some day?"

"No-Heavens, no!" said Fitzhugh promptly, in alarm, and again the

laughter bubbled over.

"You're not half properly interested in him; you ought to be trundling him about the Parade in the Weibers' babycarriage every afternoon. You know you're responsible for that child every minute he is here—do you know that? You are. If he gets health and strength out of his visit, it's to your credit; but if he falls ill and dies—that's your fault, just the same."

"Oh, don't," groaned Fitzhugh. "What a thing to say! Don't say it."

"Oh, I have to-it's true," Miss Duncan responded firmly. "He doesn't look strong. But it was very good of you to have him up, and I'm sure I hope he

won't die or anything."

Dancing eyes and white teeth joined in the smile that softened this ominous last speech, and Fitzhugh swung away down the shaded country street with a cold dislike of the innocent little Marcus in the bottom of his heart, but a very warm feeling for the innocentseeming Miss Duncan filling all other

Neither Miss Duncan nor Wipes could persuade the cadet to see his charge. There he drew the line. But the horrid fact of its presence in the post weighed less and less upon him, and the daily accounts from the girl and the soldier began even to amuse him. He was planning how he could boast to the three lads of his skilfulness in putting the affair through by his unaided intellect. It grew to be a habit to expect, as the carpentered visage of Wipes appeared in his doorway, the report of:

"F'r me to say from th' missis, sorr,

's how's the kid's hearty."

A habit of a few days, for one morning there was silence, and Wipes' head wobbled solemnly. Fitzhugh did not pay much attention, Wipes' manner was not dramatic enough in its shading to convey a very instant impression.

"Kid all right?" asked the boy cheerfully.

"F'r me to say from th' missis, sorr, as how's the kid's awful sick."

Fitzhugh dropped his book on the floor and the front legs of his chair came down with a crash.

"What the deuce do you mean,

Wipes?"

"Croup, sorr. Crowed awful all last night. Throat's all full up. Ain't no better th's mornin'.

"Have you had a doctor?" asked Fitzhugh, with the solicitude of a fond

And all that day as he went about his regulated succession of duties, the thought went with him like a weight of cold lead of little Marcus crowing mirthlessly on a sick-bed, and of Julia Duncan's firm dictum: "If he falls ill and dies that's your fault."

He had an engagement to walk with the girl in the afternoon and he kept the appointment with eagerness, but for the first time failed to forget everything

else in the charm of her presence. There was an impressiveness about her manner.

"He's a pretty ill baby." Her lips closed tight and the bright head nodded. "I was there this afternoon."

But she would not discuss the situation with the miserable cadet, who went back again and again for her sunshine to the cloud that hung over him.

"Don't talk any more about that wretched young coachman," she pleaded. "There are so many jolly things, what is the use of dwelling on the bad

ones?"

And Fitzhugh, for all his admiration, could not help wondering if she were a little heartless. He had the latest Wipes' bulletin before he went to bed, and it was unfavorable. Little Marcus was distinctly worse. The young man lay awake with pangs of remorse and fear of retribution gnawing at him. When he slept, the haggard face of an unknown child and its ghastly, hoarse crowing-Wipes' word had taken disagreeable hold on his imaginationhaunted him. He waited for the soldier with sick impatience, and the first glimpse of the man's face was enough.

"Wipes! Don't tell me-" His

voice failed.

"Kid's dead, sorr," was Wipes' terse response, and Fitzhugh fell in his chair

as if struck there by a blow.

The worst had come, probably exposure, expulsion from the academy, the shame and disappointment of his people, his career ruined before its beginning, and, worst of all, a life lost by his silly play. There seemed to be no crack in the blackness that descended upon him. Wipes was vague and unsatisfactory about arrangements.

"F'r me t' look afther th' job to-day, sorr. Don't think of ut till t'morr'r," was all he would say, and the boy was too sick at heart to press the point.

It was all he could do to crawl about from one recitation, one drill to another, and as to not thinking of it "till to-morrow," as Wipes suggested-he thought of nothing else. It was a Wednesday, and that night he was to dine at the Emersons with Miss Duncan. Only one other cadet was there, and while he sang rag-time songs with Mrs. Emerson, Fitzhugh and the girl went outside, where the spring twilight was dying across river and hills and filtering through the sweeping elms which stand like stately old officers, all along the graveled driveways.

Little Julia Duncan looked up at the tall cadet, his white face towering above her grim and miserable in the dull light. "What is it? You look desperately ill. You hardly spoke at the table. Is any-

thing wrong?"

"Wrong?" His voice was full of re-"Don't you know that child is proach.

dead-little Marcus?"

The girl dropped into a chair and put her head on her hands against the piazza-railing. Her shoulders were shaking a little. That was too much for Fitzhugh in his overwrought con-He put his hand tremblingly against the ribbons and lace on her shoulder and it slipped down, past the short sleeve, over the warm arm, to her fingers.

"Dear—don't cry," he said, you crying for me?" "Are

Swiftly her face lifted and a shock caught the boy as he saw the bluegreen eyes full of the well-known laughter. His hand left hers with a start, and he drew himself up.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I made a great mistake. I thought you were gentle-" The rush of his feelings drowned the sentence that tried to be restrained. "I didn't know before how cold-blooded a girl could be," he cried roughly. "I thought you everything that was womanly. I gave you credit for being sorry for a chap in trouble. But I was wrong. You're no friend to me; you're amused because I'm wretched; you think it's a joke that a poor little child has died from my fault; I don't believe you have any heart." The boy's bitterly wounded feeling was in his shaking voice.

Then looking down at her, she lifted her face to his and he saw an astonishing sight. The bright eyes, their mischievous dancing all quiet, were filling

slowly with tears.

"I'm sorry you think so badly of me," she said, and her voice broke in the words. Then: "I'm going to tell you-Jack may kill me, but it has gone on long enough. I won't have you tortured for Jack or anybody. It's allone-big-lie!"

Fitzhugh gasped, shivered with hope. "Lie! Little Marcus isn't dead?"

Then the laughter broke through the tears softly for a moment, and her voice was sweet as a child's as it trembled between the two. "Dead, no! Nor alive either! He's just as dead as he is alive. There isn't any little Marcusthere never was. It's all a joke of those wretched boys in the infirmary. They cooked it up among them there, and Mr. Carruthers did the letter. Jack Mr. Carruthers did the letter. Jack wrote me, and I coached Wipes, and kept them posted every day. I thought it was so good for Jack to be amused. But I didn't know it would make you really unhappy. They were going further, they were going to have a mock funeral and make you come, but I told them I wouldn't help in that. And Jack said then I must keep still and not tell you. It was to be to-morrow. Will you forgive me? Will you take back those bad names?"

I think Fitzhugh, the cadet, must have interrupted Miss Duncan rudely then, for Captain Fitzhugh, the officer, stopped and laughed and would not tell

me what happened next.

The Empire State Express, leaving the shining Hudson forgotten in the background, rolled into Albany as he finished the tale. He stood up to put on his overcoat, but bent from his erect six feet in air to stare outside, as the train stopped slowly.

"I should think you'd have gotten even with that girl," I reflected aloud,

my mind still on the story.

Captain Fitzhugh smiled and nodded at a charming woman with beautiful bright hair who looked up eagerly at the car windows.

"I did," he said as he held out his hand to me for good-by. "I did. I

married her."



BIRTHRIGHT

WE who go a-wondering
Up and down the year,
Come to trace the path of Spring
By her blossoms near—
Hush to hear
Far and clear,
How the winds her challenge bring,

We have secrets with the sun,
All the Summer through;
Scent of grass when day is done
Holds a hidden clue,
Stirs anew
Dreams half true—
Count them over, one by one.

Well we know the sudden thrill
Of the Autumn air—
"Onward!" spurring. "Winter's chill
Calls for men who dare!"
Everywhere
Boughs hang bare—
And we seek for meaning still!

Ye who dwell with Certainty,
Dull and hard and gray,
Asking naught of sky or sea—
Take your chosen way,
While we stray
Who can say:
"Soul and spirit, fare you free!"

ALDIS DUNBAR.

A CORNER IN WATER ByHerman Whitaker



OR six hours we had been journeying across wastes of sand, sage-brush, dotted with cactus and spiky yucca, through a land whose interminable dryness

was accentuated rather than lessened by the parched windings of waterless streams, and when from their weary plodding the mules broke into a sudden trot, the jerk roused me from hot noddings to knowledge of a new country, sparse grassland beneath upland piñon.

"They smell the water-hole, ma'am."
As he answered my wife's question, the trader kicked loose his nest of watering-pails, and at their wooden rattle six ugly blocks of heads turned backward and emitted mutilated lowings,

half a bray, half a bellow.

"No, 'tain't exactly what you'd call grand opera," he now indorsed her opinion. "But they ain't to be blamed. This is the first water in thirty miles, an' they know as well as I do that there ain't another drop between here and Zuni. Hello!" he finished, as the team swung after the trail around a rocky bluff that bore the carved snake and water-god of the cliff-dwellers. "Some one's camping on the island above the spring."

The island was such by courtesy, for, instead of the water of the school definition, it was surrounded by boulders that, just now, were hot enough to fry a steak. Perhaps fifty feet in breadth, it was flat as a table at the up-stream

end, then sloped gently to the riverbed, so the tent, pitched on the flat, looked down on the water-hole.

"Hey! Quit that!"

The trader, who had stopped to fill his first bucket, straightened again, and stared at the man who came slouching out of the tent. Once very tall, age had robbed his height, and he was built on that loose-jointed, malarial type so common in the South. Even at the distance, I could see brown tobacco-streaks on his dirty gray beard, and as he moved forward to the table edge, pale eyes, slightly goggled, were added to these objectionable personal assets.

"Quit what?" He repeated the trader's question. "Quit baling my water. Without so much as a 'by-your-leave,' " he grumblingly added. "Any one 'u'd think water was plenty hereabouts."

"Your water? Your water? Why, you da—" He glanced swiftly up at my wife, for, though I am the missionary at Zuni, he had never hesitated to curse his mules in my presence; the pause must go to her. "Oh, quit your joshing, doc."

With that he stooped again, but as he lifted the full bucket, the upper hoop burst with a sharp report, staves and bottom clattered down in a heap. So sudden it was, he stood for a moment looking at the pail, with two staves dependent, dangling in his hand. Then, as he noted the smoking gun in the old fellow's hand, his bronze disappeared under flushing red.

Knowing him, I looked anxiously at my wife. Fresh from the East, she had suspected a Navajo in every bush all the way out, but now on the threshold of real danger, she looked quietly on perhaps she did not see the trader's stealthy hand.

But the old man did. "Quit! Quicker'n that!" The leveled pistol enforced

the snarling command.

The trader's hand dropped back to his side. He shrugged. "Oh, very well, doc, sence you're so pressing. But as I've watered here for the last five years without getting a pail shot up, perhaps you'll tell me what it's all about?"

"That's easy." Though he lowered the pistol, I noticed that he kept the trader under a careful eye. "I've homesteaded the Nor'east of Thirty-three, an' this spring's on my property. After this water'll be five cents the pail."

"What?" The trader exploded after an astonished pause. "Sell water—on the desert—an' that from a spring the hull country's watered at this thirty

years?"

"Why not?" The goggle eyes now rolled at me. "City folks have to pay for water, don't they, mister?"

"But you forget," I qualified, "that water has to be brought into a city and distributed at great expense. Usually a system pays only a fair interest on the investment."

"Exac'ly." His glib tongue slid over my argument. "They're paid for the improvements. Well, I'm a-going to deepen the spring, put in a trough, an' roll the boulders out of the crossing. It'll be real comfortable when I'm through."

"Yes?" the trader commented. "A day's work at three per-what's your

idea of fair interest on that?"

"Anyway, I've homesteaded the place." He ignored the sarcasm. "The

spring is mine."

"An' what fool of an agent allowed your entry?" The trader continued his raillery. "This ain't no agricultural land. What d'you allow to raise—lizards an' Gila monsters?"

"'Tain't none o' your business, though for the matter of that, there's pasture under the piñon for sheep or cattle. If you want water—six mules at a bucket apiece will be thirty cents."

"All right. Here 'tis."

I should have been deceived by his gentle resignation if I had not seen his hard fist bunch. If the old rascal had come within reach? But he was too wary to walk into such an easy trap.

"Sarah!" he called. "Sarah, come an' take the money." And a half-minute later he sharply added: "They don't get no water till you do."

"Sarah don't seem to quite like the business," the trader said. Then, as a girl came out of the tent, he whistled.

"Phew! What a beauty!"

She was-and more. For besides the contours, clear skin, flushes of healthy youth, she radiated that wholesome honesty which seems native to the flaxen Scandinavian type. About nineteen, her nose was small and straight; her figure splendid in its uncorseted health. As she had been called while combing her hair, we reaped full benefit of the wheaten masses which hung below her waist. At ease, she would undoubtedly have given us the wide blue gaze of her innocent race; but, head bowed, heavily blushing, she moved slowly down the slope to within a few feet of us, then suddenly turned and ran.

"The poor thing!" my wife exclaimed, while the trader's anger merged in pity. "Here's the price, doc," he called, and

threw it on the ground.

"Did you ever *see* such distress?" my wife continued as, after prodigious bumping over the boulders, the mules jerked us up the other bank. "Do you know anything of them, Mr. Dea? Is

he really a doctor?"

"Bit of a quack among horses an' cows," he answered, grinning. "His name is Rawlings, an' he uster run a trading-store on the Hopi trail—or his wife did, for he's done nothing sence the Civil War but smoke an' talk about the wound that keeps him from work. After she died, it took him just six months to kill off the trade with his pesky meanness; an' the last while he's been living on his pension out at the railroad. This is the first I've seen the

girl. Takes after her mother, I reckon, for she don't seem to favor him in looks

or disposition."

"A good girl, if there ever was one!"
my wife said warmly. "I shall ride
over and see her after we're settled."

Concerning Mr. Dea, I have always held two things—that my wife conquered his natural frontier prejudice against town-bred women by that single remark, and that he was even then pierced by the arrow of love. For, with a soberness out of all proportion to his knowledge of the premises, he said: "She'll likely be lonely. It would be

real good if you would."

"Will he be allowed to monopolize the spring?" He repeated my question. "That depends. He may have the legal right, as you say, but the sheep an' cattlemen that use this trail ain't very well up in law, an' I've seen legal rights that couldn't stand a choking. I'd say that he'd be liable to wake up some morning an' find himself dangling from a piñon—if it wasn't for the girl. The boys don't like to scare a woman. Still, when it comes to buying water that's always been free-" His anger rising again at the thought, he ran on with some vehemence: "I've heard of corners in wheat, corners in land, corners in this, that an' t'other, but for pure hellishness they all lay down to a corner in desert water. I never knew of but one." His bronze lit with a flash of humor. "But the man that ran it was no hog. He kept a saloon on the Phœnix trail, an' when the high license froze him out he took to selling water instead of whisky. You paid for the water, an' he gave you a drink; total abstainers watered free.'

"But there must be water here for some time after the rains?" I suggested.

He shook his head. "Only local drainage that dries up in a couple of days. These desert rivers follow no law but their own, an' this one burst a new channel down another angle of the watershed fifteen years ago. No, sir—— There's some one coming," he suddenly finished. "It's Sliver Smith from the Little Mesa."

Growing thicker on this side of the

river, the piñon had hid the horseman, who now came loping around a bend.

"He mixes cattle an' sheep over there," the trader went on. "He's a good boy, but that rash he can give trouble a quarter out of a mile, an' beat her to the tape. We'd better to waste a minute to put him wise, or there'll be what the papers call 'another exhibition of Western lawlessness' back at the spring."

Without this assurance, I should never have guessed Mr. Smith as being particularly rash. The tallest and thinnest man I have ever seen in the tall, thin West, he blushed ingenuously on being introduced to my wife, and thereafter steadily consulted the distance with mild blue eyes.

"An' he shot the pail from your

hand?"

His quiet remark on the trader's story contained a reflection too subtle for Eastern understanding, but the trader caught it, and answered with heat: "What if he did? His girl is there."

"Oh!" The accent on the monosyllable now conveyed Mr. Smith's approval

of the explanation.

"An' she's not to be scairt, either," the trader said when, after a remark or two on the weather, the other moved on. "Trot along an' pay your water-bill like a little man—a look at her is worth double the money. An' pass the word, will you, to Old Man Johns an' his herders?"

Mr. Smith reined in. "So we're to pay that"—his glance flickered at my wife—"that dear old gentleman just because you've gone an".""

cause you've gone an ——"
"Exactly," the trader hastily interrupted. "If any of 'em kick, tell them

to send the bill to me.

"An' say!" he called after the departing Smith. "Don't you get gay with that girl!"

To which Mr. Smith made answer by cocking his hat at a more rakish angle.

If any water-bills were ever presented I have yet to hear of it. With Sliver and Old Man Johns—who had water only a few miles away at home—opposition to the cornering of the spring

was largely a matter of feeling. But other sheep and cattlemen—Sylvester, Jones, the Ortegas, Manuel and Pedro—were not so well situated, and it pressed very hard on the Zuni travel. It speaks, therefore, for the trader's weight in the country that not only did they remain quiet, but the irascible Johns even assured Doc Rawlings—in Sarah's hearing—that he sold his water "too damn cheap." To use a metaphor, by flying the girl's petticoat instead of the skull and cross-bones, which would have been so appropriate, the old fellow had maintained his position, and was still holding up the travel three months later.

In that time many things may happen. For one, the trader had, as Sliver put it, "taken ten years' wear out of the trail to the water-hole." Almost any evening he might be seen loping along searching for cattle, which strayed so often as to lend substance to the rumor that he had hired the Navajos to drive them in that direction; and, as he always watered his nag at the hole, his considerable contributions made him an acceptable visitor—to the father, at

His standing with the daughter may be gaged by a conversation at our table in Zuni. For we were now very good friends. Whenever business brought him into the Puebla, he would drop into our kitchen and watch my wife at her baking, while he reeled off story after story, so dryly humorous that she was kept in convulsions of laughter. And he answered quite frankly when she teased him this evening, asking how he was getting along with Sarah.

"To tell you the truth, ma'am, not so

fast as I'd like."

"What?" I teased him. "After you've worn the trail threadbare, and Sliver says you've almost gone broke

on water?"

A faint grin showed through his bronze. "An' he is a discerning young man—that keen it's a wonder he couldn't pick the wear of his own hoofs out of the dust. But he ain't far wrong on the water. That pinto of mine drinks up more'n I ever spent in sa-

loons." Sobering, he answered my wife. "'Tain't that she don't like me. Sometimes I'll get a look that'll lift the heart out of my mouth. But before I can get the good of it, she sort of catches herself up, like she'd remembered something, an' stiffens cold as death."

"Pride," my wife affirmed. "It hurts her independence to see you pay money

to her father."

He nodded. "I've thought that. If I could get her away from there—for

a few days-I think--'

The thought set sunsets on his cheeks and brought on a fit of shy silence from which, however, my wife presently lifted him. "And you shall. The last time I was over there"—you see, she had abundantly redeemed her promise—"the old man said that she could come, some time, on a visit to me. Fred is going out for supplies to-morrow, and he can bring her in."

"And I'm obliged, ma'am," he answered. "Though it sounds too good to be true. It being the nateral thing, I doubt that he'll go back on his word."

I had my own doubts, and they were strengthened when Doc Rawlings turned and returned his tobacco-cud. ruminating like a cow over the invitation next day. While Sarah stood by, her heart in her wide blue eyes, he frowned and pondered, pondered and frowned—reducing his refusal to the meanest possible terms, I thought. It proved, however, that he was merely viewing in perspective the profits consent might be made to yield, for now that he felt secure in his position, I believe he was rather glad to be relieved, for a while, from her distressful espionage.

"Waal, now," he said at last. "We're run pretty low on grub, an' I 'lowed I'd have to run out to town myself. But if you'll bring me in a few things, I don't know but that I could get along for a

week."

Said "few things" totted about four hundredweight of groceries, enough to last him the summer, but the haulage was overpaid by Sarah's smile when she climbed up beside me the following afternoon. While I was gone she had washed, mended, and baked for a week, so at ease regarding his comfort, you are to picture her shyly happy in her best print dress, sitting opposite the trader, who dropped in by merest acci-

dent upon our supper-table.

Usually my wife disdains help with her dishes, but when very stupidly, but with the best intentions—Mr. Dea's tongue having been paralyzed by an obsession of bashfulness—I offered to show Sarah over the Puebla after supper. I was pressed with some asperity into service, besides being privately informed that I might remember my own courting for at least a year.

"But he was so silent." I was defending myself from the charge when she interrupted with a disdainful sniff. "Silent? Hum! Look there!"

Our windows face the Puebla, which now rose, tier on tier, a city of gold under the setting sun. From its mud chimneys smoky pennons trailed off and away into the dusk of the east; like cooing of pigeons, a babble of voices floated on the fresh air; and above it rose Sarah's rich laugh following the trader's deep tones.

Leaning down, he was helping her up the rough ladder to the topmost tier, and as, placing hands under her elbows, he swung her up beside him, I was fain to confess him equal to the situation. Truth also compels the statement that not once during the following week did he hang out a signal of distress.

Unless they caught him between dark and dawn, the nomad Navajos who formed his trade must have gone tealess and sugarless all that week; for from dawn to dark he was in Zuni promoting Sarah's good time. To the tourist who "does" us in a day, our life must seem quiet. Yet it has its interests, and I will answer for it that the pair did not find time to hang on their hands.

The Puebla, with the queer communal life that has come down the ages before Aztec or Toltec, is in itself a mine. All day they wandered among the walled gardens brilliantly splashed with green and blood of garlic and pep-

pers. They watched the girls grind corn into flour on the stone metates; the women who build and rebuild their adobes as the swallows build, by instinct rather than skill. Or Dea drew the old men at the weaving of waistbands into tale and legend with presents of tobacco. Of evenings they stood on the upper tier, and, as dusk fell like a brooding spell over the warm land, they timed the runners coming in from far corn-fields with a swiftness bred by necessity in the days when life depended on the ability to outrun the Navajos' horses.

Not that they required amusement. Were they not living the hour when love's alchemy transmutes the dross of life into pure gold? When the sun shines brighter through a clearer air and birds sing more sweetly in a pleasanter land? When all mundane things exist only as excuses for being together? Verily, a sand-spit in a lonely ocean would have served them as well as Zuni!

As she drew farther out from her father's shadow, the girl's laugh came more frequently. In the sunshine of perfect happiness, her nature bloomed with all the flowers of girlhood, laughter and mischief, archness, trembling silences, shy flushings. Tenderness enveloped her like an emanation; it did not require a woman's intuition to interpret the softness of her manner toward the trader. Obtaining his chance, he had used it well, pressing her toward the end with a confidence both massive and gentle.

Midway of the week I could have sworn that she was his for the asking, and when, on Friday evening, the two went out from supper together, my wife and I told each other that all was over but the congratulations.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when she brought a face of woe into my study a couple of hours later.

"Fred, you will have to drive Sarah

home to-morrow."

"But it was arranged that Dea should take her?" I said, looking up from my sermon.

"Yes, but they have quarreled-quar-

reled, I said. Please don't gape in that silly way. She has refused him."

"But I thought—was sure she——"
"So she does. She's crying her eyes
out now in her bedroom. When——"

"Then why in the name—"

"Fred, will you permit me to explain?" Never have I seen my wife so put out. "It seems that her mother loved that old villain with one of those loves that can see no fault; and, being blind, she thought it quite right to offer up Sarah upon the altar on which she had sacrificed herself. On her deathbed, she made the girl promise not to leave the old rip without his consent—I don't care, Fred, he is an old rip, and you know it! So she must needs wait either till she's worn out or he chooses to knock her down to the highest bidder."

"My dear!" I cautioned. "My dear,

don't impute-"

But she ran on. "It is true. Dea wanted to ask him, but 'How can I let him?' she cries. 'He would beg or borrow everything he's got.' And as she will not run away with him, he has gone off in a huff."

"He'll come back," I comforted.

"But what good will it do if he does? For all her soft looks, she's firm to the point of obstinacy, and one cannot expect him to wait forever. And he's such a good fellow—and I had so set my heart on it—and I'm dreadfully disappointed." She finished in tears. "Won't you speak to her—to-morrow—when you are taking her home?"

Of course, I had to say yes, and I did, choosing what seemed an opportune

moment.

Because of our rare altitude, sunlight with us is peculiarly yellow; the dry air flows like a tawny wine over the land; gold glows from the hot face of the cliffs, in the sheen of the sand, dust of the whirlwind. So, though, starting out, Sarah huddled in a heap at my side, I knew that continued misery was almost as impossible as miasma amid such brightness, and I waited until she straightened up and began to look about her as we drew near home.

"So we sent him off in despair, did we?" I began, laughing.

She looked up with a queer little smile that was almost a cry. "No—he went away himself—in anger."

"But you refused him. What could

the fellow do?'

"I did not!" It came like a flash from a soft rain-cloud, enlightening me considerably upon my wife's despair. "I told him that I had promised mother that I wouldn't leave dad without his consent."

"Rather indefinite. Couldn't you

have named a time?"

She looked reproachfully up. "That would have been breaking my promise. You surely wouldn't have me do that—an' mother only ten months dead?"

Thus reminded that it was not for me to argue against filial obedience in a generation that had almost forgotten the commandment, I could only shake my head; and it might have ended there if, just then, we had not sighted Doc Rawlings through a vista in the piñon.

Hindsight is proverbially better than foresight, and the idea of appealing to him now seems as foolish as though I had interceded with a rattlesnake on behalf of a frog. But anxiety for the girl's happiness urged the attempt; which I made while she was carrying her bundle up the slope to the tent.

"Daughters are such a heavy responsibility." I finished, "that the best of parents feel relief when they are suitably married. And really, I think you are to be congratulated on your son-in-

law."

"You do, do you?" He had stood, one hand on my wheel, his cheeks puffed out like a blowing frog, and the question issued on an explosion. Nostrils dilated, beard quivering under the intensity of his selfish anger, he ran on in a whining snarl: "An' if she marries, what's to become of me? Me that was wounded past the power of work while defending my country? An' this is what I get for it! A preacher that should know better comes filling my daughter's head with selfish notions. A nice kind of a Christian you are! Well, I'll take care it don't happen

again, for she stays to hum after this with me. To be congratulated, am I?" In the blindness of his monumental self-ishness, he opened up the recesses of his despicable nature. "Dea's the last man I'd choose for Sarah—altogether too sot in his ways. D'ye think he'd have any use fer me? Tell me that!"

"To tell you the truth, I don't." Under urge of my disgust, I added as I shook up my horses: "Nor would I

blame him.'

Looking back at Sarah waving her hand, I felt sorry for my hastiness, but it did no real harm. He would not in any case have allowed her to visit us again, and when he tried to turn my wife away the following week, she marched by him into the tent and told Sarah to send him off to work, advising a pick and shovel as the best remedy for his complaint. In fact, she made herself so disagreeable that he always went hunting whenever her buckboard hove in sight thereafter.

So, if separated, the lovers were not without means of communication. She carried messages and kept us informed of the girl's gentle patience under the old fellow's irascibility, of her deep distress when, out of all patience, Dea began to sell off his stock preparatory to

leaving the country.

Whether the trader would really have gone, I have always had my doubts, inclining to the opinion of Sliver, who—judging Dea from his poker—invariably maintains that he was "bluffing to force the girl's han'," when Providence

called his own play.

In my time I have seen the said beneficent lady masquerading under strange guises, but never under a rougher than that she was wearing when I met her on trail one morning just before the rains. No one could have suspected her of looking out of the cold, gray eyes of Old Man Johns, who was driving some sheep in to the agent at Zuni.

As he had come by the water-hole, I naturally asked after Sarah, and so came in for a piece of information.

"The doc is that sot against you folks an' Dea, that he'd give his wound to marry her off on some one else. T'other morning he actually gave Sliver a hint an' a half. Yes, he did." His emphatic nod disposed of my doubt. "Tol' him that he felt age creeping up on him, an' was getting terr'ble anxious about his gal. Wanted to know if Sliver ever thought of marrying?

"To draw him on, Sliver asked where in thunder would he find a girl to take up with sech a long parcel o' bones? Then doc ups an' outs with it—why don't he buck up to Sarah?

"'Yes,' Sliver answers him, with that consarned drawl, 'I wonder. The girl's all right. I kedn't live up to her. But if she was ever so willing, durned if I'd give my children a handle against me that I'd picked you for the gran'father. I pass, doc.'"

"Absolutely without shame!" I ejaculated. "And it seems so horrible in

a man of his years."

Johns shook his head. "A bad egg don't improve none with age. The only thing you can do is to—smash it."

The pause and sudden accession of sternness alarmed me. "I hope you don't intend any violence," I began, but he interrupted. "'Twon't be necessary," and with a significant nod followed on after his sheep.

I confess to my fair share of curiosity, and for the next two weeks I kept an anxious ear toward the water-hole, questioning all who came by there. But when nothing happened, I put the veiled threat down to momentary irri-

tation, and dismissed it from my mind. By that time the rains were upon us, the heaviest in years. Looking at the gray sheets that fell without pause day and night, old Zunis wagged wise heads while they told of the storm which had melted the adobe Puebla, as though it were sugar in boiling water. The Navajo who brought in our mail had to swim his horse over a dozen streams; the papers he brought were black with scare-heads of towns flooded, washouts, stalled trains; most momentous of all, the Colorado had burst into its old channel and was pouring, a quarter-mile wide, into the Salton Sea.

A month ago one paper had issued

warning of the impending calamity in an article which was to pave the way for Doc Rawlings' finish. If Old Man Johns had not read it, he might not— But that comes later. I will pass to the morning on which I plumped into the Indian agent as I trudged through the rain from the store to the school.

"Dea's looking for you," he said. "Wants you to go out with him to the Little Muddy." Beating under the brim of his sou'wester, the rain ran in small watercourses through his grin as he went on: "The river has broken back into the old channel, and the doc is marooned on his island. Funniest thing I ever heard of. Talk of retributive justice? Couldn't beat it if you were to drown Rockefeller in one of his oil-tanks. Here comes Dea," he finished, as a horseman loomed up through the wet mist. "He'll tell you all about it."

The trader was leading a horse for "No, they ain't in any danger, though the doc is badly frightened," he said as I mounted; and as we pounded away through a shower of rain and mud, the agent's voice came floating after: "Wish you luck, John!"

"There ain't much to tell," he satisfied my curiosity as we drove along. "While Johns was grazing sheep up the Little Muddy last month, he stumbled on a sand-bar that had piled on top of a fallen piñon opposite the old break. From it quicksands had backed up an' filled in the bed till the stream ran higher than the old channel, and, as he'd just been reading about the Colorado break, he was minded to try what could be done with a team an' scraper. Him an' the Ortegas spent three days on a small canal—the flood did the rest."

"What did the agent mean?" He returned a wet, red grin to my next question, and I could get nothing else out of him up to the moment that we galloped out of the dripping piñon upon Old Man Johns, who, with Sliver and half a dozen others, was building a raft

on the bank.

He had said the old man was badly frightened, and now I saw for myself.

Where a jumble of boulders had lain baking in the sun, a race of yellow waters now ran, covering the island save for a narrow patch around the tent; on which, a piteous drenched figure, Doc Rawlings stood. Through the sheeting rain his face gleamed yellowish white. His lack-luster eyes were glued to the crowd on the bank. As he shivered and shook, his whine came with monotonous iteration across the flood: "Herry, boys, herry!" It rose to a scream as a yard of bank slid with a sullen plunge almost under his feet.

"Yes, do hurry!" I urged. "The island is going fast."

Old Man Johns looked up from his work with a wink. "That's only loose dirt, an' the water's falling-lowered an inch in the last hour, if he wasn't too scared to see it. Sarah? In the tent, dry an' calm, like the brave girl she is.' The raft being now finished, he rose and made a megaphone of his hands. doc? You've gotter sell before we bring you off."

"He'll trade 'em for three fingers of whisky, won't you, doc?" Sliver followed, and one Manuel Ortega continued the jesting: "Too bad, doc. Your corner's leaking. She'll run wa-

ter all next summer.

"Here, here!" Dea, who had been knotting riatas together, interrupted. "That ain't nice for the girl to hear. Give me the pole. Now, all together!

In she goes!

After towing the raft up-stream a hundred yards, we paid out rope while Dea poled out across the current, aiming at the end of the island, which rose two feet above water, square as the bows of a scow. As he pushed off, the tent's flaps fell back, and Sarah's clear voice came to us over the roar and tumble: "Be careful! Oh, be careful!" And I saw Dea flush as he made cheery answer: "Easier than eating pie. Get ready to jump."

He had not, however, gained far enough across. Grazing the near corner, the raft swung off just as Doc Rawlings shoved the girl aside and made to leap. A quick balk saved him from the ducking his selfishness merited, and as the raft floated in under pull of the rope, Johns growled: "The old beast! Give him your pole in the stomach if he tries that again."

It was not necessary. As, from a longer start, the raft floated down to a square landing, the old fellow suddenly bolted into the tent. The money-belt which he was buckling around him as he came out, explained his errand. But the avarice which had momentarily dominated his cowardice disappeared under a resurgence of fear when he saw the raft with Dea and Sarah floating twenty feet out. His face ludicrous in its suspicion and dismay, he stood staring until, after they landed, the boys began to haul the raft up the bank.

"Hey!" he then yelled. "Ain't you

going to bring me off?"

"Bring you off?" It was Old Man Johns that answered. "Why should we bring you off?"

"'Cause I'll drown if you don't. The

island's melting like sugar."

"Well, it's your water!" Sliver now took his turn. "Why don't you turn it off?"

"But I'll drown!" he shrieked, as they went on hauling up the raft. "I'll drown! D'ye hear me? Drown! Drown! Drown! An' I'm not fit for death! Mr. Jones, you're a Christian an' a minister? You won't stan' by an' see them leave me?"

As is often the case with utterly selfish people, fear of death divested him of every human attribute, and left only the cowardly beast. He was repulsive to the verge of the horrible. Eyes glazed and staring, saliva spattered his beard as he went on with his craven appeals without waiting for me to an-

"Dea, you ain't a-going to see the old doc drown? I fought fer my country, an' have my wound to prove it. An' you've smoked many a cigar in my tent."

From the top of the bank, the trader looked back with so stern a face that I should have been deceived but for Old Man Johns' reassuring wink. "I reckon

I paid for the priv'lege. Drown-for

And Sarah—who now hung to his arm as she had clung to his neck a few minutes ago—vas deceived, "Mr. Dea!" she pleaded. Then: "John!" And as he persistently turned away: "John—John—dear!"

"I'd be done if it was me," I heard

Sliver whisper.

"More fool you!" Old Man Johns grunted. "Her kind don't cotton to a softy. She's gotter have her master, an' she's found him." A remark that opened my eyes to the fact that the comedy was not being played for the benefit of her father alone.

Came the trader's answer: "To bring you off was one thing—to risk my life for him is another. But I'll do.

it on one condition?"

"Yes, it is-"

"That you marry me—now an' here!" While she paused, the irreverent Sliver whispered: "What a peach of a blush!" And undoubtedly earth never saw a lovelier color. Its red tide suffused her face and neck, but through it she gave him wide, honest eyes.

"I would—but for my promise."
"Is that all that's keeping you?"

"All! All!" Her voice fell again with a dying inflection that gave him alone the end of the sentence. "You know that I'd be proud an' happy—"

"Very well." Turning with the sparkle of assured triumph in his eyes, he addressed the old man who had ceased his whining through the short dialogue. "You want me to bring you off? I will—after you've given your consent to our marriage."

Sudden hope on Doc Rawlings' face flashed into consternation, and he broke again into whining protest. "No, no! She's all I got. You kedn't ask an old man to part with his one—"

"Meal-ticket," Sliver profanely substituted for ewe-lamb, while Old Man-Johns began to break up the raft.

"Hold on!" The action produced instant effect. "I consent." The blink of his shifty eyes told how much the consent would be worth after he gained

the shore, but they fixed in a blank stare as Dea took the girl by the hand and led her to me. "But you hain't got a license," he issued his last protest. "She kain't be married without."

"Oh, yes, I have."

Sarah's lips had opened tremulously, but she closed them again, and her blue eyes lit up with soft admiration as that all-sufficient man drew a paper from an inner pocket. For the convenience of our converts, the agent is empowered to issue licenses, and now I understood his parting sentence.

I have performed marriages in houses that the skill of the florist had transformed into fairy bowers; others in the perfumed dusk of dim churches with pomp and ceremonial; yet above all, memory returns oftenest to that simple ceremony under leaden clouds within the steaming circle of cowmen and herders; for it was sanctified by the essences that preserve and insure a happy union—strength and goodness, love and trust.

It also ranks as my shortest. Five minutes finished it, and as, having kissed his wife and good-temperedly looked on while each rough witness took blushing advantage of the privilege, Dea turned toward the raft, Old Man Johns stepped between.

"No. vou don't. Married men kain't

afford sech risks. It's you for El Paso an' New Orleans on a wedding-trip. We'll take care of him." And he hustled the pair to the horses.

hustled the pair to the horses,
Really, I believe that Sarah was not sorry to escape. "You'll be careful," she urged, as the trader lifted her onto

my horse.

"Like he was my own father," Johns answered; and he did—after a Spartan

fashion.

"Say!" he shouted, after the pair were beyond ear-shot. "Got any grub over there? We're mighty hungry. Enough for us all?" And when Doc Rawlings nodded again, he dryly added: "Then I reckon you won't starve for a couple of days."

"But you told her you'd bring me off!" Doc Rawlings yelled as the crowd turned toward their horses.

"Who did? I said I'd look after you, an' I will. I'll come every day till the water goes down! It's dropped a foot in the last hour, but I reckon there'll be enough to keep you till they're nicely off their honeymoon. Adios—for the present."

It remained only for Sliver to deliver the last sting; to materialize and put into words the horrors of the future.

"Better make the most of your rest, doc, for if I know anything of Dea, it's work for yours after this."



WINTER SEA

THE wan sky, sadly still and gray, Broods endlessly, Where summer sun has slipped away, Beyond the sea.

The wand'ring snowflakes gently fall In silent graves, And thro' the mist the sea-gulls call Unto the waves.

TORRANCE BENJAMIN.





he

to

ir

ıb

oc

re

le

1,

ie

ot

e

y

e

OUGHT, of course, to have known what was happening to Edith in her letters from school, for from the moment she had obtained permission to have her friend,

Eleanora de Vries, come to visit during the vacation, her letters were interlarded with things like: "Dearest mama, do see if you can't make Nora wear a cap." Nora, I may explain, is our "second girl," a free-born American, who would as soon think of wearing tights to serve at table as the head-dress mentioned by my daughter. Again: "Please ask Aunt Maria not to say how I looked when I was little!" Again: "If Jimmie bites his nails before Eleanora I shall die!"

But in spite of the letters I expected no more than a couple of schoolgirls

home for a good time.

Edith, I may explain, is sixteen, and this is her first term at boarding-school. Eleanora, I understood, was a year older than Edith and had no relatives

in this country.

My sister Maria was just saying, "Well, I wonder if boarding-school will have improved Edith," when up drove the station-hack—my eldest son, Osborn, had gone down to meet the girls—and from it there descended two very elegant young ladies. They no more gave the impression of schoolgirls than Maria and I did. Edith, I made note, had accomplished this change by letting down her best tailor suit, a new hat, a new way of doing her hair, and a veil.

At sight of Eleanora, tall and pale, her interesting oval face encircled with dark hair, memory stirred within me. There had been a girl at school with me who couldn't stand drafts, who hated the smell of lilies, who was always bragging about her feet, which couldn't endure anything but the softest shoes, thus making us all feel coarse and rough beside her. For this reason, we all paid her homage, adoring, grudging, or even savage, according to our natures. So, at first sight, I recognized in Eleanora de Vries one of the supersensitive ones of the earth.

I didn't learn so much about Eleanora from observation of herself as I did from my daughter, for Edith was a mirror in which the likes and dislikes of Eleanora were reflected. Family affection was the first thing, evidently, that Eleanora expected of Edith; and family affection was given us, as Osborn would have said, "to burn."

Now, Edith has never been a demonstrative girl. Indeed, she has always treated her Aunt Maria with a frankness that bordered on brutality. A certain cock-sure, thorny honesty had been Edith's. Indeed, it was with the hope of bettering my daughter's manners that she was allowed to go

away to boarding-school.

Well, her manners had changed with a vengeance. She gave the effect of having touched heights and depths of emotion that the mere routine of home had never given her. She kissed us all with an unwonted ardor. She hung lovingly over her Aunt Maria. Even Jimmie, her thirteen-year-old brother, was showered with loving caresses, which so upset the boy that even the familiar words which spring so lightly to his lips, "Aw, chase y'rself!" or

"Say, cut it out!" were taken from

Meanwhile, my eyes strayed to Eleanora. While she betraved no outward sign, a certain voluntary selfcontrol showed one that some emotion was working strong within her. Edith presently observed this, and putting her arm around her friend, led her to her room, murmuring things about having been thoughtless for displaying her natural joy in her family when Eleanora was so far from all her people.

So the first half-hour after the arrival of these young ladies gave me enough food for reflection to send me to my room. Tears came to my eyes as my own door shut on me. I wanted was my thorny, brusk, honest girl. I would have been grateful to hear her ring out some snapping remark at her brother, or answer Aunt Maria with her old brutal directness; for, after all, what a mother wants in this world is her own children, and not strangers masquerading round in her children's bodies, nor does she want her children strutting around in intellectual finery borrowed from other people.

I had just got to the point of wondering bitterly whether I should see Edith during this vacation or whether she was going to be a by-product of Eleanora all the time, when a rap came on my door and my cook Seraphy pre-

sented herself to my view.
"What I want to know," she began, with that determined directness which is hers, "is, are we goin' t' be after havin' stuffed Bermuda onions f'r dinner or ain't we?"

"Why, certainly we are, Seraphy," I replied. "What makes you ask? We're going to have all the things for

dinner that Edith likes."

"Don't ask me what Edith likes!" replied my faithful cook. "'Tis Edith's taste for vittles is changed! She comes out t' see me in th' kitchin, a-draggin' wan fut after th' other kind o' languid, an' she takes me two han's in hers an' shakes 'em an' luks me in th' eye an' sez: 'Seraphy, me dear of' Seraphy!' An' niver th' time when she's bin off on a visit before, ma'am, that she ain't come a'runnin' an' give me th' good smack! An' her a-lookin' at me this time that watery-eved I wuz all struck of a heap!

"'Are ye sick, Edith?' says I. "Is it starved ye've bin at that school? Niver mind,' sez I, ''tis mesilf will feed ye up! 'Tis th' gran' stuffed Bermuda

onions we do be havin'!'

"'Don't ye be stuffin' no onions then,' sez she, 'on my account,' in th' same sugarlike tones.

"'Bless us!' sez I. 'What's th' matter with ye? Ye soun' that sweet that ye might be y'r Aunt Maria come out

to find fault wid me!'

'An' what wid this an' that, ma'am, an' wid'out sayin' nothin' direct, I'm that flummixed! Are we goin' t' hev th' stuffed Bermuda onions or ain't we? F'r there's wan thing sure, an' that is that Edith's give up eatin' onions f'r good; an' she's brought me a egg-plant in their place—an' Misther Prestin, as ye know, ma'am, niver touchin' a egg-plant were it ever so! An' me wid th' onions a-cookin' this minit!"

"Cook the egg-plant, Seraphy," said I, looking over the lay of the land rap-

idly, "and don't serve the onions." "An' what'll I be doin' wid 'em?" asked Seraphy grimly.

"We'll think about that later," I temporized, with as much of an air of finality as I could assume.

This was not the end, however, of the onion episode. At dinner that day, as we all gathered around the table, Jimmie grumbled audibly:

"I thought we were goin' to have stuffed Bermuda onions the day Ede

came home-

Here Osborn, my eldest son, who is a freshman at college and also at home on his vacation, shot his younger brother an awful glance, the look that means: "Shut up, or you'll hear from me !"

And then I knew how the lots had been thrown. Eleanora, I saw, had worked her spell also on Osborn.

Directly after tea, Jimmie dodged into the front parlor and seating himself before the piano, began to thump with one finger "Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle," which he followed by "Ta-ra-ra-ra boom de ay." But this musical feast was stopped abruptly by Osborn, who going up to his younger brother laid a heavy hand on his shoulder and whispered something to which Jimmie sourly responded, "Rats!" but nevertheless he slipped off the pianostool.

in't

ood

this

tick

"Is

ool?

eed

uda

ons

th'

nat-

hat

out

ım,

['m

iev

ve?

hat

fr

ant

as

gg-

th

aid

p-

227

11-

of

of

y,

le,

ve

de

is

1e

er

at

m

d

d

d

1-

p

At Edith's request, Eleanora took Jimmie's place. She played and sang little folk-songs and things in a minor key, very prettily indeed. After a while she got up. There was silence all round. Edith sat with her face shaded by her hand. Osborn stared with what I knew he believed to be a man-of-theworld air tempered by soulful appreciation.

The spell was broken by my husband, who called out cheerfully:

"Now, Edith, give us some of those nice old rattling rag-times of yours." I saw my son and daughter shoot a

glance of distress at each other.
"I've forgotten them, papa," protested Edith. "I've been studying music seriously this year." And Osborn cloaked his parent's break by saying: "Won't you play the last one over

again, Miss de Vries?"

"Well," Henry said to me—he's very fond of a little music in the evening as a rule—"I'm not going to stay here to listen to any more of the tunes the old cow died on and variations!" And he went off to his study and shut the door.

Next morning I saw Edith arranging

a little tray.

"Eleanora," I heard her say to Osborn, "isn't feeling quite well this morning. You know, she isn't strong. She oughtn't to have played last night after making that long journey. It always takes it out of her to play. Playing, with her," Edith went on, "isn't just thumping the piano; she puts herself into it."

"I suppose," agreed my ingenuous son, "that that's what makes it sound so different from other people."

"Of course it is," replied Edith, putting a white flower upon the breakfasttray. In a few minutes Edith was downstairs again, sniffing the air.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "what is that smell? It's father's pipe—it's that

nasty bulldog pipe!"

Henry is, as a rule, an early riser, and has time to read his morning paper comfortably in his study before going to business, and Edith now followed him there. What passed between them I don't know, but I do know that he went off puffing at a cigar instead of the despised pipe, and cast me a glance, half rueful, half laughing, of a man who has, with good grace, given in to the unreasonable demands of his women folk.

Edith now retired into her friend's room. Osborn was sitting around with the air of a man of leisure. What he was doing, as I well knew, was waiting for the glorious appearance of Eleanora. Jimmie had betaken himself to the back kitchen, where in winter he is allowed to do carpentry work and make experiments that burn his clothes, and all the other things that a boy of thirteen diverts himself with. From the back of the house now there came a rhythmical pounding, not a loud noise, but persistent. I heard Edith come rapidly and noiselessly down-stairs

"Os," she whispered, "can't you stop Jimmie? Eleanora doesn't, of course, say anything, but I know that awful noise he keeps on making hurts her

head."

"Sure!" said Osborn, and went out to squelch his brother.

to squeich his brother.

Half an hour later Edith presented herself in my room. Her face was scarlet.

"What," she demanded, "is that awful smell throughout the house?"

Now, I had noticed no smell. I sniffed the air.

"Why, I suppose," said I, "it's Seraphy making cabbage-soup."

And here Edith broke through the crust of refinement.

"Oh, now! Oh, now!" she groaned, reverting to the lament of her child-hood. "I think it's too bad! It seems

to me that everybody's doing things just on purpose!"

"Why, good gracious, child," said I,

"what do you mean?"

"First it's onions and now it's cabbage-soup, and father smoking a horrid little black pipe everywhere! Oh, I wish I'd never brought any friend home with me!" my daughter lamented.

Now, ours is a house in which the old-fashioned viands of a former generation find their place. We eat bacon and greens, once in a while corned beef and cabbage, nor do we scorn now and then the boiled dinner. Irish stew, as Seraphy makes it, ranks as a dainty, while the humbler vegetables, such as the carrot, onion, and turnip are all favorites of my husband. Edith has always partaken of these simple viands with cheerful appetite, and at this last affliction my housekeeper's soul rose within me. I saw myself cramped and hampered at every turn by the visit of a seventeen-year-old miss.

"Edith," I said briskly, "I gave in to you yesterday about the onions, but I'm not going to have my entire household ruled by your caprices. Stop this nonsense about the cabbage-soup! If Eleanora doesn't like it she doesn't need

to eat it!"

Upon this Edith threw herself on my bed and burst into tears.

"Oh!" she mourned. "I wish I hadn't

brought her!"

"If this is the effect it has on you,

so do I!" I replied sharply.

"Osborn's the only one who acts nice!" Edith went on. "I don't see why you can't go without nasty smelly vegetables just for the few days I'm home! I don't believe there's a girl in our school that ever had cabbage on her table except me!"

It was here that Maria joined us, attracted by the sounds of lamentation.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked. "What are you crying about, Edith?" And she patted her niece's head.

"It's because mother humiliates me before my friends that I'm crying!" Edith sobbed angrily.

"It's because Miss Eleanora de Vries

is too polite to eat cabbage-soup," I

responded tartly.

"Well, well!" said Maria. "What makes you have cabbage-soup, Editha? Don't you remember how mortified you and I were when grandpa would take off his shoes in front of the fire when we had company? Dear me, I can see just how his socks looked! They were gray home-knitted ones, with big darns in them, and I used to think I'd sink through the floor when I saw him reach down and knew that his shoes were presently coming off!"

"Oh!" gasped Edith, and fled from

he room.

"There," I said, with bitter sarcasm, "you see, Maria, what you've done. You shouldn't obtrude ancestral details of such a nature on your sensitive niece."

But Maria was not to be moved out

of her good temper.

"I used to get mortified for very foolish things when I was young—I suppose all youngsters do," was all she said.

It was not long after this that sounds of strife reached me. They proceeded from the kitchen. There, gathered together, were Osborn, Edith, and Maria, while Seraphy opposed them, a large spoon clutched belligerently in her hand, as though she were about to protect herself from the enemy with it.

"Were it ever so," she was saying, "Mis' Prestin sez to me, cabbage-soup! Were it ever so, Miss Maria, 'tis cabbage-soup it's goin' to be! Yes, ma'am, an' what's more, Edith, I've bin scallopin' up them onions that you wouldn't hev f'r dinner yesterday. Bermuda onions has gone awful high, an' I've bin too many years wid y'r ma to go wastin' good vittles on her, an' th' winter a harrud wan, an' poor people a-starvin'!"

"Well," said Osborn, "I should think at least you could keep the doors closed,

Seraphy!"

"Kape th' doors closed!" shrilled my cook. "Wid all av ye whifflin' through? Well, Osborn, I can tell ye wan thing! I've got too much t' do to go shuttin' all th' four doors there's between here an' th' front part av th' house! I'm

gettin' th' dinner, is what I am now! Too many cooks is what spoils th' broth, so it is!"

Here my cook spied me.

"Mis' Prestin, what th' mischief an' all ails th' bunch av 'em, I dunno! Here I've bin eighteen years in this house, an' onions an' cabbages galore, an' now they've all gone crazy on me, an' Miss Maria herself that'll eat cabbage-soup 'till she'll bust's tryin' t' get me t' take me kittle off!"

It was at this point that I heard a door click. We all turned round, and there, robed in a loose-fitting white house-dress, her hair drawn down in loose artistic coils, was Eleanora de

Vries.

I

nat

a?

Ou

ke

en

ee

ere

ns

nk

ch

re

m

m.

011

of

, ,,

ut

1-

p-

ne

ds

ed

0-

a,

ge

er

0-

)-

n,

't

la

n

t-

a

-

1,

e

"Good morning, Mrs. Preston," she fluted. "Good morning, Miss Dillaway. Good morning, Seraphy. When I came out, I smelled something that made me feel I was a child again, and I just followed my nose! It isn't possible—and yet it seems that it must be so-that you're making a real soupe aux choux, like our dear old Marie used to make for us in France when I was a child! You darling!" She turned to Edith. "You've often heard me tell of that soupe aux choux, and I know that you've been planning the surprise for me! Oh, Mrs. Preston," she said, "I love cabbage-soup!"

We all breathed again. Edith looked soulfully into her friend's eyes and pressed her hand. Her eyes did not seek mine, for well I knew that, not being proficient in the French tongue, she had not recognized the humble cabbage-soup in her friend's lyrical praises

of soupe aux choux.

I've given you the account of the incident of the soup in full so that you can realize to what tyranny we were subjected during the stay of Eleanora. I suppose every mother has had this sort of an experience, where her daughters have come home playing the futile and pathetic game of pretense about themselves and their families. It is all very well for a girl to do it about herself for a time, but to compress her entire family into the mold that she has chosen for them is another matter. Of course, it

was made easier for Edith by Osborn's humoring everything that had to do with Eleanora. Between the two of them they so sat on Jimmie that the poor child was almost non-existent. I would find him glooming on the outskirts of things, grumbling disconsolately:

"I dunno what they're puttin' on so much side for that pale, scrawny old

thing!"

No, there was no way of softening Jimmie. He was the only one who remained unaffected; so Edith finally had to dispose of him by talking to her friend sweetly about his being a "real boy," and talking with grown-up magnanimity of "You know, the difficult age!" Though I can tell you that the difficult age of Jimmie seemed to me as a small speck compared to that of my daughter.

Under the mask of hovering over me with little, airy caresses, Edith watched me so carefully to make sure that I was the ideal parent I had been represented that I grew quite nervous, and found myself several times on the point of playing up to the part for which I had

been cast.

Eleanora herself was not, however, a difficult guest. She was one of those languid, lack-luster girls that I don't especially care for. I should have thought her rather anemic and underfed had not Edith told me that the fires of her nature burned so fiercely that they kept her like a hollow shell.

"She feels things so!" Edith explained. "Every wind that blows means something to her! She's like a hollow shell with a flame burning in

i+ 1"

Eleanora talked but little, except in duet. She and Osborn held endless conversations in low voices. From time to time I would get echoes of it, and it would seem to me that the young people were talking very much the idealistic sophomorics that are proper to young folks of seventeen and nineteen.

I got these bits of talk third-hand through Edith, who was so fascinated by her friend that she couldn't help talking about her, even to me, unsympathetic audience though I was. There were pieces of information like this:

"Eleanora says," my daughter would report, "that until we're tried we can't know ourselves; that we must all wait for the crucial moment; that she would never trust her affection absolutely to any one who hadn't been tried."

"I suppose," I said tartly, "that's the reason Osborn has taken to leaving off his overcoat this cold winter weather!"

"Eleanora thinks that overcoats are frightfully unesthetic," admitted Edith. "Well," I said heartlessly, "if she thinks a cold in the head more esthetic

then all I can say-"

Here Edith sadly withdrew from my room. This was the end usually of our colloquies. It was not to be denied that my coarse nature got on my daughter's nerves.

At the time, this nettled me, and even hurt me, for Edith's absence at school has been the first break into our little family—for Osborn has come home from college every night, as we live in a village on the outskirts of a large college town—and I had so looked forward to making a great holiday for

my daughter's return.

But neither she nor Osborn nor Eleanora wanted the great holiday. Indeed, from the first it was easy to see that Eleanora enjoyed an uninterrupted flirtation with Osborn better than any of the parties I would have been glad to have had for the young people. Instead, they had long tête à-têtes together, and took long walks in the country. It seemed to me that it was not at all the kind of vacation I should have liked as a girl, nor one that Edith or Osborn would naturally have cared for.

My young people had gone on one of their walks, and Maria and I were coming home from a distant part of the town where we had been for tea. The trolley-line branches off and makes through the portion of the town where the mill-hands live. Maria, who is always interested in what goes on around her, said:

"Goodness, look at those boys fight-

ing! Oh, I hope they're not Italians, or they'll be poking each other with knives!" Then she said, "Why!" and again, "Why! Editha, it's Osborn!" And as the car had stopped here she rose to her feet and I after her, and we both alighted.

"Sure enough," cried Maria, "it's Osborn in a brawl with some of the mill-

hands!"

Near at hand we espied Eleanora and Edith.

"What's all this about?" we asked the two girls. Eleanora had turned paler than usual, and was murmuring:

"Oh, it's awful! Isn't it awful?" Edith watched the fray with sparks glinting from her eyes. As Osborn's left hand flew out and landed upon the ear of his opponent, she cried out:

"Good! Jab him another one, Os!" There was a curious likeness, that I never before had observed, between my two children at that moment. Edith's face was drawn in the same determined lines as her brother's. That Osborn was enjoying himself, punching his opponent, no one who looked at him for a second could have a doubt. The joy of battle was in him, and it was reflected upon his sister.

But no such exaltation was visible on the face of Eleanora. The whole situation was evidently painful to a girl

of her high sensibilities.

"Oh, he shouldn't have left us here!" she moaned. "Oh, look at his nose—it's bleeding! Oh!" She held on to the lamp-post for support. "His first duty was to us!"

"Huh!" replied my daughter. It was the first time that familiar monosyllable had passed her lips since she had been home on her vacation, and I could have kissed her for it. "Huh! It's your fault, Eleanora, that he's fighting. You said a man ought to prove himself!"

These words were uttered without taking her eyes off the scene of battle.

"That brute, you know, was beating a little bit of a boy awfully. That's how it happened," Edith explained to us, her eyes still on the combatants. "We were coming along, and that fellow was whacking the kid, and Os told him to stop, and he said: 'None of your lip.' So Os naturally pushed his face in!"

"Oh!" shivered Eleanora. "Oh! It's a terrible, brutal sight!"

These remarks had been exchanged with extreme rapidity, as you can imagine; but just then a low, menacing note came from my daughter's throat, for another young man had joined the fray, taking sides with Osborn's combatant, and in a voice that was curiously like Jimmie's:

"No fair!" Edith shrilled. "No

fair!"

1

"Stop it, Osborn!" cried Maria. Myself, I said nothing. It isn't a pleasant sight to see two young ruffians

attacking one's son.

But here there came over Edith the most extraordinary change. Youngladyhood dropped from her as a gar-The refinement and reserve of the grown-up were as if they had never been. For a moment she reverted to that time long ago when she was a tomboy and Osborn's henchman, as much, in those days, to be depended upon for aid and comfort and obedience as Jimmie himself. Running forward, she flew at a pile of broken bricks inside a yard where a dwelling had been torn down, and these she hurled fiercely, one after another, crying:

"Come on, Eleanora! Let's give it to

'em!"

Bricks thrown at close range by a good, strong, able-bodied girl, are effective things. One of the men turned around angrily.

"You let my brother alone—you're not playing fair!" cried Edith. Again

it was Jimmie's tones.

The suddenness of this unexpected rear attack stopped the combat. The three big boys faced Edith, who stood belligerently before them, a brick poised in her hand.

"I'll smash the head of whoever touches my brother again!" said my ultra-refined and ladvlike daughter.

"What made him come buttin' in, then, when I was whacking me brother?" inquired one of them.

"You keep out of this," warned Osborn. "I can take care of 'em." "Take care nothing!" Edith informed her brother contemptuously. "They've got you all bunged up now!"

"Indeed they have, Osborn," joined in Maria, for naturally we had approached during this colloquy, as had apparently everybody else who lived in the houses round about.

"Well," some one else suggested, "call

it off, you fellows!"

Here a tiny Irishwoman, frail as a

sparrow, came up to Osborn.

"See," she said, "if iver ye see anny wan lickin' Danny Maloney, fur th' love av Hivin let 'em, fur 'tis th' Owld Nick's kid he is, though I'm his gran'-mother. Stealin' th' lead pipe is what he wuz, out've our own house—not some wan else's, mind ye—but our own lead pipe out've our own plumbin'! So his brodther up an' whales 'im whin he c'u'd catch 'im."

She turned away and walked off, wagging her head and muttering:

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Let 'em whale Danny Maloney whin they catch 'im, fur th' love av Hivin, let 'em whale 'im!"

Osborn's two assailants by this time had sneaked off. The crowd was broken up, and by the aid of our various handkerchiefs Osborn was mopping up his somewhat damaged visage, and saying to his sister:

"You ought to know better'n to come

buttin' in!'

Edith was defending herself with: "Well, if they'd played square I wouldn't have."

It was I who noticed that our party was incomplete.

"Where," I asked, "is Eleanora?"

They all started guiltily. We looked around. At some distance off, sitting on a mound of snow, was a disconsolate figure. We all walked to it. It was Eleanora, who staggered to her feet at our approach.

"Oh, Osborn!" she cried. "Oh, Edith! How could you? I came away—I couldn't stand it! And I think I must have fainted, for I don't remember anything for some time."

"Well, you're all right now, aren't

you?" asked Edith, with that brusk manner that I was so familiar with.

"I feel a little shaken," said Eleanora. "I've never seen people fighting like that!"

"Now, see here, Eleanora de Vries," said my daughter, "you know well enough that if it hadn't been for all your talk about 'proving yourself' and all that, Osborn'd never butted in! And now-and now"-the clear justice of youth rose within Edith-"you go and blame him! Yes, you're blaming him, because he wasn't sitting 'round to bring you to! And when he did butt in, you ran away!"

Osborn was walking around moodily.

He was paying little attention to the change coming over his sister. It mattered little to him whether the dominion of Eleanora had vanished out of Edith's life or not. What bothered him was the masculine ethics of the thing, and when Maria asked him: "Does your nose hurt you much, Osborn?"-for his nose had been somewhat damaged in the fray.

"Nose nothing!" he replied gloomily. "What eats me is that I should have gone butting in and getting myself all chewed up for a no 'count kid that deserved all that was coming to him!"

And at these words I perceived that it was not only Edith who was slipping out from the dominion of Eleanora.



TWO DOORS

HERE is a door that opens on A chamber darkened, full of gloom. A ghostly light shines in upon The dwellers in this spacious room. Here Fear and Trouble pace about; Anxiety, and Woe, and Grief; Foreboding, Weariness, and Doubt, And Worry that escapes relief. This door I call "Forgetfulness"-In letters deep the word is cut-And though the dwellers madly press, I keep it ever tightly shut.

This other door "Remembrance" is. It opens on a cheerful scene-Past joys, and little tastes of bliss, And happy moments that have been. Dear Peace and sweet Content are here, And little deeds of kindness done; And Hope, and Love, and Faith, and Cheer, And blessings that my life hath won. This door is open all the while, Flung wide that every one may share Possessions that make life a smile, And put to rout all thoughts of care. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.





Y friend, X., of Philadelphia, is one of the soundest bridge-players that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He is, at times, a little critical and finicky, but his

game is so careful and so sane that he has become an acknowledged authority on the game. He tells the following story, at his own expense, and, as it illustrates amusingly the risk of playing cards with a lady, just because you happen to admire her coloring, her hair or her eyes, I venture to repeat it.

or her eyes, I venture to repeat it.

"It was," he said, "at the Brighton Hotel at Atlantic City, where I had gone for a little rest and change of air. In the cheerful dining-hall there sat, at an adjoining table, a somewhat forbidding elderly lady, accompanied by quite the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She was filmy and feathery and full of youth and laughter.

"I must confess that, old as I was, and, as yet an absolute stranger to her, I felt myself sinking in a pleasant quicksand of admiration. I soon became an absolute victim to her infectious laughter and her challenging

"As good luck would have it there arrived at the hotel, the night before I was to leave it, a youth whom I recognized as a fellow member of a Philadelphia club. To my no small surprise it developed that he was engaged to the bright and beautiful being who had so captivated my aged fancy. An introduction was effected and the next after-

noon, after tea, Berty, the lucky young hero, informed me that the 'toothless dragon,' meaning his future mother-in-law, wanted to scare up a game of bridge. I smilingly assented and was, of course, delighted to cut the blond young angel for a partner, mama falling to the lot of Berty; a windfall which he accepted, I thought, with rather a bad grace.

"Angel leaned across the green table, looked me tragically in the eyes, and besought me to instruct her a little in the finer points of the game, as she was fearfully rusty. 'Although,' she added, 'I have naturally played cards, at home, for years.'

"I advised her to watch the dummy carefully and always to lead through the strong hand, up to the weak. After the first hand, which she butchered with unparalleled lightness, laughter, and grace, I said, very mildly:

"'Oh, partner, I wanted so to have you give me a trump.'

"Angel—pouting: 'How could you be so selfish? You had *loads* of them and I had only *one*.'

"The second hand after this she opened with the king and ace of clubs, to which I 'echoed,' that is, played high to low, in order to encourage her to risk another lead of clubs, as I could ruff them on the third round. Here she switched to the two of trumps—remembering, I suppose, my chagrin at her failure to lead them two hands before—and we never made another trick; losing five by cards in diamonds and the game. I ventured another mild protest.

"'My dear young lady, I asked you to lead another club. I fairly screamed

or it.

"Angel, in some perplexity and with just a trace of temper: 'Well, you couldn't have screamed very loud or I would certainly have heard you.'

"Hero and Angel here exchanged a significant glance, as indeed they did after the play of nearly every card. A few minutes later it was Angel's lead at no trumps. She opened the three of diamonds from the king, queen, jack, 9, 6, 3, 2. Dummy had no diamonds. I held four to the eight, and the dealer took the first trick with the ten, leaving the ace bare in his hand. I applied the rule of eleven and convinced myself that the dealer had a good deal of strength in the suit. When it was my lead I abandoned the apparently hopeless diamonds. Had I gone on with them we would have made the odd trick instead of losing three by cards. After the massacre was over, I asked her, very politely:

"'You play the penultimate, I pre-

sume?'

"Angel—embarrassed and a little ashamed: 'No, I don't. Susy plays the violin, but I can't play anything—except the gramaphone.'

"Angel heaped fresh indignities and atrocities upon me at every turn.

"I felt that my cup of bitterness was about to run over. At the last hand of the rubber it was Hero's turn to deal. He left the make to the grim, maternal dragon, who declared hearts with a five-card heart suit to the ace, queen, a four-card club suit to the king, jack, a singleton spade, and three low diamonds.

"I was the leader and Angel was third hand. I opened a spade and managed to put her in twice, once with her ace of spades and once with the ace of clubs, hoping, all in vain, that she might lead up to the weak diamond suit in dummy, as I held the ace, queen, ten of it, and did not like to open the suit myself. Her first lead was—I might have known it—a heart, up to the ace, queen, in dummy. Her second was a little better—a club up to

the king, jack. After the hand I looked the blond young murderess in the eye and asked her how she had managed to think of these leads.

"'Why,' she said, 'could I have done

any better?'

"I had, a short time before, wanted to shake, spank or strangle her, but her gaze of childish wonder, her trusting, serious eyes, disarmed me utterly, and my wrath seemed to fold up its tents 'like the Arabs and silently steal away.'

"Oh, well,' I said, 'perhaps if you had remembered my instructions and led through the strong hand and up to the weak, it might have helped us a

hit !

"Angel—great astonishment and a look of triumph suffusing her heavenly face: 'Well, of all things! Why! That's exactly what I did do. I did it twice. I knew that Berty was the strong player and you were the weak.'

"What could I do? What could any-

body do?

"I finally decided that a little dash of humor might do her more good than all the scolding in the world, and risked the following rather clumsy

shaft:

"Well, Miss A., I can only congratulate myself on two things. First, that I have had the pleasure of meeting you, and second, that you are not to be the engineer on our train tonight." We were all going to Philadelphia that evening.

"Angel—very fond of conundrums, jig-saw puzzles, and cipher letters:

"'Why! What do you mean?'
"'Because,' I said, 'I am afraid that you could not see a signal if it were an inch away from your nose.'

"Angel—all ready with a 'squelcher': 'Now that's where you fool yourself. Why! While you were carrying on so about the cards, Berty signaled me to stop playing bridge and come out on the beach with him and I saw the signal in a flash.'"

I can quite understand the wrath of my friend at Angel's antics. I know of nothing more unholy than the rage which suffuses my soul when I play bridge with certain ladies. The worst of them all is Mrs. W. R., in London, who, though a very beautiful woman, has every fault known to the cardplaying world. She hums, strums on the table, fancies her game, never sorts her cards, tells you what might have happened, hesitates, looks at the ceiling, and, worse and worse, will not lead

Apropos of this lady, there is a curi-

ous story.

It seems that the Amir of Afghanistan is an excellent player. He recently surprised the club-men of London by his sound and thoughtful game. During his stay in England he went to visit Mrs. W. R.'s brother, Lord -, in Surrey. With him he took his swarthy A. D. C., an Oxford graduate, who turned out to be an even more brilliant player than his royal master. The aide-de-camp suffered inevitable agonies, which Mrs. R.'s partners always fell heir to. Twice she "chucked" a rubber for him by not playing out trumps. After the torture was over Mrs. R. asked him if he ever played bridge in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, of which, notwithstanding his English education, he was a native. "My royal master," he said, "recent-

ly taught the game to a few of his courtiers, and one of his wives; but our evening rubber is now, alas, always a 'stag' affair, for, since the unfortunate accident to his beautiful wife, we can hardly hope for any more partners from

the royal harem.'

"Accident," said Mrs. R. "What ac-

cident?'

"Ah," said the A. D. C. "It is a sad story. I must first inform you that of all the Amir's wives, Namama-Before fufta was the best beloved. her rise to favor she had been a slave girl, a Circassian odalisque. In all 'Kabool'-as we pronounce it-there was no maiden so fair, so enrapturing, so worthy of an Amir's love as Nama, the Eve of Heaven. She could hum little airs, keep time upon the tom-toms -or, as we call them, pharagimbosand her manners were so-well, Mrs. R., they resembled yours!

"She was taught to play bridge by the Amir, and soon became a fair player, but she had an unconquerable aversion to leading trumps. Time and again the Amir would rage and storm, and time and again the Eye of Heaven would allow her good suit-cards to be ruthlessly ruffed. On these occasions, the anger of my imperial master knew no bounds.

"'Hearken to me,' he would shout out in fury. 'I am a cruel and a headstrong ruler and my will must be obeyed. Nama, my beautiful songbird, mark you well my words. If, when it is next your turn to deal, you fail, on your very first opportunity, to lead out trumps you will meet with a fate so terrible that the horror of it

will echo throughout Kabul.'

"Shortly after this the Circassian Eye of Heaven proceeded to deal. She picked up her cards, gazed at them for a very long time, moved them about in her hand, started to speak, hesitated, looked at the golden lamp above her, and then gazed again at her cards. Just as an English lady—you, for example -might have done. She finally declared a diamond.

"Thinking that her royal master had been in a playful mood when he had chided her about her little failing, she risked one finesse in the spade suit

before attacking the trumps. "Alas! Poor Nama's queen of spades was trumped by third hand who, with his partner's aid, established a cross ruff in hearts and spades, as a result of which the game was lost to my allpowerful master and his heavenly Nama.

"The Amir's face was a dreadful sight to behold—pale, ashen, grim as

"'Enough!' he cried in a rage, and, turning to his serving men, he fairly bellowed: 'Bring to the palace gates the royal oxen and the golden chains."

Here the A. D. C. paused. "Madam," he said, "I hardly dare to describe the horrors that ensued, but I can assure you that as the bewitching lady was led off to meet her terrible fate her last words were:

"'You see, I thought if my queen finesse went through that I could establish my spades and then lead trumps.'

"While the heavenly body of the heavenly Nama was being sundered. limb from limb, in the courtyard of the palace, the Amir calmly continued to shuffle the cards for the next deal, muttering savagely all the while: 'So perish the guilty in Kabul!'
"Well," said Mrs. W. R., after a long pause, "I think the story is an alto-

gether idiotic one and I don't see why

you bother to tell it to me."

How often, dear reader, have you longed to call loudly for the oxen and

the chains?

There is yet another story about a bridge-game, a lady, and a royal personage; and, as there is a very witty shaft in it, I may be excused for narrating it.

This time the royal butt of it is King Edward of England, who, since 1898, has been a confirmed and invet-

erate bridge-player.

It seems that the king had gone to the country to visit the Duke of Devonshire for the week-end. One of the guests was Lord G., whom the king had, a short while before, raised to the peerage-presumably for value received. Another "creation" of the same sort was also of the house-party. In the evening, a rubber was made up of the king, the late duchess, Mrs. K., and Lord G. One of the onlookers was Mr. N., a well-known wit and diner-out, who had that morning been outrageously snubbed by Lord G. N. could find no words in which to characterize "these bounders" who had been, he thought, so shamelessly ennobled. On the last hand of the rubber Mrs. K. dealt and left it to the king, who, after some hesitation, declared no trumps, a make which was promptly doubled by Lord G., the leader. When the king's dummy went down there was a gasp from Mrs. K., his partner. The hand consisted of the ace, knave, ten of clubs, four hearts to the knave, four spades to the knave, and the two and three of diamonds.

The king looked at Mrs. K. as if in

surprise at her apparent disapproval of the make.

"Sir," she answered, "I know perfectly well that the king can do no wrong, but there is a limit even to the divine right of monarchs; and besides, sir, my heart is, as you know, affected."

After Lord G. had cleaned up four by cards on the hand and scored up the rubber, he turned to Mr. N., with whom he had made a side bet on the match, and asked him in a whisper what he thought of the king's declara-

"Hardly sound," murmured N., "but easily explained. You see, the king is so used to raising knaves to power that he sometimes fancies they can be made

to equal kings and queens."

To prove that the wit and humor of bridge are not all on the other side of the Atlantic I must quote a cheerful sally recently perpetrated by Mr. Charles S. Street, the well-known bridge-teacher. I must begin by explaining that a heated and furious discussion has been raging in the whist papers for the past few months between the advocates of the strength discard and the champions of weakness.

Mr. R. F. Foster, representing the strong, and Mr. Street, representing the weak, have been battling royally in the pages of Whist. Mr. Foster, in hurling his farewell bomb, said that there were daily deserters from the ranks of the weak discarders, and he drew attention to the fact that these deserters never returned to their fold. Mr. Street, in his peppery reply, remarked that the strength discard was a broken toy, which every child, grown to manhood, might safely throw aside. He closed his broadside with the following gem, which I quote verbatim:

"Mr. Foster adds that every day there are deserters from the ranks of the weak discarders. He says that they never go back. This last statement is, no doubt, true. The State has made returns from certain of its public insti-

tutions most difficult.'

Apropos of this subject, I picked up a newspaper a short time ago and saw the following classic, which I quote, with apologies, as nearly as I can remember it.

Tramp, to lady of the house: "Can you give me something to eat, lady?"
Lady: "No."

Tramp: "Can you give me some old clothes? Winter is coming and I am

up against it.'

Lady: "I have a pair of my husband's trousers which he told me to throw away, and if they would be any

Tramp: "Thank you, lady! A good thick pair of pants is just what I want."

Lady: "Well, I wouldn't get too excited about them. I hate to discourage you, but my husband always discards

from weakness."

In speaking of Whist and whist publications, in general, I have been surprised to see the number of teachers who advertise in them to give bridgelessons. In a recent issue of Whist I saw the advertisement of four bridgeteachers-all women and all in Boston. I should say that there must be ten in New York, so that bridge may be said to have opened a new career for women, a career that, though exacting, must be fairly lucrative, as the usual charge of a good man teacher in New York is ten dollars an hour for four people; that is to say, two dollars and fifty cents for each person. I am told that one teacher gets as high as twenty dollars an hour. This seems like a high price, but I fancy that his path is not always strewn with roses.

One of these teachers told me an amusing incident in connection with his lessons in Boston. It seems that four very prim and conventional old maids on Newbury Street decided to learn bridge. Mr. Blank was accordingly called in. A price of ten dollars was agreed upon for each evening lesson. The first meeting of the class was marked by a decided note of stiffness and formality. The presence in the house of a young man in a dress suit, a young man who was badgering and scolding these autocratic and punctilious old ladies, was evidently a great

strain upon them.

After the lesson Mr. Blank, with great affability, bade them all good night and started for the hall. He noticed that one of the ladies, the eldest, gauntest, and primmest of the four was following him in an awkward and embarrassed way to the hall. Something serious was evidently on her mind. Finally, with a little movement of shyness, she closed up the gap between them and whispered hurriedly in his ear: "Oh, Mr. Blank, you'll find ten dollars in your hat." With this she retreated in alarm to the drawingroom.

I remember hearing a lady say that she was surprised to see how little her bridge-teacher knew about the game. The instructor was a lady in reduced circumstances and her game-I can speak from experience—certainly left a

good deal to be desired.

"What can you expect?" the tired martyr said. "I was so poor that I had to do something, and, as I like playing cards better than anything else, I thought I would teach bridge. I am doing splendidly, and as soon as I can lay aside a little money I mean to take lessons and learn something about the

game myself."

I have usually, in these rambling articles of mine, made it a rule to include a bridge-problem for my readers to puzzle over. Judged by the amount of discussion which these problems have aroused, I think that they have been popular and, as I am convinced many excellent bridge-players like to exercise their brains over a good problem, I will now quote a particularly difficult one and one which will take a considerable amount of study. It was shown to me by a friend and, as it cost me a good deal of sleep, I am mercifully printing the solution of it at the end of this article.

North and South are 26 on the rubber game. South deals and declares a spade. The hands are as follows:

Dealer—South. Ace, queen, 8, 7, 6, 4. 2 of spades; the king of clubs; the queen, 5, 4 of hearts; the 8, 7 of diamonds.

Dummy—North. King, 5, 3 of spades; queen, 6, 4, 3, 2 of clubs; ace, 9, 3 of hearts; ace and queen of diamonds.

Leader—West. Jack, 10, 9 of spades; jack, 9, 8, 7, 5 of clubs; jack, 7, 6 of hearts; jack, 9 of diamonds.

Third Hand—East. Ace, 10 of clubs; king, 10, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 of diamonds; king, 10, 8, 2 of hearts.

The first three tricks are as follows—the italicized card wins the trick:

Trick one: 7 clubs, 2, ace, king. Trick two: 2 hearts, queen, 6, 3. Trick three: Ace spades, 9, 3, 6 dia-

monds.

How must South now play to make the remaining tricks and score a small slam? It is assumed that all the cards are exposed and that East and West

make a perfect defense.

While I am on the subject of problems I cannot forbear quoting what is probably the best known problem-hand in whist. It is comparatively simple, and is usually known as the Duke of Cumberland's hand, as he is said to have lost thirty thousand pounds on it. It is particularly well known in America, as Mr. Elwell has used the hand on the outside cover of his first book, "Elwell on Bridge."

The hand was dealt in the following utterly improbable way: King, jack, 9, 7 of hearts; ace, king, queen, jack of clubs; ace, king, queen of diamonds; ace, king of spades. Hearts are trumps. The duke's hand lay to the North, between the hands of West and East, the sharpers who were about to rook him. It was West's turn to lead. The puzzle is so to arrange the remaining thirty-nine cards that North's hand can never make a trick, struggle as he may.

The cover of Mr. Elwell's later book, "Advanced Bridge," has also given rise to a good deal of speculation. People have so often suggested that it was some ingenious and far-fetched bridge-problem that I am glad to be able to state that it is only a pictorial illustration of Pope's well-known lines in "The Rape of the Lock":

"The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts, And wins, oh, shameful chance, the queen of hearts." While whist was known to Pope, it was a closed book to Shakespeare, although I find a passage in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV., Scene 12, which, in a punning way, mentions the Elizabethan game of "triumph," or "trump." I am certain that if bridge had been known in Shakespeare's day he would have penned some truly noble moralizings about it. The lines I speak of are as follows:

My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is Even such a body; here I am Antony: Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave. I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:

Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has Packed cards with Cæsar, and false played my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.

Although Pope and Shakespeare were ignorant of the rules of bridge, I am bound to say that they were no more benighted than many of the literary ladies and gentlemen who are today using the game as a background for their preposterous fiction. The London Graphic is one of the last to offend. In a leading serial in this popular paper there recently appeared a tragic account of a poor young gentleman and a poor young lady who attended a fashionable bridge-party. Being penniless, they were, of course, playing for money. In fiction the characters, whenever they are so poor that they cannot pay their honest losses, invariably "sit in" a game for high stakes and, of course, lose. The cruel hostess then demands payment, a scene ensues, the pulpit takes up the scandal, and everybody agrees that bridge is a shocking and immoral game, and that "this sort of thing" must stop. It never seems to occur to the moralizing authors and preachers that the man or woman who plays cards for high points, when unable to meet probable losses, is either a fool or a sharper, and that the cruel hostess who is asked to whistle for her winnings is, in reality, the unhappy character in the drama and, as such, entitled to our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

Well, to go on with the Graphic The luck is about even. The excitement is, of course, "intense." The youth and the maiden are partners. The Greek chorus is announcing the impending doom of the plighted lovers, when "she deals and makes it hearts: her partner doubles and they lose heav-The loss is, naturally, a "tremendous" one. Somebody really ought mercifully to inform these "fiction" writers that, in bridge, the doubling is not done by the partner. This part of the merriment is usually left to the ad-

Another tragic story was recently accepted by a prominent American maga-

zine.

The poor but virtuous young wife of a very handsome but moral young man attends, without her husband's knowledge, a bridge-party. She plays a few rubbers and, on leaving, is handed the paltry sum of five hundred dollars, the mere bagatelle which she has netted by her skill. I may say that the players are all simple, homely people and living in such a small way that the bridge winnings fairly took my breath

away.

The tragedy now bubbles forth in torrents. It seems that the wife was not aware that she was playing for money. It also seems that the husband has forbidden his wife to gamble at The incident naturally causes a breach between the husband and wife-I mean book "naturally," not life "naturally"-a separation is imminent, but peace is finally restored and all is merry as a funeral-bell. I must add, in justice to the magazine, that the editor had decided, when I last saw him, to soften the absurdity and whittle down the amount a little before printing the

I can only add that I have played bridge in so-called fashionable houses all over the world, and I have never heard of a lady winning or losing, in a sitting, anything like this sum at bridge, although it happens almost every Sunday-in the pulpits and Sun-

day supplements.

I have often been asked about the

case of the young man at Saratoga, and, as a very perplexing moral question is involved, I will quote it and allow my readers to solve the ethical

problem for themselves.

It was during the August races. The youth was asked to make up a rubber with some very rich men who were known to be heavy plungers on the turf. He assented, but, before beginning, he asked them what the tablestakes were.

"Well," said Mr. G., in whose room at the United States Hotel the game was being played, "we have been playing five, but we can raise or lower the

stakes if you wish."

Mr. F., the hero of the story, said that the stakes were perfectly satisfactory to him, and the game went on smoothly for four or five rubbers, when the session closed, and the three plungers plunged into a "low-neck" cab and drove off to the races.

As they were leaving Mr. G. thanked F. for making up the game and informed him that he would send him, on the following day, a check for what

he, F., had won. The next afternoon F. was thunderstruck to receive G.'s check for three thousand two hundred dollars. He knew that, at five-cent points, he had won about thirty dollars. So he wrote G. a polite little note saying that he fancied a mistake had been made, as he had been playing only five-cent points, and enclosing the check for correction.

Mr. G. replied that the check was perfectly correct; the game, he explained, had been for five-dollar points and not for five-cent. He added that if F. had lost at the session, he, G., would have expected payment from him on a five-dollar basis and insisted on F.'s keeping his check.

Query! What was F. to do?

Note .- Solution of the spade problem quoted in the foregoing article. The italicized card wins the trick.

Trick 4.—Queen of spades, 10, 5, 2 diamonds.

Trick 5 .- 2 spades, jack, king, 3 dia-

If West had opened from four clubs, the rest would be easy. South could ruff two club tricks, and discard his losing heart and losing diamond on Dummy's queen and six of clubs as soon as they had been made good, but, as West has opened from five clubs, and as South knows that the king of diamonds is in East's hand, the problem is a little more complicated.

Trick 6 .- 3 clubs, 10, 4 spades, 5

clubs.

Trick 7.-8 spades, 9 diamonds,

queen diamonds, 4.

At this trick, if West discards a club, South can clean up two tricks in Dummy's club suit and discard his—South's—two losing cards. If, however, West discards a heart, Dummy must discard the nine of hearts. If West discards a diamond, Dummy must discard his queen of diamonds. In short, Dummy must discard whatever red suit West discards.

Trick 8.—7 diamonds, jack, ace, 5.
Had West discarded a heart at trick
7, South would have led a heart here
at trick 8. In other words, South must
lead whatever suit West discarded at
trick 7.

Trick 9 .- Queen of clubs, 10 dia-

monds, 4 hearts, 8 clubs.

South must here throw away one of his losing cards in the suit not led at trick 8; that is, a heart or a diamond.

Trick 10.-4 clubs, 8 hearts, 6 spades,

o clubs.

If East discards his king of diamonds on this trick, the eight of diamonds becomes good in South's hand, and the small slam is assured.

Trick II.—South now leads the seven of spades. If West throws his club, Dummy's club becomes good. West must, therefore, discard his seven of hearts and Dummy must throw his six of clubs. East is, meanwhile, in a very tight place. What can he discard! If he discards his king of diamonds, the eight of diamonds is good in South's hand. If, on the other hand, he throws his ten of hearts, Dummy can make both of his hearts. In any event, South can take all the remaining tricks and score the small slam.

Solution of the Duke of Cumberland's Hand,

West, the leader, has the five lowest hearts and no spades. East, third hand, has the ace, queen, 10, 8 of hearts and nine spades. Dealer (South) has two spades and no hearts.

Trick I.-West leads a heart.

Trick 2.—East leads a spade and West trumps.

Trick 3.—West leads a heart.

Trick 4.—East leads a spade and West trumps.

Trick 5.—West leads his last heart.
Trick 6.—East leads his last heart,
takes out North's last trump, and then

makes seven spades, or a total of thirteen tricks.



REFRESHMENT

LET me withdraw at twilight gray Where I may hear the water play Along the reeds; while drowsy hush Invites the song of hermit-thrush.

New strength is gained in solitude;
No book, no lute, no friends intrude;
So let me rest and dream and steep
Myself in healing stillness deep.

ELIZABETH GRAEME BARBOUR.





a-

d, en b, est of

If ie 's

ce

th

d

S

d

0

d

HE accommodations are utterly inadequate, Thrale," said my old friend, Brigadier-general Redfield. "Why, hang it, man, just look! With the enlisted men herded into

those beastly little native shacks, and the officers packed into coops like chickens ready for the market, we'd have an epidemic here in no time. Why didn't you have that great, hulking brute of a convent made ready for use? That would relieve the pressure a lot."

"The roof leaks—leaks hopelessly," responded old Colonel Thrale, with a helpless shake of his gray head. "Besides, I thought you'd have brought a

lot more tentage with you."

I was not supposed to overhear what Redfield said to Thrale, but I could not help it. Until when a few days before, Redfield had arrived, bringing with him troops that more than doubled the force at Tarlaginan, Thrale had commanded that post. At no time had the old colonel been considered a very efficient officer; and now that the date of his retirement drew nearer and nearer, what little efficiency he might formerly have had came near to vanishing. Still, though subordinate to Redfield, he was the senior of his superior both in years and length of service. dently Redfield called these facts to mind. He glared and seemed about to retort harshly; then thought better of it, and when he spoke, it was to me.

"The place may not be so absolutely hopeless, Drake, if only the roof is wrong," said he. "You ought to man-

age that without much trouble. Let's go have a look,"

"Right!" I answered. "One of my sergeants is an expert in that sort of thing. I'll go fetch him and meet you at the convent."

Redfield nodded and strode away. Not only did I get the sergeant, but picked up as well Brinsley, one of the majors, who was loafing aimlessly about. Before long we overtook Redfield. He was fast in the clutches of Philly, his idolized granddaughter, aged seventeen. With her was Fanny Brainard—Mrs. Phelps—an elderly young widow, and the one visitor to the post, and one Pendale, a lieutenant in Redfield's old regiment. Redfield was looking puzzled and uncertain.

ing puzzled and uncertain.

"A picnic?" he said doubtfully, pulling at his mustache. "Why, yes, I suppose so, my dear. That is, if there is any place around here where it would be safe for you to go. That's a matter I must look into. We'll talk it over later, Philly; I'm busy now."

But Philly was impatient. "Now, Dad's Dad, you *know* there can't be anything so awfully important at this time of the day," said she impudently. "You just want to gain time; that's all.

Where is it you're going?"

Redfield was accustomed to being bullied by Philly, whom he had tried his best, from her childhood, to spoil. So, for that matter, was I. He told her, meekly enough, of our mission. Instantly the spirit of exploration pervaded Philly's small person. She jumped up and down, clapping her hands in excitement, and all else forgotten, elected to go with us. It did

not strike me that this enthusiasm of hers communicated itself very strongly to her companions, though they did what they could to make it appear so.

My opportunities for observation of young Pendale had been confined to a very few days, since I had arrived with Redfield, as his chief quarter-master. Still, it had occurred to me that nearly all places would be alike to that worthy lieutenant, so long as Philly was present; also, that Fanny greatly preferred to keep the other two, especially Pendale, within sight, as much as she could. And finally the notion would obtrude itself that Philly was perfectly aware of this state of affairs, and was not in the least displeased by it-that she rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

This notion I tried to put behind me. It was so very short a time before that Philly had in reality been the child that I still fancied her, when I did not stop to think about it. To realize that she had become a woman, though a very young one, made me feel unaccountably old, somehow, and I fear that the recital of Redfield's plans for increased barrack-room fell on unheeding ears as

I plodded along by his side.

It is not uncommon in the Philippines to see a convent that is large enough to hold all the rest of the town in which it is situated. The convent of Tarlaginan was one of them. priests who once inhabited it long since had departed, at the earnest request of their flocks, either to remote places of this world or to another and presuma-

bly a better one.

We went through the echoing rooms, scores and scores of them, and found nearly all enormous in size. They were floored with broad planks of mahogany that had been polished, as one could see upon scraping away the accumulated dirt of years. The doors, in many cases with splintered bullet-holes in them, also were of mahogany, and so were the frames, sometimes heavily carved, in which they were set. Both contrasted strongly with the light-tinted walls around them.

With the restless energy of a foxterrier, Philly had lost her companions

in the maze of rooms, and was continuing her investigations alone. Fanny and young Pendale, therefore, had returned to the veranda, which surrounded the great building on three sides. and where Redfield was explaining to

me his plans.

"You brought enough corrugated iron to reroof this entirely, didn't you, Drake?" he was saying. "It oughtn't to take long. There'll be room in here for your stores, the guard-quarters, and all the officers. Then we can ease the men off into the coops now used as officers' quarters until we can build proper barracks of bamboo and nipa on the hillside. I'll take these rooms here on the corner for Philly and me, I think. In that way we'll get a draft through our bedrooms at night."

"And a nice, cheerful view by day,"

observed Brinsley gloomily.

From one side of the veranda upon which the chosen rooms looked, could be seen a sluggish little stream, which spread out into a swamp covered with yellow-green scum; from the other, one looked over the weed-grown plaza to the gallows which stood, grim and ready, on the farther side. Beyond were some native huts, and surrounding the town, except for one gap through which the stream came, were hills, covered with scrub, and not infrequently with insurrectos as well.

Redfield frowned, then sighed.

"We must do the best we can," said "At least we can take down that gallows-thing. It surely can't be in such constant use that it must be kept standing."

"It's been in use every Friday," sighed Brinsley. "It's an awful pity there aren't more Fridays in the week.'

Redfield sighed again. "We'll have it moved, anyhow," said he. "See that

it's done at once, won't you?"

A scream interrupted him, and the voice was that of Philly. He started -we all did-and Fanny promptly added a supplementary scream of her own while, quite unconsciously, of course, she clutched at Pendale as though for protection. But he shook himself free, and was but a step behind Redfield, the sergeant, and me as had we crossed the first room we reached when we met Philly running to meet us, her big, brown eyes snapping excitedly, and a spot of color showing in each olive cheek.

"What do you think I've found, Dad's Dad?" she cried, with breathless eagerness, as soon as she saw her grandfather. "What do you think I've found? But no," she went on, as Redfield smilingly shook his head, "you couldn't guess if you tried all day.

Come and look!"

inu-

nny

re-

und-

ides.

g to

ated

you.

itn't

nere

and

the

of-

per

the

on

ink.

igh

y,"

oon

uld

ich

rith

one

to

ind

ere

the

ich

ed

ith

uid

nat

in

ept

, "

ity

. **

ve

at

he

ed

ly

er

of

as

ok

e-

With flying steps she left us, and as well as we could, we followed. She led us into a room that had evidently been designed, originally, for the use of some very high church official. It was not a very large room, but the carvings around the doors were handsomer than in any of the others. In a scroll that ran over the lintel and far down the sides, in letters raised amid the carvings, and richly colored and gilded, was a motto in mixed Spanish and Latin: "Ave Maria Purissima, sin pecado concebida." Toward this scroll Philly reached; then withdrew her hand without touching it.

"No, I won't," she said. "I found it, and it's mine. I don't know what I want it for, but there'd be no fun in it at all if I showed it. Now it's just like a story. It's lovely!"

"What's lovely? What on earth are you talking about, Philly?" I asked.

"What I found. It's a secret door," she answered. "I just—but never mind what I did. It was only a chance—no one else will do it. But when I did, a door flew open, just as you read about. A door that led through the wall into the other room by the stairs. Isn't it too beautiful and romantic? Now it's shut, you can't even tell where it was. Try-look!"

Redfield nodded in ready sympathy while examining closely the scroll toward which Philly had reached. One of the letters-it was the "O" in "pecado"-seemed loose, and not a part of the carving like the others. Redfield pushed, pulled, and twisted it. It yield-

ed for an inch or two, and stayed in we darted into the convent. Hardly the position in which it was left. Save that Philly laughed gleefully, nothing else happened. After trying for ten minutes more, Redfield gave it up.

"The spring is too much for me," he acknowledged. "They were clever, these old priests. But I fear I'll have to close this door of yours, Philly. I'm sorry—very sorry. You see, this room will be part of the guard-rooms -it will take the place of cells, for confinement-and the one next it will be part of the quartermaster's stores. We can't have prisoners discovering the secret way and getting out, after taking what they want from the stores. What do you think yourself?"

"I think there are enough rooms in this big place so that you needn't take these for the guard or Uncle Quent's silly old stores," replied Philly, with a stamp of her little foot. "I think it's just horrid of you. I think that if you couldn't find the way to open that door that none of the prisoners could. And I think you don't know where the door is, and that I won't tell, so you can't

have it fastened up anyway.'

The last words ended in a little giggle, for Philly's temper had passed quickly, as her tempers nearly always did. Her grandfather smiled in sympathy, his eyes on the walls between the two rooms.

"I'm sorry I can't leave you this door for a plaything, but I fear it wouldn't do, little girl," said he. "As for asking you where it is, I don't think I need do that. Its locality, my dear, is easier to discover than the spring that opens it."

Going up to the wall and drawing forth a pencil, he outlined there, roughly, a rectangle. I looked at the place closely, and saw four very faint cracks inside the penciled lines. They were Certainly the carhardly discernible. penters who fitted those joints had done their work well. Redfield followed the cracks with his finger.

"Do you see these, sergeant?"

"I do, sorr," replied the sergeant, sa-

"Have battens screwed over this

place its entire height, on both sides. And have it done at once. Do you

understand?"

The sergeant saluted again, and fell back without other reply. Philly giggled again. Her grandfather, and I, too, looked at her in some surprise. She volunteered no explanation of her mirth, so we only smiled in sympathy and went out on the veranda again to complete our plans.

It did not take long. Soon the various rooms were definitely assigned, and the subject, for the time, ended. We started to go, and Redfield looked around for Philly, but she was nowhere to be seen. He called her, but it was

Fanny who replied.

"Philly?" she laughed. "Oh, I know where she is, to a certainty. She's gone back to play with that door once more before it's closed. No—never you mind, Tommy Pendale. I'll run and

fetch her."

And away she went. I could guess why. She had backed young Pendale into a corner and held him there, and with a clear field had unlimbered and brought into action all her artillery of arch glances and raillery, approved and tried by the use of many seasons. But though the defenses of the besieged seemed in no immediate danger of reduction, Fanny was not minded to allow him any time to recover, alone with Philly. So she went herself. Pendale heaved a long sigh as she departed.

Some minutes elapsed before Fanny returned. Her arm was around Philly's

waist.

"She was just where I thought she'd be," cried Fanny vivaciously, as they appeared. "And only think! If I'd been an instant sooner I'd have discovered the secret of that door for myself. But Philly heard me coming."

"I thought you had been there some time when I saw you," replied Philly coolly. "I didn't hear you at all until

then."

"I'm sorry you didn't put off seeing me for a second more," rejoined Fanny, with a forced little laugh. "As it was I came just in time to be too late." Philly made no reply, but edging herself between her grandfather and me, she grasped firmly an arm of each as we left the convent and started by the longer and broader road toward the cluster of huts in which we were quartered. Philly clearly was displeased, and her displeasure mildly troubled us all, I think. It is not well, in a post where women are so few as they were in Tarlaginan, when a coolness develops between any two of them. It nearly always happens, however.

By way of adding to the general gloom, Brinsley stopped us as we were

about to part.

"I nearly forgot," said he, in tones of deepest despondency. "You're all expected to-night at the Thrales' quarters. Mrs. Thrale asked me to tell you, but it slipped my mind until now. At half-past eight. Progressive euchre. Hasta luego."

He turned and went his way, leaving some of his despondency resting upon

us. Even I felt it slightly.

I sympathized with the others: I sympathized also with poor Mrs. Thrale. Why she should have hit upon this, the most deadly of all so-called amusements, there was no way of telling. Possibly progressive euchre, in the prehistoric days when she left the giddy whirl of society, had not been banished as it has since been from even the most determinedly suburban of suburban cliques. One never can tell. Still, I could see that she had resolved to do her poor little best to entertain the new commanding officer.

She was a gentle, colorless little old lady. Brinsley went so far as to say that she and her husband were a pair of gentle, colorless little old ladies, and there was a certain amount of truth in what he said. Their entertainment was as colorless as they. Fortunately for them, and for others as well, the size of their quarters precluded the possibility of any save the smallest of affairs. Even as it was, the number asked had been miscalculated so that there were three people too many. It was impossible to wedge another table

into those rooms.

I readily gave up my chance of winning the string-woven swagger-stick which was the men's prize, and on account of my age, was graciously allowed to do so. Redfield, being the guest of honor, obviously was obliged Extremes met, and young to play. Pendale, on account of his age also was without a place, and so was Philly. She gave up her place voluntarily; even with alacrity. I don't think that this arrangement suited Fanny. In fact, her manner clearly indicated that it did not. But Redfield, simple old soul, never dreamed that his granddaughter's conduct was prompted by any motive other than one of self-denial, and a proper regard for the pleasure of others; therefore he backed her in her wish, and the matter was settled.

her-

me.

as

the

the

ıar-

sed.

us

ost

ere

rel-

ar-

ral

ere

nes

all

ar-

ou,

At

re.

ng

on

I

rs.

on

ed

11-

in

he

en

en

b-11,

lo

W

d

y

ir

d

n

S

r

e

ľ

So the play commenced and went on, while I sat in one corner of the breezy veranda; young Pendale and Philly in another. I did not try to hear what they were saying. In fact, Pendale's remarks were made in a tone so low that I could not have overheard them if I would. Philly's replies, on the other hand, at first were loud and dis-From these replies I gathered the notion that the remarks did not convey any ideas of really vital importance. Gradually, however, the replies also began to take on a more confidential tone, and the two voices sank into a soothing murmur. I think I must have dozed, for I remember hearing Fanny's voice from within raised in rather earnest expostulation with her partner, and the words, I think from the "Ingoldsby Legends," crossed my mind:

The trumps
Got into the hands of the other old frumps.

Which words, of course, could not properly be applied to Fanny. She was not very old, and she was not a frump. I only mention that they occurred to me in proof of the fact that I must have been dozing. At all events, after that everything faded for a while into pleasing oblivion.

Then, without knowing how, I was on my feet, with the terrified screams of women ringing in my ears. Young Pendale darted by me into the house, and I followed him.

At first I could not see what had happened. Every one was staring at one of the tables, upon which the cards were scattered, and from which the players had drawn back in apparent horror. In the first glimpse I saw them as a scene is revealed by a lightning-flash. Then the cause of all this explained itself.

The chimney of a lamp that hung by an open window flew into tinkling bits; a punch-bowl, on the opposite side of the room, opened like a flower, allowing its contents—lemonade, for the Thrales allowed no better tipple within their gates—to flow through the bamboo floor in a sticky, yellow stream, and there was a crash among the surrounding glasses. Pendale, who stood near, caught the lamp and threw it out of the window. It was extinguished by the fall.

"Let all the women lie down on the floor. Put out all the other lights—quick!" barked Redfield. "Where's Philly?"

"Here, Dad's Dad. All right," she replied, from the doorway.

She was perfectly calm, as I knew she would be; I had seen her under fire before. But as she stood against the still-lighted doorway, her beautiful face glowing with the anticipation of a possible battle, she formed a perfect target. Pendale jumped and caught her; as though she had been a child he whisked her against the wall farthest from the point of fire and stood there, sheltering her little body with his own broadshouldered bulk.

"There's only one who can hit the house, sir," said he reassuringly to Redfield. "I think it must be that deserter. He left a Western volunteer regiment, they say, and the Gugus gave him a general's commission. None of the others can shoot like that."

"One's quite enough," responded Redfield testily, as another bullet ripped through the thatch. "Hurry and get those lights out, can't you?"

The lights soon were out, and under cover of the darkness the women were

led out of the Thrale quarters and distributed, for the time, through the other huts. The walls of all the houses in Tarlaginan were made of bamboo basket-work, and therefore about as bullet-proof as sheets of blotting-paper would have been. But the marksman on the hill had not their range and so, comparatively speaking, they were safe.

Because he had known her always, and because, probably, she had elected of late to favor Philly with so much of her society, Redfield decreed that Fanny should be taken to his own place. It was I who conveyed her there. All the way she hung around my neck, weeping hysterically, bemoaning the while, in alternate sentences, the danger through which she had passed and her gown, a frazzly thing of red and tinsel, now flooded and limp from the lemonade which had flowed upon it in copious streams from the table under which she had thrown herself at the first shot.

She was a buxom young woman, was Fanny; her weight, and the exuberance of her emotions tired me, and in spite of my philosophy—I think I have mentioned that I am something of a philosopher—tried my temper sorely. Still, there was no rest for me. While I was depositing Fanny, a disheveled and sniffling bunch of damaged finery, on the one couch which Redfield's quarters could boast, I heard the bugles go at the guard-house, and others from the various barracks answering them. I ran out. One does run out when that call, "To Arms!" is blown.

The men were pouring from the groups of huts which served as quarters, like ants from a hill into which some one has poked a stick. Already the gun-horses had run, clanking, to their places, and were rapidly hooked to limber and lead-ring. Redfield, his face beaming like that of a boy with an unexpected holiday, and still dressed in the white uniform that he had worn at the Thrales, galloped up to the veranda.

"Lord, how I wish ! could go with them!" he cried, wit!. a wave of his hand toward the place where the cavalry—the 99th, his own old regiment—was falling in and standing beside its horses. "There's no use in wishing, though; my place is here, where I can keep some sort of an eye on what goes on. Philly, can't you hear that they're still firing from the hills? Go into the house."

I turned, and saw that Philly was standing in the open doorway; also that she smiled at her grandfather, blew him a kiss, and remained where she

was.

"What is it you're trying to do?" I asked. "Surely you're not going to send the men up on those hills, through

all that scrub, to-night."

"That's what I'm doing," he replied. "Some more of the secret-service men got in with their reports-came while we were playing cards. It seems that we've the chance of our lives to beat these chaps in detail just now. You've heard, of course, that there's been friction and ill feeling between that deserter-White, I think his name isthat they've made into a general, and the native leader, Banalang, who really ranks him. The spies say that this ill feeling became an oven rupture this evening, and that now there's the devil to pay in the insurrecto camp. They don't know whether the deserter or the other chap is on top, and it doesn't matter, anyhow."

"And so you believe what these native spies say!" I remarked severely.

"In this instance, yes," he answered "You know I don't think serenely. much more of them than you do, but when there can have been no communication between any two of them, they wouldn't come tumbling over them-selves to come in and tell the same lie -they couldn't. So I've split the men up into detachments-smaller detachments than I could have wished-and they're going to go through those hills with a fine-tooth comb, while the guns, from that little rise over there, give the gentle Filipino something to think about beside his own sordid quarrels. The guard will stop here, and I've held young Peyton-he's a good boy-with half a troop in reserve.

"For all your reserve?" I demanded. "For all of it. Because we're going to need no reserve. Still," he added wistfully, "I do wish I had a few more men-those that are guarding that stuff of yours over on the playa, for example. We could make a good, workman-

like job of it, then."

I did some quick thinking. Nearly a battalion of infantry had been left to guard the quartermaster's stuff left piled on the beach, a few miles away, by the steamer which had brought us. Nearly all this stuff had since been taken to the post, but though only a little remained to be guarded, the men were there with it yet. And now they were badly needed.

"We have enough wagons here at the post to take all the stuff that's left at one load," said I. "If you like, Redfield, I'll ride over and get it; I can hurry the loading and so on, as no one else can. I ought to be able to get those dough-boys back by noon to-morrow at latest, if your little show

lasts that long."

"Good!" cried Redfield enthusiastic-"I'll go around and start those wagons off myself, while you're changing into riding kit. They'll be ready in ten minutes. Philly, didn't you hear

me tell you to go into the house?"
"Yes, Dad's Dad, but I didn't mind that," she answered placidly, and then I saw that she had stolen down from the veranda and was standing close beside me. "Is it true, Uncle Quent, that you're going to the playa?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then I'm going with you," she announced, with a calm finality that was all her own.

"Most certainly you're going to do nothing of the sort," I answered, with great promptness, and looked to her grandfather to back me up, but to my great astonishment he hesitated.

"I don't know, Drake, my boy, but what hers is about the best plan there can be," he said musingly. "You won't be attacked on the way over; I'll guarantee to keep the gentle Filipino too busy even to think of you and your party. The only possible danger is that

you may meet a group of them who are running away, and I'll give you Pendale and the half-troop to discourage anything of that sort.

"You'll give me Pendale and the half-troop!" I cried, now thoroughly exasperated. "Then what becomes of

your reserve?"

"We don't need any reserve; I told you that before," he replied. "As for the post, here, we have the regular guard, and we'll arm those civilians of yours besides, and let them fight for their skins if the occasion should come -which it won't and can't. I really think that Philly'll be safer, if possible, with you than if she were here.'

Redfield was essentially a leader of cavalry. I always held that this fact had spoiled in him a great strategist. The more or less reckless dash required by the former is seldom or never found in combination with the far-seeing caution that the strategist needs. In the present instance I agreed with him that Philly would probably be safer with me than in the post, guarded only in the way he had outlined. So I sighed and

said no more.

Within the quarter-hour all was ready; the wagons, Philly, beaming with delight, and mounted on her own brute of a horse that no one else could ride. At the head of his men sat Pendale, looking longingly at Philly, who, of course, he could not join, and who chose, after recognizing him by a gay little nod, to disregard his presence. Scrupulous as Pendale was in everything concerning his military duties, I rather doubt if any notion of discipline would have kept him from her side had I not been present. But I was present.

Before we left, the guns had galloped away to the position assigned them, and we had not gone far when we heard the first shot, its splitting crack magnified to a roar by the hills, and followed by the thud of an earthburied shell. As Redfield had prophesied, we were not attacked, and our journey to the beach, though a most anxious one for me, was rapid and without incident. We were received with effusion, for through the pass, which made a giant megaphone, the guns still could faintly be heard, and every officer and man, from the senior captain down, was boiling with desire to get into the fight. The loading of the wagons, however, took time; they had to be packed with care, for there was much to go. The moon, which had been lighting us, dropped behind the hills, and big fires were lighted to take its place, so far as they could.

These fires were a fresh source of apprehension to me. They lighted only the little space where we worked; beyond was black darkness. I had the sentries doubled, and then trebled. Also I sent Philly to sit on the sand beyond the circle of light, and—it's an ill wind that blows good to no one—requested Pendale to accompany and take care of her; to which request he acceded with-

out demur.

The wagons were ready at last, but I resolved to wait for daylight, which was not far off, before attempting the return journey through that pass, where at best we would be at such a disadvantage. As dawn drew nearer, I became more and more uneasy, probably through a subconscious recollection of our own plains Indians, with whom this is a favorite time for attack. Uneasily I walked the ring of sentries, straining my eyes vainly in attempts to pierce the darkness. Then the fires began to die for want of food, and the surrounding scene, therefore, to take vague form.

The little beach was nearly semicircular; a mere piece bitten out of the To one side these jutting hills formed a sort of amphitheater, into which a steep path ran. Inside, as I looked directly at the place, I could see nothing; but upon turning my eyes a little away, and so getting an image on the more sensitive parts of the retinas, I thought I could discern a mass, lighter than the surrounding darkness, which moved slightly, and grew in size as I looked. A little later, and I was sure of it. This could mean but one thing. Natives, undoubtedly fugitives from the hills above the post, were gathering there.

Not far from me, I could hear the murmur of young Pendale's voice, as he talked to Philly. Coughing as loudly as I dared, in order to herald my approach, I called softly to Philly, and in a moment she came, young Pendale with her.

When they reached the red glow of the coals that remained where the fires had been, I saw that on Pendale's naturally grave face was a look of almost incredulous wonder, and on Philly's an expression no one ever had seen there before. But I had seen it on other faces, and so knew what it meant. A pang of envy and a sense of loneliness, I fear, flashed across me at the time. I am far from young, yet in all the years of my life I never have called that look into the eyes of a woman. There are things that, in spite of all one's philosophy, one regrets having lost.

But there was not time then to think of that sort of thing. One whisper of the news I brought had all the officers almost on tiptoe with joyous anticipation. In whispers a hasty council was held and our plans made. Outside my department I held no executive command, of course, but my rank and experience called for a certain amount of courtesy in these regards, which was

accorded readily enough.

Our plans, as finally evolved, were simple enough. The infantry, in three detachments, was to steal as silently as might be on both sides and the back of the amphitheater, and when they had attained their positions, one flank resting on another, were to signal that fact by firing a rifle-shot. Then Pendale and his men would charge in, and thus, by surrounding the enemy, capture him.

Pendale received his orders, saluted, and half turned away, as though to mount; then turned back again, facing Philly, and holding out his hand.

"Good-by," he said steadily. "I'll be back soon. But you won't forget, in case—in case I don't, Philly."

At first, though she tried, she could make no reply. "You know I won't forget—not ever," she said at last, in a dry little voice. "And if you—you

— " Something very like a sob choked her, and she said no more.

I was not amused by this, as at the time it seemed to me that I should be. What these two children had just gone through was as new and wonderful to them as though nothing of the sort ever had happened before. And after all, a fight of some sort seemed imminent, and it matters nothing to a man who is killed nor to the woman who loves him whether that event takes place in a small battle or a great one.

Pendale turned away with such haste that, had he been a girl, I would have suspected that he did not wish his face to be seen. As he mounted, the dawn came almost as though a curtain had been raised; yet the interior of the amphitheater could not be seen,

for it was shrouded in wreaths of the morning mist, which the sun would disperse, when it arrived. Benton, the senior captain, and I stood with our eyes fixed on our watches, waiting for the minutes to pass. Ten more of them, at least, must go by, as we calculated, before the infantry could attain their positions.

And at that instant there sounded from the hillside the sharp crack of a shot. Before we had time even to be astonished another shot answered it; and still another; then a crashing, irregular volley. Yells of triumph and fear sounded from the mist, which began to be streaked redly with rifleflashes. There was no cheering, such as our men give; all the voices were those of natives.

Some bullets whined over us, and one went through the panel of a loaded wagon behind me. Suddenly, from out of the mist, came some natives, running. They had archaic rifles, which, as they came, they held butt forward in the old Spanish signal of surrender.

"They've been fighting among themselves. These have been licked and are being chased by another crowd," soliloquized Benton at the top of his voice. "Lord, how I wonder where our own men are!"

Our own men were floundering about on the steep hillsides, in a frantic endeavor to attain the positions assigned to them; each party wondering what was happening below them, and why on earth the other two had disobeyed orders, given the signal prematurely, and gone into action, leaving one side unguarded. But this we did not know until afterward.

The fugitives, increasing in number from one moment to the next, were allowed without question to come in and surrender as they so evidently desired; dropping their arms in one spot, and themselves, tattered, panting, and in many cases bleeding, in another. In fact, there was no time yet to ask questions; and absolutely ignorant as we were as to what was happening in that mist, into which, tensely waiting, we stared, we dared make no move with the few men left us. Then, as a stereopticon view dissolves, so the mist. vanished, leaving the amphitheater open to our view.

In the entrance to the amphitheater a little bunch of natives had rallied desperately against an enemy concealed in the scrub, which spat fire and oozed forth the smoke of black powder burned by old Remingtons. As the mist raised, a hoarse voice, not like the shriller ones of the natives, bawled some orders in the vernacular. The firing slackened, and a moment later a swarm of natives broke from the scrub and ran toward the group in the entrance, which broke and fled, but still held together.

Then it was that Philly's voice rose clear and high, above all other sounds. She had mounted, and was pointing with her whip at the flying group.

"Look—look! There's a woman there!" she cried. "A woman and a little baby! Quick, Tommy! Quick! Don't let them get her!"

No command ever was more promptly obeyed. I heard no orders given, though doubtless they were given. The half-troop moved forward at a trot, then a gallop. Evidently Tommy Pendale was afraid to fire, for the sabers flashed clear in the early sunlight. The line parted to let the fugitives through; then closed again, and charged.

Our men were but forty strong against hundreds, yet the front of the enemy crumpled and gave way before the rush of the horses. But this could not last. Their hoarse-voiced officer rallied them, and his orders sent forth a wavering fire that dropped two of our men just as Benton had ordered the recall blown, and they had turned to gallop back into our lines, which the fugitives had by that time reached.

They gave a yell as they realized our weakness, and came on at a run. Our cavalry dismounted and formed to meet them in a line which all we officers joined; there was need for every man just then. I called to Philly, bidding her dismount and lie down, but she appeared not to hear me and sat her horse, her big eyes seeing everything, and I saw the dull blue of the stubby little pistol, that had been my gift, in

her hand.

A volley checked their rush, but did not stop it, for still they came, their man with the hoarse voice leading them and howling encouragement. For a moment we were fighting hand to hand, bolo against pistol and carbine-butt, for we were too close to use the other ends of the latter. As the lines surged to and fro, the leader was heaved in front of me. He raised his bolo to cut at me, and in that instant I saw that his face was not that of a Filipino, but an American—White, the deserter. Then I fired my pistol full into it, and it no

Then came a wild cheer and another rush. Our attention had been pretty strictly confined to the matter in hand, and therefore we had not seen that our infantry had returned from its fruitless trip on the hillside, and was charging from the mouth of the amphitheater. The men did not fire; they could not without hitting some of us. They used

their bayonets.

longer was a face at all.

Now, the festive Filipino likes cold steel even less than does the average man, probably because he has seen more of its work. Though the natives still outnumbered largely, they scattered and fled. The rest is not nice to remember. The men would give them a certain amount of law, just enough to counterbalance the jump of the rifles, and then, as though they were shooting deer in a run, would bring them down, gasping and spluttering, each with a bullet be-

tween his shoulders.

Fortunately our wounded were but few, and our dead fewer still. While these were being brought in and attended to as well as our limited skill would allow, I looked around for Philly. My heart sank so that it hurt, and things turned black before my eyes as I saw her horse standing, saddle empty, near the place where our line of defense had been formed. I ran toward the animal, and then was able to breathe again.

A Filipino, his white clothes stained with red, lay on his back, his face sheltered from the sun by a handkerchief, evidently placed there by a woman who crouched over him, her knees supporting his head. Close by sat Philly, her fouled and empty pistol on the sand beside her, and a crowing

baby in her arms.

"Where on earth did you get it?" I

gasped.

She looked up at me and smiled. I was fairly startled by her face. Always beautiful, her face now seemed to have become a holy thing, radiating the very essence of motherhood, as she held the kicking, saddle-colored morsel up for me to see. Young Pendale, who stood beside me, drew a long, shuddering breath, and involuntarily whipped off his hat, as though he had been caught with it on in church.

"That's the mother," said Philly softly, with a nod of her head toward the native woman. "They were among those people who came in and surrendered. It was on their account, I think, that they did come in, instead of scattering and trying to escape like the others. Isn't he a dear? Just look

how pretty he is."

· Her last words referred to the baby, I gathered; not its parents. And in truth the child was pretty enough, as those children so frequently are, but Philly listened for no reply from me. A fat little hand had reached up and grasped one of her fingers, and the

mouth widened into a beneficent grin, disclosing two little teeth, evidently recent acquisitions. These things engrossed all Philly's attention for the time. Even rough old Captain Benton smiled at her preoccupation, and left her protégés until the last, that she might rest undisturbed with her play-

thing as long as might be.

The enlisted men who finally came to lift the wounded Filipino into a wagon treated him far more tenderly than was their wont when dealing with one of his hated race. But notwithstanding their care, the handkerchief which had covered his face slipped aside. The woman screamed as one of the men, at the sight of the face thus disclosed, started so that he nearly dropped his burden.

"Banalang!" he shouted.

In an instant we all were pressing around to verify the news. One look did it. Those features, young to boyishness and at first sight open and even handsome, but which on closer inspection showed some of the devilish cruelty which had made their owner infamous, were, through widely circulated photo-

graphs, familiar to us all.

The woman had been standing while this was going on, sobbing hysterically. Philly would have tried to comfort her, but with a look of vindictive hatred such as I have rarely seen, she snatched the child from Philly's arms and climbed into the wagon beside her husband. The baby held out its hands to her and cried, and I saw Philly's eyes fill with tears as she silently mounted and, falling in beside me, started the return to Tarlaginan. Once, when we had been riding half an hour or so, she

"Do you wonder that she hates us all, after the way we gathered around to look at her wounded husband as though he were some sort of wild beast? Can

you wonder, Uncle Quent?"

"Perhaps not, Philly," I replied. "Yet a wild beast is what he is, and an uncommonly dangerous one at that. The breed is a good thing to let alone, Philly. No good comes from meddling with it.'

Philly turned upon me, her eyes blazing. "That breed! Why, the poor little baby is of that breed," she cried. "The little baby that lay in my arms and smiled and kissed me. What harm has he done? What harm could he possibly do? Uncle Quent, I'm ashamed of you! I can't see what you can mean."

Now, as a matter of fact, I was not thinking of the baby when I spoke, but its parents. Still, I did not care to go back from the position I had assumed, and so by way of reply contented myself with a saw that was popular on the plains when I first had entered the service and bad Indians were plenty.

"'A sarpint's hide has pizen inside," Philly. That's good wisdom," said I; whereupon she sniffed, and rode in offended silence until we reached the

post.

Still, that baby, innocent though it was, had its share in proving the truth of that bit of far Western wisdom that I had quoted. With all the maternal instinct which she had made stronger still through womanly sympathy with the plight in which the unfortunate parents were placed, Philly was devoted to this child of an alien race, and as the days went by, this devotion increased. I did not see much of Philly during these days; I was too busy. The infantry from the playa strained still further our already inadequate quarters, and this strain had to be relieved.

So day and night the hammering went on as the sheets of metal were laid and fastened on the convent roof. As fast as a room was covered in, it was occupied; first the strong-room of the guard, devoted entirely to Banalang and his wife, the latter of whom was allowed to pass the guard in daylight hours and go in and out as she would. Then Redfield's quarters were finished, and then mine, and all of them occupied at once.

It was Redfield himself who first called my attention to Philly's state of He announced, with casual health. concern, that she had become run down, and that he would have to get the doctor to give her a tonic. Her nerves

had been strained, he thought, by what she had been through in the last few days, and the sights she had seen. For Redfield never could realize, apparently, that in at least one respect Philly differed from nearly all other young girls, and that to her, descendant of many soldiers as she was, the little battle in which she had been concerned would act as no tonic could that came from the doctor's hands.

When I saw Philly's face I was startled, so drawn and tragic it was. But it was trouble of some sort, not illness, that caused this change in her; I decided that instantly. Yet what could this trouble be? Philly would not tell me. It was nothing, she said, or at all events, nothing that could be remedied, and she stopped there; so I was driven

to other sources of information.

At first sight Fanny's theory, eagerly volunteered, that Philly and Pendale had quarreled, seemed on the face of it probable, but the trail led nowhere. When a thing such as this happens the man in the case nearly always can be caught on the rebound, temporarily at least, by any woman who so desires. Now, Fanny so desired in this case; ardently desired: tried strenuously and failed, as all men who cared to could see. Moreover, Pendale himself denied that there had been any quarrel when I asked him, as I presently did.

"I can't tell what the matter is, colonel," he said, his face nearly as full of trouble as Philly's own. "She's just brooding over something, I think, and I fear, sir, it's those damned Filipinos. She has that beast of a woman in her rooms all the time, and yesterday I found her crying over that brownyyellow kid. I can't see what it's all about, but there's nothing else that I

can think of."

He was right. That very afternoon proved it. I was sitting on the broad veranda, and I did not know that Philly, with her two protégés, the mother and child, were just inside a window back of me. Brinsley came by and

"Have you heard that a military commission is ordered for the trial of those

prisoners of ours?" I asked, passing him the news of the day. "They're not acknowledged as legitimate combatants, of course, and so they can't be tried by court martial."

Evidently Brinsley had not heard. He smiled with melancholy satisfaction, and looked out over the plaza to the spot where the gallows stood. won't be long, then, before that thing is overworked for a little while," said "After that it'll probably have a rest-at least, we can hope so." Then he turned and walked away.

That was all that passed; absolutely Yet, with a bound, Philly appeared on the veranda, the baby in her arms, and her face whiter than I ever before had seen it. The mother was at

her heels.

"Uncle Quent, will they-will they " began Philly; then choked and could go no further, but buried her face in the baby's fat little person.

For a moment the mother stood looking with wild eyes, as though she comprehended all that had been said, looking from one of us to the other. Then, snatching her child, she ran rapidly down the veranda steps and disappeared, while Philly, throwing herself on a couch in my room, gave way to a torrent of tears that frightened me. Try as I would, I could do nothing to stop her, and the weeping became all but hysterical. There was but one thing more that I could think of. Pendale, I knew, was on guard that day. I ran to find him.

High and low I looked, but in vain; then returned to my quarters to discover that he already was there. They neither heard nor saw me, and I came upon a tableau that I shall long remember. Pendale, tall and straight, in saber and spurs, stood with Philly clinging to his neck, his strong, grave young face looking down into her lovely one, uplifted to his own. She was pleading-pleading in a way that would have driven most men off their heads. I don't think I could even have answered for myself in his position-certainly not at his age.

"But just think what it means, Tom-

my—think!" I heard her say. "Think what it is that his wife and little son will have to see. Think how it would be if you were the man and I the woman. And it's such a little, little thing to do. Listen. Dad's Dad didn't close that door as he thought; it opens in quite a different place. That's why I laughed at the time, and you wondered at it. You just twist the 'O' in pecado' and then push the period at the end of the motto as you would an electric button. Then the door will come open of itself. No one will know. For my sake, Tommy!"

"Do you know what you're asking, Philly?" he said, with more sternness than I should have thought he could

command.

She released him and stood back.
"Then you won't do it," she said coldly. "You won't do the only thing I ever asked you to. Well, that's all, I think."

I waited for no more. I would not have waited to hear so much, had I not been startled, temporarily, out of my self-possession. Going away, I left them to settle matters between themselves, and a very long time they were about it. And when at last it was done, the results were not satisfactory, so far as I could judge. For Pendale, his head high and his face pale, stalked clanking past me without a look, and Philly was nowhere to be seen. With a lessened faith in human nature, I lay down for my afternoon nap.

Hardly had I fallen asleep when I felt myself shaken, and opening my eyes, saw Philly's tragic face as she

bent over me.

"They've got away!" said she, in a horrified whisper. "They're gone!"

"Who's got away?" I asked, rather testily. Much as I love Philly it seemed to me that I really had seen enough of her unreasonableness for one afternoon. Besides, I am always cross if disturbed in my nap. "Who's got away?" I repeated.

"Banalang. His wife, and the baby, too. Dad's Dad is holding an investigation now. Come with me. They won't let me in if I go alone."

Through sheer force of will, I think, she got me off my cot, into my blouse, and into the office where *Redfield was holding the investigation. Pendale was there, and a private, evidently under arrest, stood before Redfield's desk. A sergeant—the sergeant of the guard—

was speaking.

"No, sorr; 'tis not Fahy's fault," I heard him say. "The prisoner niver passed Fahy's post at all, the way he wint. He just walked out av enither room, what the door opened into. Then they went away. The guarrds what was passed didn't know Banalang. They was used to seein' the wumman, and thought the man was wan av the new muchachos fer the officers' mess, 'Twas the wumman what knowed 'ow to open that door, sorr. She 'ad an uncle—that is, she called him an uncle days."

I would have stopped to hear more, but Philly pushed me resolutely out of the door, back to my own quarters and into a chair. Then she sat on my knee, and pillowing her face on my shoulder, began to cry. But these tears were not like the others I had seen that day. These were more in the nature of a beneficial shower than a wrecking storm like the others, and for a time I let

them have their course.

But at last my curiosity got the better

"My dear, do you mind telling me what on earth is the matter now?" I meekly asked.

"I thought he did it. I thought it was Tommy who let them go. And my heart was almost breaking," she sobbed

in reply.

It was dull of me, I suppose, but at first I could not understand. "Why breaking?" I asked. "Surely not because you thought he let that man go. It wasn't two hours ago—well, anyway three—when you not only begged him to do that very thing, but quarreled with him—"

She was off my knee when I reached this point, and was standing in the middle of the room, her eyes blazing

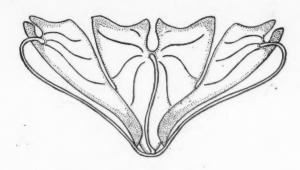
through her tears.

"Do you suppose, that if he'd done such a thing as that, for me or any other woman, I'd ever even have looked at him again?" she demanded. "Uncle Quent, you're crazy!"

"Uncle Quent, you're crasy!"

With her head held high, she turned and left me to my own reflections. And they were to the effect that, though

I had known Philly from her babyhood, and had made a scientific study, as one may say, of the ways of woman, yet there is more to be learned in this line than ever has been known collectively by all the men who have lived since the world began, and probably will be till the end of Time.



A SPIRIT

MINE are the buds of hope
Upon the vine;
Mine is the morning's cope
Of sapphire stain;
Mine is yon grassy slope
That's beryline;
And mine the warm white rain,
The rainbow skein!

I am the throb that stirs
The daffodil;
The sap within the firs—
A living core;
Take heed, my worshipers!
I am the thrill
Of song that runs before
By crest and shore!

In every vein of earth
I pulse, I leap;
I cause all beauty's birth—
The joy thereof;
Where once were death and dearth
(The long white sleep)
Through me, beneath, above,
Are life and love!
CLINTON, SCOLLARD.





IFE is a problem, and the raising of children is its chiefest perplexity.

Horace Gunnison sat in the corner of h is vine-screened porch, with cigar in

one hand and lighted match in the other. The purple clematis flaunted its glory above his head; a bed of salvia glowed brilliantly under his eyes at the side; a perfectly kept lawn flowed down toward the majestic maples which stood guard between the sidewalk and the street. These were the outer marks of his thrift and respectability, and ordinarily they touched him with a restful content, but to-day he did not even see them, as he sat with fixed gaze, his tobacco half-way to his mouth and his fire threatening his fingers. Even as he dropped the flame upon the porch rug and stepped upon it mechanically as it scorched the fiber, he heard the sobs of his small son filter through the screens of his wife's room, and the mother-voice in answer.

"Papa told me to come to you and be paddy-whacked," shrilled the small

voice, in an agony of rage.

"What have you been doing, dear? Why didn't papa punish you himself?" asked the mother, with a mixture of judicious affection and grieved surprise.

"'Cause he's 'shamed to. He's a collymoddle, and I told him so."

"You called papa names?" reproved the mother incredulously.

"Yes," sobbed the boy. "He slapped me. He—he kin lick me 'cause I'm lit-

tle, but Mike Caffarelli's pa kin put it all over him. Mike says so."

"But your father isn't a fighter," re-

turned his mother.

"Then what does he fight me for?" stormed the boy. "Why doesn't he take

some one his size?"

"Would you want your papa to be a rowdy?" asked his mother, and the man on the porch thought her tone was surprisingly careless, as if, indeed, a little rowdyism were not wholly undesirable in the masculine character.

"Let him slap Mike's pa; that's all,"

persisted the boy.

"Did papa hurt you?" asked the mother caressingly, the sentence ending with the sound of a kiss. Gunnison noted, with a sting at his heart, that she had already abandoned her perfunctory defense of him. "It didn't hurt much, did it?" she asked again.

The boy evidently paused to consider. "Not that way," he admitted, "but I wisht, oh, mama, I wisht he'd slap Mike's pa 'stead of me, just once. I bet Mike wouldn't pick on me any more."

"Pick on you!" cried the woman's voice, with instantaneous mother-anger. "Who dares to pick on my baby?"

Gunnison could not see them, but he felt the boy throw off his mother's hand. "I ain't a baby, but everybody tries to pick on me like I was one, 'specially Mike, and he says I dassen't tell my papa, 'cause his papa would lick him." The mortification of confession was in the boy's tone.

Gunnison tilted back in his chair, put his hands behind his head and thought backward rapidly. He remembered when he was a half-grown cub, how he had passed a group of stranger boys standing in front of a cigar-store, how one of them had stepped out of the group and had hit him, hit him so hard it half-dazed him, yet he had seen at a glance it was a ready-made plan on the part of these half-savages to create a little amusement to their liking, and he had picked up his cap and gone on without a word, realizing that he would have no more chance with them than a rabbit in a wolf-pack. His cheek flamed now at the thought of it. Why hadn't he died on the spot rather than to have submitted to such indignity?

He remembered once, after dining with his mother in a "Parisian café" at the World's Fair and receiving poor food and worse service, that he had refused to tip, and the waiter had cursed him in French. A waiter! And though his mother was livid with rage at him, he had refused either to choke the man with his own teeth or to report him to

the proprietor.

He remembered, too, how in his early married days, a burglar had broken into the house through the dining-room window, whereupon he, Gunnison, had set off an alarm-clock which sounded exactly like a telephone-bell, and had then called down the stairway that he had rung up the police. In the terror of the dark and the lack of a phone upstairs, his wife had thought this rather fine at the time, but when, in the brave glare of the next morning, she discovered that her wedding-silver had gone to the burglar's melting-pot, she made a rather pointed remark about a man's duty to protect his own, if merely as a matter of principle.

Of course, there were occasions in Gunnison's life when the sheer brutism of his ancestors had come to the surface, and he had become a mere hammer-handed animal, but these did not occur to him as at all consolatory at the moment. Of course, too, it could be argued that he had acted in the very wisest way possible upon each of the occasions which now tasted bitter in the mouth of his memory. He had, indeed,

so argued with himself and with his female kind upon more than one occasion, but now he instinctively felt that all such doctrine was discounted in advance in the mind of his son.

Surely life was a problem, and the raising of children its most intricate perplexity. He had had some troubled moments over his little girls' different dispositions and conflicting individualities, but when "the boy" came he had thought surely here would be no chance to go wrong. They would understand each other. Was he not merely the toughened bark around the soul of a boy and his son the tender shoot of a coming man? "The boy" had been, and still was, the very core of his heart, and it was no small tragedy to discover that he failed so miserably to reach a boy's ideal of what a father ought to be.

Evidently the argument up-stairs had been resumed, and the boy's voice

floated downward again.

"Mike says they've got our porchchair up in their house, and if my papa comes after it, his papa would lick him. Mike brags that he's *sure* of it. *Mightn't* papa lick Mike's papa *some*how, mama?"

"Oh, no," answered the mother's voice. "Papa's a gentleman. He doesn't go around fighting people."

"Can't he lick anybody, mama?"

"No-yes-I don't know," answered

the mother helplessly.

"Couldn't he even lick Mike's mama?" asked the boy desperately. "Mike says he bets his mother could lick my papa."

A laugh, long, melodious, and uncontrolled, burst forth from the mother, but it was not joined in by the boy, and every ripple in the laughter was a sawtooth in the soul of the man on the

porch

O'Neill, his man of all work, came around the corner of the house and asked him some question pertaining to his duties.

"O'Neill," said Gunnison suddenly,

"can you fight?"

"Me?" answered O'Neill. "Sure, I'm as ould a mon as yerself, an' I hope it's

a bit of sinse I've learned in me time, but I mind the day whin I tuck t'ree fellies from the Fift' Warrd—the bloody Fift' they called it, as you know——"

i

e

e

d

t

d

d

e

a

a

t

d

S

e

d

d

d

1-

le

le

d

0

n

's

"Never mind, O'Neill," interrupted Gunnison. "I just wanted to tell you that if you're not a good fighter you'd better not talk to me this afternoon."

stared a moment, then O'Neill dropped his jaw humorously, and turned away, for Gunnison was not without a semireputation as a joker.

Sergeant Dorn clicked heavily along the street, his broad, thick soles bearing up two hundred and fifty pounds of stolid German bone and muscle. brought two fingers up in salute to Gunnison, whom he had known from his school-days, and for whom he had the exaggerated Teutonic respect for the man who has acquired a place in the world by using his brains. Gunnison liked Dorn in his turn, but to-day he only nodded shortly without relaxing the stern set of his features, wondering darkly whether it would be feasible to grab Dorn's club and bring him to the earth before those powerful paws could close on him.

A purple wagon, trimmed in pink and with a yellow top, rattled laboriously along the pavement, pulled by the ghost of a beast, which gave evidence of having been a horse before his The wagon stopped. demise.

A black hulk of a man climbed leisurely out of the wagon. He was as big as Dorn, but was shaped like a couple of fat brackets. He stuck out before and he stuck out behind, and his shoulders rolled into his ears. swung a large, black-covered hamper upon one shoulder and started across the lawn, that lawn which Gunnison hardly allowed even himself the luxury of stepping upon.

All this Gunnison noted with growing malevolence, and as the man slumped past on his way to the rear of the house, Gunnison called coldly: "Hey, you, what's your business?"

The man turned toward him and showed his white teeth in a professional "Mea sella da fruit. Da lady deesa house ma friend. She buya da banan', tvent'-fi' cent; da tomat', tvent' cent; da lemona, fifateen cent; d'orange, fort' cent; da cabbage, tenna cent. Nica goot. Fresh. I bring inna da vag'."

He motioned toward the purple and pink, and Gunnison glanced mechanically, and he now noted a string of homemade lettering straggling across the yellow of the wagon-top:

A. Caffarelli Friuts.

Gunnison's feet came down from the railing. "Is your name Caffarelli?" he asked seductively.

"Caffarelli, datta me. Mea sella da fruit. Da banan', tvent'-fi' cent; da tomat', tvent' cent; da lemona, fifateen cent; d'orange, fort' cent; da cabbage, tenna cent. Nica goot."

Gunnison had come down from the porch, and the huckster brought his basket to the ground in anticipation of a customer.

"That's a gentlemanly little boy of yours," observed Gunnison sweetly, ignoring the basket.

The big man looked bewildered for a moment, but he was used to senselessly incomprehensible remarks on the part of these strange Americans, and had long ago marked out an unfailing plan

of procedure.
"Nica boy," he observed, "nica banan', tvent'-fi' cent; da tomat', tvent' cent; da lemona, fifateen cent-

"Fine porch-chair you have up in

your house," suggested Gunnison.
The big man's face went a shade blacker. He let loose a rattling fire of his native tongue, while Gunnison regarded him calmly, the wagging of his cigar from a corner of his mouth being the only indication of any emotion.

"Sounds like a lovely modern version of Cicero versus Catiline," he remarked critically, "but I can't see as it has much

bearing on porch-chairs." The European peasant is slow to show resentment against an American householder, and the huckster merely tossed the basket on his shoulder, and; muttering incomprehensibly, turned to go, cutting across the cherished lawn again.

Whether it was the retreating sign of weakness in the adversary, the vio-lated lawn, or the sting of his son's disdain, Gunnison could not have told, but he suddenly took a few swift steps forward and planted a kick in that portion of the huckster's rear elevation which appeared most prominent, and which seemed best designed by a beneficent provision of nature for kick-planting purposes.

Down came the basket, the black eyebrows snapped together, the white teeth clicked, and from between them hissed several capitalized names commonly supposed to have a religious signifi-

Luckily for Gunnison, Signor Caffarelli's idea of the manly art was modeled on the pile-driver principle, and by the time he had located his object, pulled his hammer aloft, and released his energy, it was not difficult for even the unpractised Gunnison to evade the blow, terrific in force though it undoubtedly was. As the fury of the man increased, however, his arms worked more rapidly, and rained a perfect storm of slings and bludgeonings in Gunnison's general direction.

The campaign of the latter was strictly Fabian in its policy. Cringing behind crooked elbows and executing a series of masterly backward springs, he succeeded in holding safe his precious features, but unless his opponent dropped dead in his tracks from exhaustion, it seemed only a question of time when one of his hammerlike blows would

reach.

As far as carrying the fight into the enemy's territory was concerned, even had such a thought occurred to Gunnison, it seemed utterly impossible to get inside the circle of those swinging sledges. Presently Gunnison heard the screen-door slam, and a moment later he was conscious of a figure in a washsuit and with tousled Saxon hair dancing around in a circle and screaming: "Uppercut him, pop; uppercut him!"

Now, though Gunnison, as has been hinted, was as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled coal, he had more than once read the article headed "The Fight

By Rounds," and had noted the sage comments of the sporting editor, so that even if his son's expressive English had been unaccompanied by vigorous and illuminating gestures, he could hardly have failed to understand.

It so happened, too, that just as his son's shriek split into his ears, one of the assailant's wide swings came in, and, in warding it, Gunnison's sharp elbow caught the other's wrist across the tender tendons in its front, almost disabling it. With a grunt, the big man dropped his hand, and then, his ear having caught one familiar word in the boy's cry, his other hand fumbled inside his blouse and a wicked look flamed across his face. But, for a second, he was left completely unguarded, and Gunnison's mind had responded to his son's cry at exactly "the psychological moment," as people who are not psychologists love to term it.

Gunnison struck. He struck with all the wrath he had been cherishing against that cigar-store loafer for twenty-five years, with all the force with which he had frequently chastised that insolent waiter in his thoughts, with all the courage with which he had many a time faced that silver-stealing burglar in reliving the incident in his later years. The cumulative blow landed under the big man's chin, and his huge hulk sat heavily on the sidewalk, toward which the combatants had been working. As he fell, he naturally put out his hands to save himself, and the knife he had been in the act of drawing spun along the concrete just as Dorn reappeared around the corner.

"Well, py Chee," cried the enraged Dorn, as he pounced on the fallen warrior and churned him up and down on the hard sidewalk, "you would want to stick knifes into beacable Amer'cans ciditzens, would you, you tamn smoky foreigner? You come along once now

mit your Ungle Hermann."

With supreme contempt for the steady stream of protesting Italian, Dorn gripped the man and haled him stationward, while Gunnison, vainly trying to smother a strange elation which welled up in him, went into the house. "Well, Horace Gladwyn Gunnison," exclaimed his wife, "are you a respectable, law-abiding gentleman, or—or what? Do you want to be run off the street? What on earth do you mean by bullying my poor inoffensive fruitman? Why, he can't even talk English. I hope you're ashamed of yourself. If you must fight, why under the sun don't you find some one of your own class?"

Gunnison's elation oozed out at his Oxfords. "The fellow was imperti-

nent," he said stiffly.

"I've always found him very polite. What did he say?" demanded Mrs.

Gunnison.

ge

ish

us

ıld

his

of

in,

el-

he

is-

an

IV-

he

in-

ed

he

nd

nis

cal

sy-

all

ng

or

ith

nat

ith

ny

ar

ter

ın-

ge

10-

en

ut

he

ng

rn

ed

ar-

on

to

ns

ky

W

he

ın,

im

y-

ch

se.

"He said, he said—oh, I can't repeat what he said to you," declared Gunnison virtuously. This might have impressed his wife, had he not added unthinkingly: "Besides, it was in Italian."

Mrs. Gunnison snorted. "A nice example you're setting for the boy," she flung, and sailed toward the door.

Gunnison rubbed his forehead with a sign of annoyance. He had been married long enough to know his wife, but what man ever becomes thoroughly used to a woman's variableness? On the hand which crossed his forehead, a skinned knuckle had leaked its redness all over the back.

At the mere sight of the blood, Mrs. Gunnison leaped to his side. "The brute hurt you, Horsey," she cried, using the pet name of their sweetheart

days.

"Hurt me," answered Gunnison, "he just about broke both my arms, as far as that's concerned, but that skinned knuckle is where I hurt him."

"I never knew you were such a savage," said his wife, with a touch of pride in her voice.

Gunnison made a supreme effort for self-control, "Let me go. I've got to telephone," he said, half-gruffly.

As he sat at the phone, his son climbed into his lap. "Papa," said the boy, sliding his round, warm arms around his parent's neck, "I was bad to you this afternoon, but I sha'n't never be bad to you again, never, never,

er! And—and you kin whip me now, if you want to."

"Hush, dear," said Gunnison, still in the rôle of Spartan, "papa's busy. Police Exchange, please! Police? Tenth precinct, please. Hello, is Dorn there? Oh, that you, Hermann? Say, you've scared that fellow enough. Better let him go. No, I don't want to appear against him. I've no malice in the matter. Oh, well, a man ought to overlook these little things. And these foreigners, you know, they don't understand us Americans, Hermann. Well, yes, you might have him bound over to keep the peace. Yes, I suppose he has friends to go on his bond. Oh, I'll go on it my-self, if he hasn't. What you haw-hawing about? Oh, I see. Yes, ha! ha! 'twould be funny. Well, all right, let him go in the morning, then. Good-by. Or, say, Dorn, no. Better turn him loose right away. He has a horse to take care of down here."

It was the next morning, however, when the younger Gunnison came tearing into his father's presence. The joy of battle was in his eye—his right eye. The left one was too obscured to give forth any particular expression. His whole face glowed with an enthusiasm which even the smear of his nose across

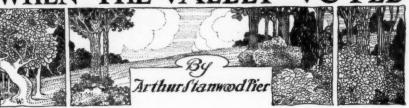
his face could not conceal.

"I been fightin' Mike, papa," he cried proudly. "And if they hadn't pulled him off just when they did, I'd have

licked him, too."

Gunnison sighed. Really, life is a problem, and the proper raising of children is its chiefest perplexity. And yet, despite the "better instincts" of years of self-training, despite the halfshamed contrition in which a night and a new day had clothed his exploit with the huckster, despite his fears for the future of the slip of a Saxon before him, Gunnison felt the threat of moisture back of his eyes. The dog within him stood square on his four squat legs and bristled the back of his neck. Something inside of him leaped fierce and warm, as he folded the boy in his arms, and softly kissed the embattled eve and the bloody smudginess.

WHEN THE VALLEY VOTED





T sunset on a day in April, Semp Hains drove down the lane of cottonwoods to Meigs' ranch-house. He had come fifteen miles that afternoon, jogging over sand-

hills, through greasewood and sage; he and his buckboard were covered with a sheen of gray dust. But now on either side of the lane were broad ditches of flowing water, and beyond these green alfalfa fields in purple bloom.

It was a pleasant sight at sunset the white one-story ranch-house, with its patio in which roses were in bloom, the grove of fig-trees and eucalyptus and pepper-trees beside it, and the shadows from the evenly planted, evenly growing cottonwoods falling across the symmetrically lined alfalfa fields. The desert, which lay beyond, was all shut

Hains took off his hat and fanned his face comfortably while he looked round. A year had passed since he had last been over to Meigs' place; at the thought, even while he was noticing the evidences of increased prosperity, his face grew grave; that last visit had been to attend the funeral service for Meigs' only child.

He stopped in front of the house; no one appeared. At the barn he unharnessed his horse and turned it into the corral for the night.

Beyond the tool-shed and shop, he remembered, was the hog-corral; he heard sounds from that direction, a commotion of animals and then a woman's voice. So he went up the lane and

saw Joe Meigs and his wife out in the pasture, driving a hog toward the chute that led up over the fence and down into the corral. Mrs. Meigs had her skirts spread out, Joe had a stick and was flourishing it; at that moment they cornered the hog, it ran up the chute and down, and plunged into the tank at the bottom.

"Hello, Mrs. Meigs, you oughtn't to be doing that," Hains called out. "Let me take a hand."

The woman and her husband looked up; and Hains, as he approached, saw that indeed she ought not to be doing such active work.

"Killing the hog-lice, eh?" said Hains. He glanced at the tank, at the thick oil on the surface of the water.

"They've been bad," said Meigs. "My two men quit yesterday. Molly would come out and help me,"

"Joe's not strong yet; he had a touch of fever last week," explained Mrs. Meigs.

There were only two hogs left in the pasture; Hains and Meigs soon compelled them to take their bath. Mrs. Meigs had stood by watching. She was a comely young woman, browned by the sun, with wide gray eyes in which there was now a look wistful and appealing. Perhaps she wished to evade Hains' sympathetic glance; she brushed her hand up rearrangingly over her hair.

"Living out in this country makes a person's hair get so stringy," she complained. "Joe's lost all his curl; you remember how curly it used to be back in Missouri, Semp?"

Hains nodded. "Things are looking

pretty prosperous about your place, Joe."

"Yes, fair. It's been some time since you were last over, Semp. When was it last? Not since-

Meigs stopped suddenly; they all three walked in silence to the house.

After supper, while Mrs. Meigs washed the granite-ware dishes, the two men sat in the patio and smoked their pipes. The cottonwoods stood black and motionless against a field of burnished gold until the evening breeze, springing up suddenly, set their tops to fluttering and their leaves to flushing in the reflected light. With the coming of the breeze, too, as if it had been a signal, the frogs in all the ditches poured forth their pipings.

"'Twould be lonely not to hear the frogs sing at night," said Meigs. "They're awful good company out here, after the stock have gone to bed."

"Wonder how they got here, way out on the desert," speculated Hains. "Got here so blamed quick, too, after the water was brought. Within a week —and there hadn't been a frog, I bet, nearer than two hundred miles."

"Lots of unexpected things turn up in this country," Meigs answered. "But mostly human."

"That's right," agreed Hains, and he "See much of Jason added quickly:

te

711

er

nd

ev

te

ık

to

et

ed

W

g

id

1e

V

d

h

S.

ie

1-

S.

ie

d

n

le

d

r

a

1-

k

g

"No. His place is five miles away. Half the time he's off at Los Angeles or San Francisco. He's got pretty big interests."

"Not so big they've got to swamp everybody else's." Hains' tone was con-

"It's a good town he's built," replied Meigs. "He's put up an ice-plant and an electric-plant and a theater-

"Yes," Hains exclaimed. "Of all

the foolishness!"

"And he's getting outside capital interested in the country-

"By bribery and corruption! Have you seen to-day's Eagle?"

"No. Why?

"It's got hold of a letter of Rugg's promising Marsden of Los Angelesthe big brewery concern—a liquor-license for Gloria if Marsden would contribute ten thousand dollars to Gloria's campaign expenses. Oh, I tell you, Fred Jamieson on the Eagle is throwing it into him now! He's dared Rugg to explain that letter to the convention to-morrow night. Gloria stands about as much chance now of being made county-seat as of getting a river and harbor appropriation from Congress."

"Well," said Meigs, "I wouldn't be opposed to a decent saloon in Gloria. This prohibition notion for the valley just creates a lot of low-down joints. Now that this valley is forming into a new county, it had better get liberal."

"Yes, but bribery and corruption!" cried Hains indignantly. "Do we want a consumptive capitalist from the East coming in here, staking out a city for his own amusement, buncoing the people into accepting it for a county-seat all because he's built an idiotic theater and strung electric lights out over the sand-hills to hypnotize the lizards and jack-rabbits? Are we going to knuckle under to one-man power in this new county right at the start? Are we going to turn down for his benefit a thriving place like Williamsburg, the oldest and largest town in the valley, where so many of the valley's interests are centered, where people have built their homes and their stores? If you farmers don't stand up and vote for a principle-

"Say, Semp," Meigs interrupted, "what is there in it for you if Williamsburg's county-seat?"

Hains yielded up a laugh.

"Why, I don't mind saying that I'm to be county treasurer. It's a good job, too, and I need it. My land, I guess, is the poorest in the valley, and I'm about busted."

"I'm sorry, Semp. Why, I was going to vote for Gloria, but if that's the case you can count on me for Williamsburg. I've had so much to worry me I'd almost forgotten the election; when is it?"

"Day after to-morrow, down at

Williamsburg."

"Oh!" Meigs spoke reluctantly. "Just this time-I'm afraid I can't get

there." He made a gesture with his pipe toward the house, where Mrs. Meigs was singing happily to herself over the dishes. "I don't like to leave her alone these days.".
"No, of course not." Hains reached

over and squeezed Meigs' leg. "I'm mighty glad, old man. Hope it'll be a

boy."
"I kind of hope so, too. It'll remind

us of the other little fellow."

Mrs. Meigs came out and stood with her hand on her husband's shoulder. "Guess I'll go to bed, Joe," she said. "It's been a pretty hard day. Good

night, Semp."

"Good night, Mrs. Meigs." He had always chosen to be thus respectful in spite of the encouragement she gave him toward a greater informality. There had been a time, back in Missouri, when he had been Joe Meigs' rival.

"You know Clara Osborne, Joe?"

he said.

"Old man Osborne that has a place east of Williamsburg-his daughter?"

"Yes, that's the one. I've been seeing her quite a good bit. One reason why I haven't been over this way for

"Something doing with the old bach! Well, that's great! Say, you didn't tell Molly; I'll have her come out and hear

the news-

"No, hold on, Joe, hold on." Hains' voice was good-naturedly entreating. "Your wife's tired; don't bother her. I'll tell her in the morning. Yes, I've been feeling pretty good. If I can win out as treasurer, we'll pull the affair off at once. If I can't-" He shrugged his shoulders.

"If there was only somebody I could leave with my wife—somebody I could trust," Meigs said anxiously. "I hate to think of not voting for you, Semp."

"Oh, one vote won't settle it. Well, it seems to me we both of us ought to be feeling pretty happy. You especially; your ranch is looking great. Fine prospects in all directions.

"Pretty good," assented Meigs. "But I sha'n't be easy in my mind yet a while. My two men, as I told you, cleared out yesterday. A good deal de-

pends on my getting help just now. I've got three hundred steers that I brought in from Arizona four months ago-borrowed and begged every cent I could raise, and plunged on 'em. If anything was to happen to that bunch I'd be a ruined man, and the worry of it has run me down pretty fine. But so far it's all right; the steers have fat-tened up, and I don't believe there's a better-looking lot in the valley. A month from now they'll be ready to ship, and I'll clear about three thousand dollars, net. That will mean a clean start at last, and everything will be fine. And say, Semp-if Gloria wins the county-seat, you drop round here about that time and let me stake you."

"Thanks, old man-I'll remember

that."

In the middle of the night Semp Hains was awakened by thunder. He looked through the wide-open door and saw a lightning-flash split the eastern sky, and in the light of it he saw the cottonwoods caught and contorted by the rushing wind. Then the rain came with a sweep across the fields.

There was another lightning-flash, followed by a bellowing roar which was not thunder. Hains sprang from his bed; the bellowing swelled in volume and was accompanied by the sound of galloping hoofs. Standing in the doorway and looking out into the blackness, Hains could see nothing; but he knew that a mighty force was passing through the pastures behind the house. Listening and waiting for the next flash, he was not surprised to find Meigs at his side.

They stood together silent while the sound of bellowing and trampling diminished in the distance. Then came the revealing flash; through the sheet of rain Hains saw the herd plunging through the line of cottonwoods on the

eastern boundary.

"And I was offering to stake you, Semp," said Meigs. His voice shook; he tried to laugh.

Hains took him by the arm and

turned him from the door.

"Go back to bed, old man: I'll chase those steers."

"Go back to bed! A whole lot I'd sleep!" He struck a match, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly light the lamp. His face showed haggard and sick.

"I'll get some clothes on, and then if you want to help me, Semp-

He turned away. Hains dressed himself hurriedly; Meigs came in to him, buttoning up his shirt.

"I had to tell my wife," he said. "Too bad to have to worry her to-

night."

He lighted a lantern; his hand had regained its steadiness. Then Hains took the lantern from him and spoke in an authoritative voice:

"Your place is by your wife. I'll trail the steers and rout out the neighbors to help. We'll have them back in

twenty-four hours."

"My neighbors ain't the helping kind," said Meigs wearily. steers have gone across Perris' land and raised hob with it. That'll be all Per-

ris will care about."

They stepped out into the rain. It was falling smoothly now, no longer swept by the violent wind. The thunder had passed, though far to the north were frequent lightning-flashes, revealing the mountains whither the storm was retreating. The thick adobe mud, created by a few minutes' rainfall, caked on the men's boots.

"Hard riding to-night," said Hains.
"Hard going for the steers," Meigs
answered. "In one day they'll run off all I've done for them. I'm busted."

"Oh, cheer up! You may have to hold 'em a little longer and fatten them up again, but you'll get your price."

"With a note for six thousand dollars due next month, not feed enough to carry the steers another season, not money enough to renew and meet the interest payments, no help and no strength!"

They entered the horse-corral; and then Meigs stopped. "Poor devils! They've all been hard pushed this past week. Belle's the only horse in the out-

"Then give me Belle," broke in

Hains. "My own horse is used up; he'd never overtake a steer. You've got

to stay; your wife——"
Meigs submitted. "All right, Semp. They went across Perris' land; they struck the road and must have kept on across the desert toward Gloria. There's nothing to turn them before they strike the main canal the other side of Rugg's ranch. Then I don't know what they'll do.

Meigs saddled Belle, and Hains "Good-by, Joe; don't let mounted.

your wife worry.

He started off at a canter; the horse was willing. Up the lane and out into the road toward Gloria he galloped. The warm rain was not unpleasant; the horse splashed through the puddles in the road as if with exultation.

Hains saw lights moving in a field. As he drew near he saw that one of them was close by the road; soon he reached the place where a man was trying to drag together the torn strands of a section of hog-fence. A lantern rested near him on the ground; two other lanterns were bobbing off in the distance.

"Hello!" said Hains. "This where

the steers went through?"

"Looks so, don't it?" snarled the man. "I hope they haven't done you much

damage.

"It's only the grace of God if they haven't. They've made a mud-pie of this forty. Don't know how many yards of hog-fence they've ripped up. Damn it, I can't be sure till morning that I haven't lost some of my stock."

"Are you Mr. Perris?" "That's my name."

"I'm Semp Hains, from Williamsburg. I was spending the night at Joe Meigs'. Joe is sick, and so's his wife. His men hit the trail yesterday-so he's got no help at all. Those steers are all he has, and if he doesn't get them back before they run off their fat he'll be all in. Will you spare a man to help me round 'em up?"

"No, sir, not a man." Perris pulled off his sombrero and shook the water. from it angrily; he was gaunt and crooked of face. "Them steers have

made plenty of work for me and my men right here, without our chasin' 'em.'

"If you could let me have just one man," Hains urged. "Two of us might round 'em up; a single man can't."

"Told ye I can't do anything," Per-

ris said sharply.

"The man's ruined if those steers aren't recovered. It's only neighborly to help."

"If he's bit off more than he can

chew that's not my lookout."

"Good night and go to hell!" said Hains, and he sent Belle along at a

The steers were traveling, as Meigs had said, straight toward Jason Rugg's place; after a while the road would turn and swing by in front of Rugg's ranch-house. The rain ceased; the lightning-flashes in the mountains to the north ceased also; a cool wind sprang up, and in a few moments stars were shining in the sky. Then the full moon pushed through a rift in the clouds and the desert shone magically -the wet greasewood and sage glistening, the pools in the road silvered. Now that he could see the road Hains urged his horse to a harder pace; the thunder of the steers galloping across the desert was borne back on the wind. They could not gain very much on him before he reached Gloria.

After a time he came again to fencedin pastures, alfalfa fields instead of desert, water-ditches full to the brim along the road. This was the beginning of Rugg's two-thousand-acre ranch. Hains turned in at the gate; he was galloping straight up the long avenue to the house when from a barn at the left a man emerged waving a lantern, and hailed him. Hains pulled his horse up short.

"Can I get help here to turn a stam-

pede?" he asked.

"You surely can. Turn into the corral and pick out a fresh horse."

The man let down the bars, and Hains rode into the big corral where fifteen or twenty horses were moving restlessly.

"Andy! Mack!" Two men came from the barn. "Saddle a good horse for this gentleman, one of you; he'll join us. I'm sorry about those steers of yours," he continued, turning to Hains. "Too bad; I guess we'll get 'em soon though. I came out to look at my stock during the storm and I'd just got back to the house when the stampede passed through my southwest corner. We were just about starting after it when you came along."

"Thank you, Mr. Rugg." Hains had recognized the little man. "That's a Christian act. They're not my steers." He explained the circumstances, and Rugg gave an irascible shout: "Hurry up there in the barn! Lord's sake, you're slower than a corn-fed hog!"

Soon Hains and Rugg were galloping along the road with two men following. The steers were traveling between the road and the main canal; there was no danger of losing their trail. The dawn broke as the horsemen clattered down the main street of Gloria, with its wan electric lights, its brick hotel, and brick theater, and big wooden ice-plant-and with the scattered shacks and tents that made Jason Rugg's pretentious endowments seem foolishly inappropriate. But he pointed them out with pride.

"Been negotiating with a manager in Los Angeles to give some shows in the theater next winter," he shouted. "Says he'll do it if there's a guarantee; I told him I'd look out for that. Good thing for the valley to get a few shows here-wake folks up. People would come from Williamsburg—wouldn't they?"

Maybe," assented Hains. Williamsburg doesn't feel good toward Gloria."

"It will-it will-just as soon as this county-seat squabble is settled."

"Williamsburg will feel all right if

it wins."

Rugg laughed; and when he laughed his expression was winning and kindly. He was a young man-not more than thirty.

"You folks over there are pretty savage with me," he said. "That was a hot

blast I got yesterday from Fred Jamieson's sheet."

"Going to do anything about it?"

"Well, Jamieson's dared me to make an answer before the convention tonight, and I don't usually lie down before a dare."

Hains was silent. "Know a cuss named Perris?" he asked, after a while; and he recounted his expe-

rience.

"Just what I should have thought," Rugg commented. "A man in a new country like this who won't be a good neighbor has no right to live."

"Are you being a good neighbor to

Williamsburg, Mr. Rugg?"

"I see what you mean." Rugg spoke without resentment. "But the point is, Williamsburg was a mistake. It never ought to have got started. You can't do anything for it. The land all round it is bad. It's side-tracked, off in the desert."

"If one rich man," replied Hains, "with his own ends to serve, wasn't using all his resources to kill Williamsburg, we'd be all right. But maybe you can do it; the people there are poor."

"I guess we'd better settle down to chasing steers," Rugg answered. He

had ceased to smile.

Hains glanced at him from time to time; his bitterness grew less as he noted the thinness of Rugg's face and the feverish brightness of his eyes.

They rode till the sun was high, sighting now and then the runaway herd over by the tall hedge of green tules that marked the canal. It seemed not to be traveling very fast, and yet the horsemen made no appreciable gain.

"It's a long chase on an empty stom-

ach," said Hains.

Rugg looked at his watch. "Seven o'clock. It'll take ten hours to drive those steers back to Meigs' after we catch them. Six o'clock to-night, say. Then fifteen miles to Williamsburg for me before the convention adjourns."

Hains said on a sudden impulse: "Jamieson's called you some pretty dirty names. If you don't answer tonight everybody in the valley will believe Jamieson. If you can answer

you'd better turn round now and leave your two men and me to chase these steers. Your reputation and your property, I suppose, are at stake."

"That's good square talk," Rugg said. "But I don't believe three men can handle that bunch. I guess maybe four can—if I'm one of 'em. Sounds conceited, doesn't it? Well, driving steers is one of a good many things I'm conceited about."

"So you'll take a chance on your

own interests?"

"Yes. I was laid up sick for two weeks last year. Mrs. Meigs came over and nursed me,"

"Your getting the county-seat—doesn't it mean a good deal to you?"

"I've been gambling on it a good bit," Rugg acknowledged. "Theater, hotel, ice-plant—all a good bit of a gamble. Town lots, streets, electric lights—quite a gamble. I'd hate to liquidate right now; that's a fact. Of course if Gloria wins I win out big. If she loses, well—I won't go wholly bust. The town is there, the town will grow."

"Why didn't you send out more of your men instead of coming yourself?"

"I sent all I had. The rest are out hustling for me—all over the valley—electioneering. Did you see any signs of life in Gloria? Why, every man in Gloria is out. They all like to work for me. These fellows here"—he dropped his voice—"they'll cry like children if we're licked."

"Funny you should have been staying at home last night instead of electioneering with the rest of them."

"I was reserving myself for my great effort to-night. Come in strong at the crisis—but at other times let your heelers take the footlights. Driving steers is one thing I'm conceited about; another is handling men."

Semp Hains glanced at him, amused, with a sudden sense of liking, quite different from the suspicious resentment with which he had first viewed

him.

One of the two men who had been riding respectfully behind urged his horse forward. "Mr. Rugg," he said, "you better leave this job to us and hike for home. You won't be in no sort of shape to tear up them fellers down at Williamsburg to-night."

"Don't you worry, Mack," Rugg answered. "Now you chase off by yourself and execute a flank movement on the steers. The canal bends to the left about a mile from here and crosses the road, and there's where we'll get 'em pocketed. Come along now, boys."

So while Mack cut across through the greasewood, Rugg and Hains and Andy galloped along the straight road. The herd were in plain sight now, holding well together; already the soil was drying out and a cloud of dust floated behind the runaways. They had settled down to a jogging trot, and seemed not to notice the three horsemen who swept by a quarter of a mile away.

"Here's the place," said Rugg.

They halted at the bridge under which flowed the canal. Beyond the canal were cultivated lands, but on this side stretching away to Gloria lay only desert. Rugg and Hains guarded the bridge, Andy sat his horse off at one side, and the steers came lumbering on, with Mack riding behind them quietly.

The leader of the herd was a big black fellow who held his head down and his tail horizontal. He tossed his head up and saw the horsemen, and at this moment Rugg rode slowly out to The big steer wavered, meet him. dropped his tail, turned to one side and found Andy riding in upon him there; then he swung round still farther and in another moment was trotting contentedly along the road, followed by the servile herd.

"I guess they're pretty much all here," said Rugg. "And we'll get 'em home without their being much damaged. Easy 'em down there in front, Mack-easy 'em down."

The steers were tired, and soon they were subdued to a walk. The sun rose high, quail and blackbirds winged up out of the greasewood thickets and streaked toward the distant tules, jackrabbits loped over the sand-hills, and lizards scurried out by the roadside. The heat beat down, dry and dull and stupefying. The horses jogged along in the dust of the shuffling steers, and the men were silent. Hains looked off at the bare mountains that looked so near and that never got any nearer. And sometimes he looked at Rugg, who was drooping in the saddle.

It was late afternoon when the four horsemen rode into view of Rugg's fer-

tile acres.

"Keep 'em moving right along," Rugg said to Hains. "I'll stop for a fresh horse-be with you again in a

When he rejoined them, Hains said: "You're all in. You'll have to rest and eat before you can go on to Will-

"I always look worse than I am," replied Rugg. "I hope that son of a gun Perris, confound him, will be where we can yell at him as we pass!"

By excellent fortune, Perris was at work upon the section of torn fence where Hains had interviewed him the night before. And as they went by Rugg, turning in his saddle, delivered a tirade so profane, so profoundly insulting, that Hains and Mack and Andy applauded joyously. Perris made no answer to the assault; he dropped his tools and walked off into the middle of the field.

"That cheered me up better than food

and drink," said Rugg.

"Why didn't he say something?"

asked Hains.

"He's trying to sell me a bunch of cows. When you get to know human nature, you soon learn that a man who's mean-spirited one way will be meanspirited in another."

"I wonder does a fellow ever get to know human nature," mused Hains.

"Oh, sure. Why, I couldn't handle men if I didn't."

A humorous light played from Hains' melancholy eyes. But Rugg did not see it; his face was set in determined lines -emphatic because of the physical weakness written in them. And Hains' glance of slightly mocking inquiry changed to one of sympathy.

It was a little after six o'clock when they drove the steers quietly down Meigs' lane. Meigs came out of the house; he opened the gate of the field beyond and turned the steers into the pasture. His face was working with excitement and gratitude; his emotions were too great for utterance, and Jason Rugg was the first to speak.

"I guess they're pretty much all here, and not so badly gaunted up either," he said. "If you want to hold 'em a while and get 'em into prime condition, and you need a little accommodation—

why, you just come to me."

t

S

g

r

a

a

t

-

it

e

e

y

t-

)-

d

22

f

n

S

0

le

ee

25

al

s'

n

n

"Thank you—thank you all," said Meigs. He dashed tears from his eyes with a sweep of his hand and then with a look at Hains, in an unsteady voice, he said: "It's all right, Semp; it's a boy."

Out in the open desert, just across the street from the Williamsburg hotel, was a concourse of people. Buggies and wagons and buckboards were assembled; an intent crowd stood in front of the rough platform on which flickered two torches and from which Jamieson, the editor of the Williamsburg Eagle, was delivering his harangue. It was a hot night; Jamieson had taken off his coat and laid it on the table beside him, and in his shirtsleeves was becoming impassioned.

"I have proved to you," he shouted in a husky voice, "that Jason Rugg is a briber and a corruptionist. Here is the letter"—he flourished a sheet of paper -"the letter which you all read in yesterday's Eagle, which convicts him of conspiring with the corrupt brewery in-terests of Los Angeles to debase and degrade this valley, hitherto clean and pure. I challenged him to be here tonight, if he dared, and refute these charges. He has had plenty of time to prepare his answer. We have delayed this meeting and delayed it, hoping that he would come. But he has not come, he is skulking; and every man who casts his vote to-morrow for Gloria, Jason Rugg's town, is voting for a graft in the interest of a selfish and corrupt schemer."

There were cries of applause, also there were a few voices raised in dissent. Rugg had supporters there who had come to hear him reply to Jamieson; though his failure to appear had made them disconsolate, it had not shaken their faith. An old farmer with a gray beard stood up in his buckboard at the edge of the crowd and shouted:

"You can talk all you're a mind to, Fred Jamieson, but if Jason Rugg ain't here to-night to speak for himself, there's some good reason why. And I'm goin' to vote for whatever he stands for, and don't you forget it."

"That's all right," retorted Jamieson. "It's a free country. At least it has been. I will present some further reasons which may convince even the

barnacles in the back row."

Down the moonlit road came a buck-board rattling furiously behind a galloping horse. In it were seated two men; they drove in from the road and drew up on the outer edge of the crowd. One of the men alighted at once, and skirting round to the platform ascended it behind the speaker. A sudden applause burst from the audience. Jamieson turned and saw Rugg beside him, and Rugg was quietly taking off his coat.

Jamieson faced the crowd with a

smile.

"Well," he said, "he's fooled me. You don't want to hear any more from me. I'll give him a show." He picked up his coat and shook hands with Rugg, and descended from the platform,

Rugg, having taken off his coat, was rolling up his shirt-sleeves, with a deliberateness and a pugnacious significance which delighted his supporters. Then he stood rubbing one bare forearm meditatively and looking out at the

audience with calm eyes.

"I've been chasing runaway steers all day," he began in a slow tired voice, "and so I arrived too late to hear what Fred Jamieson had to say about me. I guess it was mostly a rehash of his article in the Eagle. Well, now, I was thinking as I drove up, what a fine thing it would be if there was a decent saloon in Williamsburg where a man feeling the way I feel now could go in and get a drink. Instead of having to

sneak off, the way I bet three men out of five in this crowd have done tonight—it is a hot night, ain't it?—sneak off into Jerry Burke's 'blind pig' and
—say, anybody down there got a whiff of Jamieson's breath yet? I knew the moment I came on the platform where he'd been spending the best part of the evening."

Jamieson's protest was rendered inarticulate by the hilarious shout.

"Now, then, boys, let's break away from all this pious cant about the wickedness of saloons when we know that in a country like this, if we don't have 'em we're bound to have something worse. It's true that I want to open one up in Gloria, and that I went to the most respectable people in Los Angeles to get their backing for it. I got it. And if there's any bribery or corruption in my getting their backing and a subscription to Gloria's campaign-fund, I don't see it. I may be morally dense, but I don't see it.

"You people of Williamsburg think I and my town are out to ruin you. Now look here. The way this county has developed, Williamsburg is bound to be left off to one side. Even getting the county-seat won't do you much good. It'll only inconvenience the farmers, and the farmers are going to be the backbone of the valley. You never can grow much. You can never be a real city. You can have a court-house and a jail—that's about all. And you're pretty good people here; I don't believe you could ever fill the jail.

"Why don't you all hike right over to Gloria? You'll have to meet some financial loss at first. But there's not much money sunk here yet in buildings. The hotel is the only thing that's worth much-and the fat for that was fried out of the railroad. I tell you what you do. You all come over to Gloria and I'll fit you out-every citizen of Williamsburg-with a town lot the equivalent in size and location of what he owns here. Gratis, you understand. Most of your houses can be moved over. Come on, get a fresh start, It'll be good for you; it'll be good for me. We'll have one fine big town in the valley instead of a couple of squabbling little ones. I've got land enough to go round. I've got room even for Fred Jamieson and his printing-press."

Then the laughter and applause which had been punctuating his speech burst out in full enthusiasm. Rugg stood smoothing one bare arm, smiling quizzically. Then his face changed, and he leaned heavily against the table.

"I meant to say more—I'll stand by what I've said. I'm all in." His voice shook, and he collapsed just as Semp Hains, running up on the platform,

caught him in his arms.

They brought him to in a few moments, with water and restoratives from Jerry Burke's blind pig. He wanted to talk some more, but they wouldn't let him; they escorted him over to the hotel. Semp Hains stayed on the platform and harangued the crowd.

"Don't go just yet," he shouted. "I want to tell you people something. I've been with Jason Rugg all day. He got up at two o'clock this morning and chased Joe Meigs' runaway steers with me. He wouldn't turn till he got 'em back for Meigs-he'd have let his reputation and his town go to blazes first. And he did get 'em back, and Meigs has a new baby, and Meigs is a happy man to-night. It's Jason Rugg who made him so-kept going, sick and without food, until he dropped. He did it for Meigs. Now I call that being a good neighbor. I say we all move over to where we can have him for a neighbor."

Jamieson rose from down below. "I second the motion," he shouted.

Hains found Clara Osborne when he came down from the platform.

"It was a good speech, Semp," she said.

"I don't know," he answered dejectedly. "I don't see where our prospects come in."

She laid her hand on his arm, and smiled—though he did not see it—at his downcast face. "Never mind, Semp. I'll take my chances on them anywhere—with you."





se ch gg ed, le. by ce

m,

0-

es Ie

ey

m

ed

he

"T

ve

ot

nd

th

m

11-

st.

gs

Dy

10

nd

id

a

er

h-

he

ne

1-

ts

nd

is

re

HE prosperous-looking man with the gold-rimmed eye-glass was gazing judiciously at the canvas on the easel. It was the full-length figure of a woman—a young girl

forcing her way along a tangled bushgrown track. Her face was eagerly expectant, and her eyes, dark under the shadow of her heavy hair, were straining through the dusk. One hand was thrusting back a branch that stretched across her path, and with the other she unconsciously crushed a crimson flower that pressed against her breast. It was "The Ouest."

"Yes," said the man with the eyeglass, "It's not badly painted; the woman's alive and you've got a fine atmospheric effect about the whole thing, but—you don't expect to sell it, do

you?"

The lean-jawed young artist sat down wearily. "Well, I believe I had some thoughts of the kind," he said.

"You won't do it then, my boy! The public only pay for what they want, and they seldom want what they cannot understand."

Hesitating, the painter drew another canvas from behind the screen.

"This is the companion picture," he said slowly. "It is 'The Attainment.'"

It was the same woman, sitting in a blaze of light; there was a wreath about her brows and there were flowers at her feet; but she was looking backward, her eyes misty with a vague regret.

The man with the eye-glass looked at

it and shook his head. "Still worse, Bobbie," he said. "The first picture might have one chance in a hundred—this would have none. Even the 'Seekers' would not thank you for showing them that their quarry is Dead Sea fruit."

The artist drummed his lean fingers on the table and glanced restlessly at the clock; but the critic was enjoying

himself.

"No, no," he said, "if you want to make money at this game you must study your public. Look at the pennyfarthing trash—either pretty, boneless women or chromo-lithograph daubs. And yet the fellows who painted them are making their thousands, while you

He threw a comprehensive glance around the studio. A few copies of old masters and innumerable sketches decorated the walls, along one of which ran a wide shelf, containing a miscellaneous array of plaster casts. The floor was bare, and badly needed scrubbing. Besides an adjustable easel, a couple of stools, and a square table, the room contained but one easy chair, bought in that first flush of arrival years ago, when the morrow, save for its assured promise of success, was of little moment.

As the artist rose and stood before a copy of Da Vinci's portrait of Mona Lisa, the critic noted that he wore no collar, that his trousers were frayed at the edges, and that his nerves seemed to be in a like condition.

"There's something dominating about this dashed thing," said the artist. "I don't know if you've noticed it, Harding, but I've never felt anything quite like it."

The critic regarded the portrait coldly. For him the unfathomable eyes

held no message.

"Technique, Bobbie, technique!" He waved a plump, pink hand toward the painting. "For the rest—it's merely the portrait of an ugly woman with no eyebrows," Bobbie turned away without reply, and lifting his condemned canvas, placed it face to the wall, where it made one of a motley company. Bustling, Harding looked at his watch.

"By Jove! Past one, and I have a lunch appointment with Dalton. Clever fellow, that—hits the bull's-eye every time. Public can't get enough of his

stuff. Won't you join us?"

"No, thanks, old chap. A lunch with you and Dalton might spoil my appe-

tite for canned beans."

He of the eye-glass grinned in the foolish manner of a man who thinks he is expected to laugh at a weak joke. When he had gone, the artist went to a small cupboard and drew therefrom a piece of bread, a half-empty box of biscuits, and a can of beans. He soon finished his lunch, even to the crumbs, and gazed regretfully at the empty plate—if only he had not eaten so recklessly in the morning.

Never mind, this was Wednesday, and to-night he would see Eve—did he not always see her for that matter? In every ring of smoke that floated from his cheap tobacco, in every shadow-face that floated across his waking

dreams.

Just then the rattle of his door-bell startled him unpleasantly; he swept the débris of the lunch into the paperbasket, and hastily adjusted his tie.

Light hurried steps sounded on the stairway, two soft raps on the open door, and a girl's figure came flying in. She was harmonious and good to look at, from the crown of her dainty hat to the buckle on her gracious instep. The gray sheen of her gown leaped to a deeper tint in her laughing eyes, and a heavy coil of blond hair lay low upon her forehead, like a golden slug on the petal of a flower.

Eagerly the artist caught her graygloved hands.

"Aren't you surprised to see me, Bobbie? And such good news! I couldn't wait till to-night. I just had to rush up and tell you."

"Tell me then. What is it?"

She looked at him, the flush fading from her face, the points of light in her eyes merging into somber shadow. He rarely spoke her name, this odd, taciturn lover of hers—much less any term of endearment. Only once had he told her that he loved her; after that the fond assurance had to be drawn from him by subtle questioning.

"It's just this, Bobbie. We needn't wait any longer. We can be married straightaway if we want to." He did not speak for a moment and her voice changed. "Perhaps you do not care." "Not care, Eve?" His arms went

"Not care, Eve?" His arms went around her and she rejoiced in the swift sweet pain as his locked muscles

clasped her slender body.

"Yes," she went on breathlessly. "Uncle's got you the place with the Copper King. He's going to back you up and everything. He says there's millions to it—you must go and talk it over with him to-night. Isn't he a darling? Oh, I'm so happy!"

There was a long silence, and insensibly his arms relaxed and dropped

from her waist.

"Haven't you anything to say to me, Bobbie," she asked, with a quiver in

her voice.

"It's no use, Eve. You don't understand. If I were to accept the position your uncle offers to procure me it would mean giving up my——" He was about to say "my art," but much understanding of Eve made him alter it to "my profession." The girl's light eyes narrowed and she watched him through her blond lashes.

"Listen!" she said, speaking with obvious effort. "I've waited now three years, and I'm tired. Will you accept uncle's offer? He must have an an-

swer to-night."

"I cannot, Eve. Don't be unreasonable—let me explain." He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away.

"It is you who do not understand. If you let this opportunity pass it will mean that you will give me up." She waited palpitating. It was out—this thing that she had nerved herself to say; and now she could not meet his

"This means a lot to both of us—I must think it over," he said after a moment, and the girl winced at the changed note in his voice.

"I want to know now," she said firmly. She had only to be strong and he would yield.

"Will a quarter of an hour suit you?" She nodded, and picking up a dilapidated chamois leather, proceeded to flick a three months' accumulation of dust from the framed Mona Lisa. The artist watched her critically, impersonally, as one might gaze at a model before commencing a charcoal-drawing. He noted how her shining presence seemed to show up every stain and dust-rut; she was like the effect of strong sunlight in the unswept room. How new and modern she looked in her spring finery, standing before these musty casts. And yet-did they not take revenge for her so insolent freshness? As she stood before the portrait of Mona Lisa, irresistibly she suggested a photograph, highly finished, artistic, but still a photograph. It almost seemed as though the painted woman were the most vital of the two. The girl met his gaze and glanced resentfully at the portrait as though she sensed his thoughts.

"There's something haunting about that woman's eyes," she said. "If the thing were mine I'd—turn it to the wall."

The pictured face smiled mockingly upon her, serene, implacable as fate. "He is mine," framed the sweet, pitiless lips. "I am Art—the outward expression of the thing he craves. I have outlived a million of your puny loves and will outlive a million more."

The girl shivered. It was so strong, this thing against which she pitted her soft, white flesh, and sheen of hair, and cunning knack of dress. If he would only speak! She waited for the min-

utes, long, long minutes, and presently the distant chimes of a city clock rang out the quarter; the two looked at one another, and the man saw that her eyes were full of tears. He held out his arms.

"Come to me," he said, in the tone of one who gives a command. Then in a whisper: "My beloved!"

With a little cry the girl ran to him, her eyes aglow.

"You have chosen," she said joyfully. "You will accept?"

He held her close, caressing the blond head.

"Eve, listen! Not even for you can I bind myself to a life that will mean a living lie. No—I won't let you go. What I have to say you shall hear in my arms. That I may fail in art is a probability. That I would do so in any other profession almost a certainty. I must go on trying to express beauty as I see it, truth as I feel it. If I cease to do this I should hate my work, hate myself, in time——"

"Yes," she said dully. "In time?"

"I might even hate you."

Dazedly the girl withdrew herself from his arms, groping in her stunned consciousness for that little compact speech that she had prepared to crush him with; but the words thereof were as spilled water.

"That hurt, Bobbie," she said at last, with a quiver in her voice.

"Don't misunderstand me, dear." He would have drawn her to him again, but she drew away with the shrinking

but she drew away with the shrinking movement of a child that had been struck.

"You don't want me, Bobbie, half as badly as you want—that!" She flicked the chamois that she still held toward the unconscious head of Mona Lisa. "If you did you'd give up every thing. The strongest thing wins out. I've often heard you say so."

If only he would yield, prove his love by laying the burnt offering of his ideal at her feet, she would give back the sacrifice with loving hands.

"It can't be, Eve. You ask too much."

8

ding t in low. odd, any

had

ray-

me.

had

that awn dn't ried did

vent wift scles

the you ere's lk it dar-

senoped me, r in

dertion it He uch ilter

him with hree cept

ansonl to

Quietly, the girl withdrew her hands.

"We have been talking too long, Bobbie," she said in her usual tones, "and I have an appointment at two." She turned toward the door, but he held her back.

"Wait, Eve. Why are you almost

like a stranger to me?"

"No, a friend," she said briefly. She had need to be brief, for utterance was difficult.

"Do you think that my love can accept a compromise? I will have all or nothing. Let me plead with you, Eve. I've never pleaded to a woman before.

Give me a little longer. Don't leave me, dear, I need you." The girl swayed slightly, reaching out a hand to steady herself; there was a singing in her ears and the beating of her heart was sickening her, but she rallied her failing forces and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I think I told you I had an appointment at two. Will you let me pass?"

Instantly, Bobbie stepped back and held open the door, his eyes hard, his face carved in gray lines. The girl walked out with her head erect, but on the threshold she paused for a back-

ward glance.

interloping ray of sunlight reached from a window in the hall and stayed like a caressing hand on the painter's boyish head. With an impatient movement he jerked it away, as though resentful of a pitying touch. Flippantly the rejected beam leaped across to the opposite wall, where it flaunted tauntingly on the smooth brow of Mona Lisa. Fascinated, the girl's eyes sought the portrait for a farewell look. The subtle face was smiling upon her—was there a malignant triumph in those wonderful eves?

Eve made a little gesture of renunciation, and her mouth twisted into a

whimsical smile.

"She's won, Bobbie," she whispered. "Good-by."

II.

"Squeeze through, Harding, I can't get the door open any farther.'

A wide mass of man struggled into the room blinking resentfully through his eye-glass. He had just dragged his bulk up seven flights of stairs, and now it irked him to be compelled to squeeze sixty inches of circumference through a fifty-inch aperture. The stairs were unlighted, and for a moment his eyes, dazzled by the sudden glare, did not take in the unusual surroundings. The room seemed to be in more than its normal condition of disorder. A wooden case full of pictures was wedged solidly between the door and the wall; and two trunks, still unopened, stood in the middle of the floor, where rolls of canvas. discarded sketches, paintbrushes, jars, and curios of all kinds jostled one another in hopeless confusion.

Harding balanced himself carefully on the edge of the picture-case and glanced about him. Only the familiar head of Mona Lisa hung in its accustomed place above the mantel-shelf. The casts were huddled in a dejected group by the window, and Bobbie, hammer in hand and dust in his hair, was picking his steps through the strange assortment of objects that lit-

tered the floor.

"Have they kicked you out, Bobbie?" Harding's eyes bulged sympathetically, and there was a look of concern on his fat face.

The artist raised his lined, dark-

lidded eyes and smiled pallidly.

"I guess not, Harding. I'm off to Suva to-morrow. Excuse this mix-up,

I'm packing."
"Suva?" Harding's feet dropped massively upon a box of pastels, as he slid from the picture-case. "Would you mind telling me why the blazes you are going to Suva? Where is the place, anyhow?

Bobbie looked up with a weary smile. "If you wait till I light up I'll tell you," he said. "There's a sketch of Sarkley's may give you some idea of

Harding looked at the little blotch of color, and saw a brown smear of trees and a whitewashed town against a great wash of yellow ocher, and a

low red sun that blinked like a bloodshot eye through the ragged fringe of

palm-trees.

nto

igh

his

low

eze

igh

ere

res,

not

The

its

od-

ged

all:

in

of

nt-

ads

on-

illy

ind

iar

us-

elf.

ted

oie,

air,

the

lit-

2"

lly,

his

rk-

to

up,

ed

he

ıld

ou

ce,

le.

ell

of

of

ch

of

ist

a

"It's a little runt of an island, six days out from Australia. A mail-boat calls round once in a while. There's plenty of sketching, and other thingsto make a man forget. At night you sit on old Fifi's roof and drink, with the guitars whanging like thunder and the girls dancing in the street below, while the little brown kiddies tumble in the surf, and a whacking moon comes out of a thousand leagues of purple-green water-and nothing matters." paused, gazing with far-seeing eyes into the gray night without. "Daytime you loaf under the palm-trees, and throw custard-apples at the parrots. I could stand it-for a while, anyhow. All around are thousands of other islands. Better come, Harding. You pay too much for your snug respectability. Chuck the whole lying, ranting ruck of it and come along."

Harding's head wagged in faint dissent; the idea of joining the white flotsam on the edge of brown humanity

did not appeal to him.

"I know," he said. "Wander thirst. Don't cultivate it. It's bad for your precious art."

Bobbie laughed gratingly.
"Damn the art! They'll take what I give 'em now-because I give it. By the way, I sold 'The Attainment' yesterday."

"You're certainly getting on, Bob-

bie. And 'The Quest'?"

"Gave it away. I got an invitation last week, and not feeling up to nuptial festivities, sent along 'The Quest,' with apologies for absence of self."

"Apropos of nuptials, doesn't your little friend, Eve Harcourt, get married

to-morrow?"

"I believe so. They start on their honeymoon by the Persia to-morrow?"

"A very decent trip."

"Yes," said the artist evenly. "And her husband is a very decent fellow. A rising, indeed a risen, man."

Harding stroked his plump chin thoughtfully; after all, it couldn't have mattered to Bobbie. He'd had too many hard knocks from fortune to bother about women, poor devil!

Presently the painter picked up one of the casts, an infant's head by Donatello, and held it in unsteady hands.

"She was always dusting these things," he said. "I've seen her hold this one in her arms, and cuddle up with her cheek against it.

"Like to like, I suppose." He ughed a little. "What a lot of uselaughed a little. less junk a man collects in ten years!

Here goes one lot."

He lifted the head and tossed it into the iron grate. A flying fragment of the shattered clay struck Harding on the cheek and he cursed vigorously. Bobbie looked at him with an odd light

in his eyes.

"Thank God," he said thickly, "I'll away from it all to-morrow. They be away from it all to-morrow. are like these casts, the men and women of this cursed commerce-driven city. They've no blood in them, and their hearts are ossified into dollars-silver dollars. Dear God, Harding, when I walk along the street I can see itsilver-silver-the pallid hue of it in their faces, the cold glitter of it in their glances. And the women-"

"I know." Harding waved a futile hand in the painter's direction. "Hang

it all, haven't I been there?"

Bobbie crossed the room, and unlocking a cabinet drew therefrom a small green bottle. "I'm not getting much sleep lately," he said apologetically. "I'm not getting much "Must get this filled to-morrow."

The big man leaned over and placed

a hand upon his shoulder.

That stuff's "Chuck it, Bobbie! worse than morphia when it gets hold of a man.'

The other twisted slightly under the

friendly grasp.

"What's the use of talking twaddle? Oh, look here, old chap, don't mind

me. I'm a bit off to-night."

"All right, Bobbie. Every man on his own track, I suppose. But pull yourself together, do you hear? Leave all this truck. I'll run up in the morning and help you."

He engineered his large person through the door and babbled good-natured nothings half-way down the stairs in the harmless manner of his kind.

Bobbie closed the door, and dropped weakly into a chair. Four nights without sleep! It was no wonder that he was losing his grip on things. He walked to the window, and throwing open the shutter, leaned out to look at the lighted streets. It was still quite early, and the great stream of pleasureseekers was beginning to trickle sluggishly from the million veins of the Idly he watched the drifting crowds and listened to the incessant murmur of the throng. Single sounds detached themselves and floated to his ears; the high, excited ripple of a girl's laugh, the harsh cry of a street-vender, the jingle of a barrel-organ grinding out the strains of a popular song. Once a child's scream ripped across the Babel of sound like a piccolo note in an orchestra, and an ambulance-bell tinkled a couple of blocks away.

"Mädel," ruck, ruck, ruck, an meine

grüne seite."

A blind man was singing in the street—a wayward, rollicking German song that Eve had sung one night at Garth's the sculptor's studio. He saw it all again—the half-finished study of Charmion, and Eve's blue-gowned figure, a vivid splash of color against the dull tapestry and Garth's big fingers twanging the guitar.

"Mädel," he had called her. "Girlie,

dear."

Bobbie stared feverishly out into the darkness. Suddenly the drifting crowds swam and blurred before his eyes, and the lighted buildings reeled. Hc drew the curtain and turned within, glancing involuntarily at the Mona Lisa. In some indefinable way she seemed to have changed, this woman of many moods, and her mesmeric eyes held a new meaning in their depths. Wait! Was it the breath of a whispered word or the wind from the open window that fluttered in his ears?

There came a sudden rataplan as his bell rang sharply. He pressed the button with rising irritability. Some well-meaning bore coming to bid him

good-by.

Heavy steps sounded in the hall below, and presently a great head with enormous red ears and sagging jaws appeared, followed by a wide, square body. The owner of the head deposited an unwieldy object, apparently a large picture, at the artist's door, and then started at once down the stairs.

"Nothing to pay?" queried Bobbie, leaning over the banister. "Stop a moment. Who sent this thing?"

The big feet clattered thunderously down the last flight of steps, and the hall-door banged soundingly. The man was gone.

Bobbie carried the canvas in and laid it on the floor against the easel. Then he picked up a palette-knife and slid it through the paper across the face of the picture. So! She had returned it!

Feeling suddenly very tired, he sat down and leaned on the arm of his chair, regarding the painting critically, unemotionally. It was well painted undoubtedly, but what Harding had said was true; it was unsalable, and, as such, of no market or even personal value to any one but a dreamer. And now the incident with all that it meant to him was closed; he would turn the thing to the wall.

He rose wearily and lifted the canvas with limp fingers; it slipped from his grasp and fell over fragments of the Donatello head. Bobbie looked at it phlegmatically. As for the packing in the morning he would take a suit-case and a kit for his art-materials, and leave the rest of this stuff for the junkman. Henceforth he would have no strings on him, and to-night he would

There was a rap at the door, and he turned around indifferently.

"Come in."

The girl in the doorway hesitated a moment, and then stepped slowly over the threshold. Bobbie's heart pounded turbulently against his ribs and his knees weakened suddenly, but he looked at her with cold eyes.

"How do you do?" he said evenly. "I must ask you to pardon this disorder. I know it looks shockingly, but

I'm going away to-morrow."

The girl's eyes searched his face for a moment, then she smiled enigmatical-

ly.
"Oh," she said, "I'm glad I happened along in time to say good-by."
She glanced at the bare walls, the littered floor, and then at the fallen picture.

Bobbie followed her eyes.

l be-

with

jaws

uare

DOS-

ly a

and

bbie,

p a

usly

the

The

laid

hen

id it

the

sat

his

ally,

un-

said

uch,

alue

now

t to

the

ivas

his

the

t it

in

case

and

nk-

no

uld

he

da

ver ded his ked nly. lisbut

1

"It arrived a few minutes ago," he said. "You were very right—it was not worthy. By the way, how did you get in?"

"Behind the expressman. I hid in the hall." She smiled seductively. "I

heard you calling him back."

"I am glad at least that you find some amusement in the situation. I feel now that 'The Attainment' has not been painted in vain."

Eve looked at him whimsically.

"Please forgive me, Bobbie. I did not know that you had come to take yourself so seriously." She glanced at the floor. "What an unspeakable mess! Let me help you."

Carefully she picked her steps to the nearest trunk and began deftly rearranging the heaped-in articles. Bobbie watched her imperturbably.

"I fear," he said, when the silence had become aggressive, "that you are wasting your time on me, and you must have little to spare on this night of all others."

Eve's head bent lower over the trunk,

but she made no answer.

"I should think," he went on, "that you must be busy preparing for your

trip to Europe."

"I am not going to Europe." She struggled off her knees. Perhaps she would not feel at such a ridiculous disadvantage on her feet.

"Why?" His voice was still cold, and her throat tightened queerly.

"I have changed my mind, and so I returned your picture. You were angry, I know, but it wouldn't have been fair. I gave back all the others' presents as well—and—"

With a sweep of his foot he cleared a passage, and strode to her side.

"Tell me," he said. "Why did you

come here to-night?"

Eve glanced at the door. If only she had not come—if he would leave the room a moment and give her a chance to creep away without an explanation!

"Because—" Her voice trailed away, and with tense fingers she plucked at a button on her coat. Suddenly she raised her head. "Remember, I wished you success. Perhaps I shouldn't have come, but some day you will be glad that I saw you and wished you good-by." She slipped past him and ran through the door.

Half-way down the stairs he caught her, and led her back to the lighted

room.

"Tell me-why did you come?"

A sob broke in the girl's throat, but she covered it with a weak little laugh and strove to free herself.

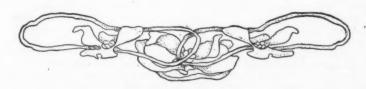
"Don't play with me any more tonight, Eve," he said quietly. "I'm dangerous. Answer me!"

The girl's breath came quickly, and reaching out her hand, she touched his

race.

"I met Harding. He told me—and—oh, Bobbie, the strongest thing has won out."

There was a sweet silence in the disordered room. Through the open window the myriad voices of the city murmured in their ears, and from her place on the wall the Mona Lisa watched them with inscrutable eyes, smiling across the centuries.







WARING was so late for the meeting that, when she came on tiptoe into the crowded room, she was forced to take what seat she could find. The dis-

covery that the only vacant one stood quite in the enemy's camp was somewhat disconcerting. But her look of deprecating resignation, as she squeezed into her chair, failed to attract even the slightest attention; for the moment of her entrance was a crucial one and the audience hung breathless on the effeet of a sharp encounter that had just taken place between two speakers. Mrs. Maria Mixter Mumford had closed an impassioned plea with a sudden direct attack on the other side in which she characterized its supporters as "a rocking-chair brigade whose horizon is bounded by a veranda-rail.'

To this Mrs. Todhunter Sturtevant, on her pretty feet in an instant, had replied caustically and given her opponent quite as good as she sent in the

line of repartee.

"You suffragists," she cried, "seem content to regard life through borrowed glasses, which distort your vision to such a point that everything, the rocking-chair, the veranda-rail—I had wellnigh added the *cradle*—is twisted into the false semblance of a ballot-box!"

In view of the established facts that Mrs. Sturtevant was proverbially one of the most indolent of her sex while near-sighted Mrs. Mumford "stood" in the community for a modern mother-hood that neglected the demands of numerous progeny, these strictures took

on a character so personal that the audience gasped for an instant before breaking into laughter and applause.

The chairman, however, rapped sharply for silence. In private or public capacity Mrs. Launcelot Buttress was equal to any emergency.

"I trust," she remarked, with some asperity, "that, however at variance may be our ideas as to the duties and prerogatives of our sex, we shall not allow ourselves to lose sight of the fact that we are all of us gentlewomen, and govern ourselves accordingly."

The time was half-past eleven o'clock on a winter's morning, the occasion a debate between some leaders of the "suffrage" and "antisuffrage" movements; and the place the charming Empire Assembly Room in the newly opened house of the "Paradise Club."

To differentiate from its fellows this flourishing organization for women had been a labor of love on the part of its energetic managers. Far from content that the club should offer only the material perfections of convenience and luxury, they determined that it should supply as well the subtler demands of the higher nature and become a nucleus of thought—not to say agitation—in the community it adorned.

With this ideal in view, they had appointed certain seasons for meetings at which certain topics should be discussed or elucidated as the case might be; and the series had already afforded a dazzling variety. Occultism, Bimetallism, and Vivisection had divided the sessions in impartial sequence with Bookbinding, Hygienic Dressing, and the Scientific Uprearing of Infants.

e auefore ise. apped pubttress

some iance and l not fact, and

clock

ion a the nove-Emnewly b." s this n had of its ntent maand nould ds of nuion-

d apgs at ussed ; and dazllism, sions ding, ntific

But this latest debate on "Equal Suffrage for Women. The granting of it is feasible and in accordance with the completest altruism" had been most successful of all. Indeed, its scope and popularity proved wide enough for two meetings, and it was at the second of these that Mrs. Waring found herself, a bit confused as to what it was all about, and yet conscious of an especial tension that seemed to forebode some imminent excitement. This developed suddenly with the very next words of Mrs. Buttress, who seized the advantage of the silence that followed her rebuke to lift again the voice of authority.

"It occurs to me," she remarked, "that just here, before the discussion is thrown open, it may be well to touch upon a matter that has caused your sub-committee much mortification and anxiety. I refer to that most unfortunate sequel of our last meeting; the publicity given to our proceedings in the columns of the daily press."

A sympathetic murmur ran through the assembly. A few rampant souls essayed some slight applause, to which the chairman raised a restraining hand. Only Mrs. Waring seemed mystified, and some hint of the question in her lifted eyebrows must have reached the chairman's consciousness, for Mrs. Buttress hastened to add an explanatory word.

"I will state again," she said, "for the benefit of those who may not know the circumstances, the fact that has caused us such embarrassment. Briefly, it is this. Although no reporters were allowed admission, our proceedings at the last meeting have become public property. So we are forced to conclude, though very reluctantly, that some one of our members or invited guests must have been so far forgetful of the dignity of the occasion and the inviolability of club-matters as to turn over information to various newspapers. The Flashlight, a sheet which personally I do not allow even in my kitchen, has published a most coarsely illustrated account of our last meeting; and the Comet, prone, as you all know, to sacrifice truth to cleverness, has made us

the target of one of its impertinent and vulgar editorials. Therefore, I seize this opportunity, ladies, to warn you strongly against such disloyalty; and I bespeak, earnestly, your cooperation in ferreting out, if possible, the guilty persons who have brought such discredit on our organization. That, I believe, is all I have to say on the matter," Mrs. Buttress finished abruptly, with a smile and a wave of her hand, "and now I take great pleasure in throwing open for discussion the question which we have heard so ably debated this morning."

A period of some small confusion ensued as several Laodiceans seized this opportunity to escape, and Mrs. Waring became suddenly aware of a figure that rose at the end of her line of seats and started to crowd itself, apologetically, past her neighbors.

It was that of an elderly woman of Amazonian proportions and a brown and strenuous face. Her austere gown, and the grim bonnet that clung flatly to her smoothly parted hair proclaimed her an apostle of the enemy, and Mrs. Waring, stanch "antisuffragist" that she felt herself to be at this time, stiffened at the approach. The "apostle's" progress, through the narrow aisle and past obtrusive knees, was slow and difficult, and when she reached Mrs. Waring, she lurched awkwardly and a pocketbook, held loosely in a cotton-gloved hand, fell to the floor.

Mrs. Waring picked it up and handed it back to profuse thanks. Then as she saw the stranger gain the haven of the broad aisle, she bent forward, with a sigh of relief, to smooth her skirts disarrayed in the encounter. As she did so, she caught sight of a paper at her feet. She took it up and glanced, absent-mindedly, at the penciled words that covered it. Her eye ran down familiar names. 'Twas just a shoppinglist!

Then, of a sudden, she stopped short. Why! What was this memorandum that she read?

Call at offices of Comet and Flashlight, if possible, before noon.

Instantly, the several details that had

floated vaguely through Mrs. Waring's mind-Mrs. Buttress' disclosure, her words of warning, the stranger's unprepossessing appearance—came together, in the light of this discovery, to form a concrete whole. This queer woman, whose baseness had been uncovered by the merest chance, was, beyond a doubt, the very culprit who had dishonored the club!

Mrs. Waring thrilled to the inspiring realization that she herself had been selected by fate as an instrument of retribution. She must prove herself worthy of this attention and act at once! No time was to be lost! So she obeyed the impulse and, holding tightly in her hand the incriminating paper, slipped quietly out of her seat and hurried from

II.

When Mrs. Waring reached the sidewalk, she had no very clear plan of ac-Indeed, there had been little chance to arrange one, for her anxious gaze, as she came through the door, fell at once on a stalwart figure nearly a block down the quiet street. The shape of its bonnet was unmistakable, and Mrs. Waring, with the instinct of a hunter for his quarry, quickened her steps in pursuit. She even ran a little as she realized that the long stride of the stranger might prove difficult to overtake.

But meanwhile she felt inclined to abandon her first idea of an immediate accusation in favor of a more conserva-

tive policy.

"Might it not be wiser," she asked herself, "to prove definitely the stranger's guilt before making any approach

to a scene?"

The situation was too grave to risk a mistake; it demanded care and finesse; the exercise, indeed, of some detective ingenuity! Yes; those words had a good ring and expressed the very quality that she must furnish. This idea, once harbored, was so pleasing that Mrs. Waring embraced it cordially.

As evidence of her decision, she hurried across the street in furtive fashion, and, with her muff held to screen her face, kept, from under the tilting brim of her plumed hat, strict watch on the stranger's progress. This progress was straight enough until the character of the street changed. With the advent of shop-windows, however, it became somewhat eccentric, and, to the watcher's surprise, the low-heeled shoes seemed inclined to linger before the most frivolous of these.

Twice had Mrs. Waring been forced to recross the street and follow the stranger within a shop-door. Once, while pretending to ask an address, she had seen the grim visage soften in the contemplation of an eighty-five dollar hat, and again she had discovered the cotton gloves in the act of fondling the elaborations of an almost priceless peignoir, which a disapproving "sales' lady" had produced with manifest reluctance.

"It's very queer," Mrs. Waring found herself thinking, "for such a badly dressed woman to come into shops like these! There's something so mysterious about it that I know she isn't what she seems to be, and I'm sure now that I was right in believing that she's really one of those terrible women reporters

in disguise."

But even as she reached this decision, affairs took a new turn, for, at a subway entrance, the stranger stopped suddenly, fumbled an instant to produce a coin from her stout pocketbook, and then disappeared down the stairs with Mrs. Waring gliding after her-in some trepidation, it must be confessed. To shift one's field of action to the bowels of the earth is disconcerting even under favorable circumstances, and the fact that the subway was a hitherto untried element lent a poignancy to Mrs. Waring's dismay. Somehow she had always fancied it a resort entirely given over to men and, as such, tinged with a certain impropriety.

Now, with a sense of relief, she saw that her own sex abounded there, and she managed to buy a ticket, struggle through the gate and, pushed in every direction, secure a seat in the crowded train, where, to her satisfaction, she found the stranger almost directly across the way.

reen

lting

h on

ress

arac-

ad-

be-

the

hoes

the

rced

the

nce,

, she

the

ollar

the

the

eless

ales'

re-

ound

adly

like

teri-

vhat

that

eally

rters

sion,

sub-

sud-

ce a

and

with

-in

sed.

OW-

even

the

un-

Mrs.

had

iven

with

saw

and

ggle

very

rded

she

And then, for the first time, Mrs. Waring became aware that she herself was the object of some reciprocal attention on the other's part. Those sharp black eyes had such a disconcerting way of meeting her own that she was almost inclined to change her seat.

Nothing but a sense of responsibility kept her still, and she looked demurely into her lap, only glancing up at each station. The journey grew interminable, past the safe regions of numbered streets into the limbo of names of confusing unfamiliarity. She seemed to be in a new city or, what was worse, under one, and this knowledge carried with it a fresh apprehension that she might, at any moment, glide into one of those dreadful tunnels she had read of, under the river and on her way to Brooklyn!

This fate, however, was to be spared her, for, at the very next station, evidently an important one, she saw the stranger rise to leave the car, and she hurried after, in close pursuit, elbowing her way through the throng up a long flight of stairs, at the top of which she emerged into daylight and found herself in an unknown square flanked by tall buildings. She saw the stranger gain the steps of one of these and, as she raised her eyes, Mrs. Waring stifled with difficulty a cry of joy, for on a great sign that stretched across the entrance she read the justification of her pursuit in the welcome legend: "Office of the Evening Flashlight!"

Yet some trepidation, natural enough at what she believed was the very gate of the scene of a dénouement, made Mrs. Waring hesitate in the hallway for a moment's arrangement of her forces. And the delay cost her dear, for, as with a deep breath of resolution that brought the light of battle to her eyes, she opened the inner door through which she had seen the stranger disappear, she was astonished to meet the lady, who had evidently transacted her business and was on her way out, face to face! This time the stranger bestowed upon her a glance of recognition

before which Mrs. Waring's smile withered. It was at once cold and menacing, and seemed to say: "I shall foil you yet!"

Unalluring as this attitude was, Mrs. Waring had gone too far for retreat, so she swallowed her agitation and turned once more in brave pursuit. Doubtless, as this square seemed the resort of newspapers, the stranger would go on her mysterious mission to the office of the other journal written on her list, the unmentionable Comet.

Mrs. Waring resolved that this time there should be no mistake. She would follow so close behind that, at the psychological moment, she could confront her with the proofs of guilt. But, greatly to her surprise, the expected did not happen. Instead, she found herself at another subway entrance and again embarking on a train. This time, however, she faced the situation with more equanimity as the journey lay up-town. She was able, also, to secure a seat out of range of those piercing black eyes and yet near enough for a point of vantage.

Again the stranger left the car at a crowded station—thank Heaven, it bore a number! Again Mrs. Waring followed, and this time, to her great relief, emerged into a scene that showed pleasant signs of familiarity. The stranger's pace grew faster; Mrs. Waring's quickened in response; and, across the street, they went straight for the entrance of a great department store.

In the crowd there was danger that the stranger might escape, and Mrs. Waring-flinging all caution to the winds—was almost at the other's back. They passed within; down one aisle they rushed, and another; they gained a waiting lift; it shot them to an upper story; simultaneously they darted forth and hurried across the floor. Mrs. Waring's excited breath came fast. She was conscious, with a sort of glorious disregard, that her hat was hopelessly awry. Yet she pressed on with the single thought that the mad pursuit could go no farther. Some action must be taken, and at once.

And suddenly appeared a means, as

if in answer to an unspoken prayer. A large man stood close at hand. He wore a helmet-hat and a blue coat with brass buttons. She recognized with joy these insignia of authority. He was evidently a policeman of some sort, a guardian of the discipline of the establishment. She pressed forward, formulating a fitting form of accusation as she went.

But, to her horror, the stranger who had evidently seen him, too, brushed her ruthlessly aside; and, an instant later, Mrs. Waring felt a sturdy grasp upon her arm and heard an excited voice cry out: "Mr. Officer, arrest this woman! She has been following me all the morning. I'm perfectly willing to appear against her, for I'm sure that she's either a thief or a lunatic!"

III.

"These were her very words, Manton Waring, 'a thief or a lunatic!' Did you ever hear of such a thing-and to your wife? Why, I could feel my knees trembling under me like aspens—it is the aspen-tree that shakes its leaves, isn't it, or does the poplar?-and, when I tried to speak, I hadn't any voice at all!"

It was almost eight o'clock, Waring was in his dressing-room; and, a few minutes before, his wife had burst in upon him, full of excitement and re-

proaches.

"Where on earth have you been?" she had cried, as she flung herself into a chair. "I've done nothing for hours but try to telephone you; and you weren't at your office or any club that was in the book, and at all those political places they couldn't tell me anything about you, either. Really, I don't understand! I needed you dreadfully, Manton, and when I couldn't find you I was in despair. So I've been taking a Turkish bath to kill time and to quiet my nerves; and, while I was there, it seemed a good chance to get my hair onduléed. I dare say that's what has made me so late. Please-Mantondon't! You'll ruin it, if you touch it! And now I find you here, calmly dressing for dinner as if nothing had happened when, for aught you know, I might perfectly well, at this very instant, be in prison and ruining your career forever!"

Now, with half the story told and husband's concern somewhat abated, Mrs. Waring allowed herself the effect of a pause before she took up the narrative again and repeated the last words dramatically.

"Yes, Manton, that woman had the audacity to denounce your wife as a

thief or a lunatic!"

Waring, turning from a furtive glance in the looking-glass at the white tie he had achieved with some difficulty, could not forbear to show his relief in a laugh of teasing irreverence.
"At any rate," he hazarded, "she

seemed to give you a choice of evils!"

This interruption Mrs, Waring ig-nored with dignity. "Of course the policeman was astonished," she went on, "for I can't believe I looked as queer as she did; but I suppose there was nothing for him to do but obey her, and so he took hold of my arm with his horrid red hand and, in an instant, more than a thousand people had collected, from Heaven knows where, and there wasn't a soul among them that I'd ever seen before, though, I dare say, I oughtn't to have expected it in a shop of that sort. It's one of those places where you go to buy things like corn-starch and flannel undershirts to put in barrels for missionaries.

"Then that woman began to talk! She had a voice like a trumpet, Manton, that you could hear for milesand, of course, the sound brought more people. I'm glad you weren't there to hear the things she said. Why, she actually accused me of trying to steal her pocketbook! You remember I told you about her dropping it at the club when she was leaving and the memorandum falling out? Why, that was the way I discovered what she was or, at least, what I had every reason to think she was, I'm sure you'll agree!

"And then she took up the story in detail, just as I've told it to you, only she told it in her way, which made an entirely different thing of it; she claimed, for instance, that she went into the newspaper office to leave an advertisement for a cook! Only fancy! Really, when she'd got through, I could almost believe I was the dreadful person she made me out. Isn't it odd that some very queer people have a way with them that is convincing? I don't understand it at all! Now where was I? I wish you wouldn't put me out by looking at yourself in that mirror, Manton Waring! Oh, yes, now I remember. Well, when that creature had quite finished-I was too astonished to interrupt her, as she richly deserved—the proprietor of the shop came up. He was a perfectly hideous little man in an alpaca coat with false teeth, and he asked me in a hateful tone of voice if I had anything to say for myself.

"Indeed, I have," I answered.
"I spoke quietly, Manton, and made my voice very low on purpose, so that every one should see that I was an entirely different sort of person from the other woman, and then I told my story. It was, of course, just the same story that she had told, only from the proper point of view, and you'd have been surprised to hear how different it sounded!

"But, when I had finished, that strange woman was glaring at me like a thunder-cloud, and I must say, the shopkeeper wasn't very nice either. I'm glad I never bought anything in his shop, though I've been through the place once or twice with Lucy Ballard, when they've had sales on—for he rubbed his hands together and laughed in a most disagreeable way.

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm blessed if I can figure this out with you two ladies disagreeing like you do, and I rather guess, Mr. Officer, that the business had better be settled in the police-station!"

"Then that other woman nodded her head and shouted: 'I quite agree with you!' And there was a good deal of excitement and, I dare say, I looked pretty queer myself—really you can't blame me with such a horrible thing as a police-station staring me in the face—for the policeman, who had rather a

nice face when you examined it closely, seemed to feel sorry for me.

"'Maybe, if you'll just give me your name and the names of your folks,' said he, 'I can call 'em up for you on the phone.'

"And then, Manton"—Mrs. Waring's voice lowered itself to an effective whisper—"the strangest thing happened! When I told them who I was, and where I lived, and gave your name, the policeman suddenly got very red and took off his hat at once. Then he began to apologize profusely, and so did the shopkeeper, who seemed dreadfully embarrassed. Indeed, they both turned quite angrily to the other woman and began to accuse her of all sorts of things, but, to my great surprise, she bore it quite meekly, for she started to apologize, too.

"'Dear Mrs. Waring,' she said, and, I assure you, she was almost in tears, 'how could I have made such a blunder? Pray forgive me!'"

"Now, Manton, you needn't pucker up your nice smooth forehead like that. You're no more mystified than I was!"

Mrs. Waring stopped to smile at her husband, who, all attention at last, had left his post at the mirror to seat himself on the arm of his wife's chair.

"But I can't see any sense, any reason in all this change of base, Gussie," he was declaring. "Aren't you making it up? It sounds quite crazy to me; a sort of department-store miracle. Come, out with it. Explain yourself! How on earth did you do it? Was it an 'influence'? Mesmerism, second-sight, animal magnetism, or just—shall we say it—the power of the human eye? You know you've some skill in the last direction, Gussie," he added teasingly.

Mrs. Waring, her cheek against her husband's shoulder, smiled up at him archly.

"You are a stupid, modest thing!" she cried. "Why, I had nothing to do with it at all! But it was a sort of miracle, if you like. Oh, you dull boy, don't you see? Then I shall have to tell you. Why, the thing that changed everything so suddenly was just the mention of your name!

"No, don't say 'Nonsense'; it's perfectly true." Mrs. Waring's protesting little hand was at her husband's lips. "Twas all explained to me later. It seems that the nice, red-faced policeman owed his 'job'—so he said—to you, and naturally he was ashamed of having treated your wife like a criminal. Then the shopkeeper kept saying something or other about a bank, that I couldn't quite understand; only I seemed to remember vaguely that you are a president or something of it.

"But now, Manton, comes the strangest thing of all. Do you know, the woman turned out to be a sort of cousin of the Buttresses, from New Jersey or Long Island—I always mix those places up—who is really a nice person, even if she is a suffragist. She had come to the meeting of the club on that account—she's an out-of-town member—and what she said about advertising for a cook was perfectly true,

too.

"But the real reason for her coming to town to-day—now listen, Manton, for it's like a fairy-tale—was to see you! She told me that she meant to go to your office when you were in good humor after luncheon, and she showed me a letter of introduction from Launcelot Buttress, when I took her to the station in a cab. Oh, what she wanted was a position for her son in that company you're forming in—is it—South America? I told her to leave it all to me, and that I'd see that you did what she wanted.

"Wasn't that right? I was ashamed, though, to let her know that I'd never even heard of the company before! Really, Manton, you ought to talk over your business affairs with me more, for I might be able to help you very

I might be able to help you very often just as I'm doing now."

"Good Lord, Gussie, I believe you!" said Waring. Then he laughed aloud. "But you were playing in luck to-day! That policeman was Hennessy, a nice chap, the janitor's son at my office, and I did get him on the force. Then it was no wonder that your shopkeeper wanted to keep on the right side of me, for 'twas old Rosenheim, by your de-

scription, and, if the Seventeenth National called his loans he'd be in a pretty fix. As far as your strenuous lady goes—her name was Plummer, you said —I've never seen her, and I hope I never shall. But I've heard of this son of hers—somebody else recommended him to me—and, if he turns out as well as I hope, he'll do for the place, I think."

"And I think"—Mrs. Waring interrupted her husband by throwing her arm about his neck—"that you are a wonderful person! You're so important and so powerful, and have so much influence, that I feel safe, absolutely safe, just to bear your name! And I believe, though, of course, no one is as nice as you are, you dear thing, that most men are rather like that, if women will only

think so!

"Oh, I'm glad I'm not a suffragist"-she drew a deep breath of satisfaction -"because they are so self-sufficient and, really, it's the very nicest thing in the world to have some man to depend on! Why, there's Barker coming to announce dinner! Mercy! I'm a perfect fright, though my hair is rather nice, don't you think? Come on, dear; don't look in that glass again. I must go down just as I am. Let me take your arm. Come! Who did disclose the secrets of the club meeting? Are you asking me? Why, Manton Waring, how funny that you should speak of that when it was on my mind, too! Of course, I'm not sure-you won't laugh at me, Manton; promise-but do you know that, when I was following the Plummer woman into the subway, it suddenly occurred to me that Lucy Ballard had met me the very next day and told me what had been said, and that I hadn't gone a step farther before that funny little Twitter woman, who writes for the papers, joined me.

"Of course, I'm not sure, but I may have said something; though it was perfectly disgusting of her to print it, if I did. Don't you agree with me? Really, Manton, I'm rather tired of all this. Let's talk about something else! Do you know, dear, that the more I see of women the fonder I grow of men!"





UT you haven't told me about your trip, Nell; did you find your Western summer very dull?"

"Not very."

"Even when playing cheerer to an in-

valid?"

"You forget how delightful Cousin

Parthenia is.

"She is charming, when she wishes to be, and she is always gracious to you; but to be shut up for three months in a little mountain mining-town! How did she happen to choose that?"

"Mrs. Brainerd persuaded her; she and Cousin Parthenia have been friends ever since their Philadelphia schooldays. Cousin says she loves her better than anybody because Mrs. Brainerd always makes her feel perfectly free to be disagreeable whenever she likes.'

"Who is Mrs. Brainerd?"

"A dear old lady, with a positively frivolous taste for young persons. She insisted upon cousin's bringing some girl with her, and I seemed the only available. Mrs. Brainerd's children are all married and settled elsewhere, while she is tied down there by her husband, who thinks it absolutely essential for him to watch his gold-mine.'

"Wasn't it stupid, Nell?"

"It was restful; total change of environment, mountain air, and magnificent scenery."

"But the human element was lack-

ing."

"Not entirely." "Any men?"

"A few." "Suitors?"

"One."

"That doesn't sound so bad; tell me about it, dear."

"You wouldn't be interested, Betty."

"In a love-affair?"

"But this was only half of one."

"Well, 'half a loaf'; and then it was yours, which means more to me than half a dozen others."

"Thank you, Betty; I know it is a weakness, but your flattery always

gives me a thrill."

"How many men were at hand?" "There were four young-more or less young-men."

"Do present them, one by one."

"Mr. Ranger; average size, average face, average coloring, but with unusual enthusiastic force which showed in all his speech and bearing. I afterward heard he was considered the best promoter in that section, and owned a mine of his own."

Was he attractive?"

"No; he did not come up to our standard. 'I'm pleased to meet you,' he said smugly when presented. 'We are always glad to see girls out here.' He constantly did little things that grated on one."

"Didn't he improve on acquaint-

ance?

"Yes; but even when he showed the finest part of his nature, as when he saved the Italian, that other side came out revoltingly.'

"Why did Mrs. Brainerd have him?" "Oh, everybody accepted Mr. Ranger, without exactly approving of him. They did not apologize for him or pretend him different, but they liked his goodhumored, generous breeziness. Then he had many interests, and there were so few persons."
"Number Two?"

"Mr. Beck; short, prosperously stout, with quick movements, and keen eyes turning to survey you carefully through his glasses. He spoke quickly and to the point, his attitude suggesting that 'There is no necessity for wasting time; speak up; let's hear what you have to say."

"Did he appear better than Mr.

Ranger?"

"Yes; and yet you found yourself not liking him better."

"Why?"

"I don't know whether it was because his manner keyed one up to an unpleasant quick uneasiness, or because his interest was too impersonal. He impressed one as being absolutely self-centered, or with his thoughts concentrated on his particular properties so that other things and even persons did not matter."

"He wasn't interested even in you?"

"Betty!"

"Pardon me, dear, but I wondered how he could help being. Number

Three?"

"Mr. Enslow; deliberate, almost careless, in manner and speech. He looked as if he might be an easy-going clerk, unless you noticed his eyes. In spite of his manner, he was not without concentration; he thought and planned carefully, then saw that things were done as he had planned. Like all the other three, he was a fine business man making a fortune, though he did not appear at first glance to be of that kind."

"There was some variety."

"Quite a little."
"And the fourth?"

"He was rather good fun—Mr. Arrington; cool, aloofly self-possessed, cynical, often amused and amusing, and ready to flirt to avoid ennui."

"A valuable summer asset."

"He was an addition, but he was called away shortly after we arrived, on business that kept him most of the summer, so we really saw very little of him. We met them all at a beautiful dinner Mrs. Brainerd gave us immediately, and those men had so little social life that it was pitiful to see their appreciative enjoyment."

"What did such diverse personalities find in common to talk about?"

"Oh, mines, and the State, and prospects and prospecting, until the men were satisfied and we had got something of the atmosphere of the place. Then in some way, apparently quite incidentally, our hostess included all the men in the discussion between herself and the man at her left as to what men most admire in women."

"How did they respond?"

"They answered promptly, with some apparent frankness, although their opinions were doubtless cheapened by being extemporaneous."

"Still they may be valuable; give me

the results, Nell."

"Mr. Ranger spoke first, rather too loud: 'A good figure.' There was a pause for a few seconds; two of the men exchanged glances. And Cousin Parthenia raised her lorgnette and her chin and surveyed him critically. Then he happened to turn toward me at his side and added: 'But a pretty face is very nice even if the girl is thin.'"

"Did that help?"

"I hardly thought so, and several of the men smiled. He doubtless meant it as a compliment, and I remembered it indulgently when the option was given. 'I suppose every man admires beauty, doesn't he?' our hostess inquired appealingly of the group. 'Yes, but not most of all,' her husband answered."

"You must have had a stenographic

report, Nell."

"No, but I was interested; and while I may not have their exact words, I do remember the points they made. You should have seen the demure air of the girls as they listened."

"What did the others say?"

"Mr. Brainerd called upon Mr. Beck. 'It is not necessary for the girl to be pretty if she is stylish, with a nice bank-account,' he replied. 'A wife is such an expensive luxury nowadays that most men wish her at least partly automatic.'"

"Why, Nell!"

"'I don't agree with you,' Mr. Enslow said. 'That's laziness instead of

admiration. I think men most admire old-fashioned womanliness, though the brilliance of beauty and speech often dazzles them into a blind choice."

"What did the other man say?"

"Mr. Arrington? 'Men like one thing and admire another,' he replied when questioned. 'That explains so many of the misfits; men will marry the girls they like for some cause or other, instead of the girls that are good for them, and whom their sober second sense admires.'"

"Did they accept that?"

"No, it produced a howl of remonstrance; and when that subsided, they drew him back to the question: 'What do they most admire?' 'Themselves, usually. The girl's seeming admiration for the man and her accompanying flattery are responsible for one-half of the marriages.'"

"You didn't appear to agree, I hope."

"No; we girls had been keeping quiet, but a murmur of protest broke from us at that, and cousin's slowly raised lorgnette added to the disapproval in her eyes—or it may have been interest; you know she never married."

"What happened then? Did that dis-

pose of the subject?"

"No, they all talked some more and modified their opinions until every girl felt comfortable and reasonably assured. I remember that on the second round Mr. Ranger replied: 'Get up and get; a girl that can do things, and one that loves you!' Which the other men seemed to approve, though they did smile at his enthusiasm. And Mr. Arrington said in his deliberate manner with apparent sincerity that to some men a girl's greatest charm lay in her cleverness coupled with kindly tact, in her gracious savoir faire. After saying it he waited a moment until the others had ceased to look at him, then glanced at me and bowed ever so slightly; it was unnoticed even by Cousin Parthenia; wasn't that neat?"

"Very! How did you happen to be looking at him after the others had stopped?"

"Betty!"

"Did you see much of those men

afterward? "Did I? Some one of them was always on hand. Mr. Ranger appeared the next morning, walking past the house with his hat on one side-it was a habit with him, that hat, a detestable little habit—and he stopped to chat with me on the porch for a quarter of an hour. In the afternoon Mr. Arrington took cousin and Mrs. Brainerd and me for a drive; he had arranged it the evening before, to give us a bird's-eye view of the place. It was kind of him, but the road was so rough that Cousin Parthenia nearly broke her lorgnette when we reached the worst ruts. That evening Mr. Beck and Mr. Enslow called.

"And then?"

"There followed such a stream of attention that I felt embarrassed."

"Did they bother you the entire summer?"

"No. Mr. Arrington was called away on business after the first week, and was gone two months. The others were not a bother, though they did not allow us to become lonely."

"Mr. Ranger?"

"He was most kind. He sent the first box of candy, expressed from Denver. When I thanked him for it he replied carelessly, tipping back his chair: 'Oh, that's nothing; we don't think anything of such things out here, even if they do come a good many miles. Was you pleased with it?'"

"'Was' you?"

"Those were his words, but I did not look pleased. There was something in his manner which suggested the idea that he had sent the box for his own sake and not for mine."

"Flattering!"

"But he was sufficiently attentive later to satisfy the most exacting. For a time, after Mr. Arrington left, he almost ran Mr. Beck and Mr. Enslow away."

"Too devoted?"
"He meant well."

"These stupid men that mean well! What diversions did you have?"

"Driving and attendant mountain

views were our chief diversions, but the men gave us a mountain-top picnic a few days after the dinner. We went up to see the moon rise, instead of the sun, and all rode burros, which the men seemed to think would be easier than walking. You should have seen cousin trying to use her lorgnette on the nearer scenery as our snaily steeds plodded up the mountain. It was a long way up, but the view was simply magnificent; you never saw anything finer. Everybody was appreciative and enjoyed it, and the full moonlight on the mountains idealized their beauty."

"I can quite believe it. With whom

did you ride?'

"Mr. Arrington was with me a good deal, and Mr. Ranger not far off. There was a great friendship between them, though Mr. Arrington loved to tease him, and would say nice things to me when Mr. Ranger was within ear-shot. But the path was narrow and we had to trail much of the way, and all except Cousin Parthenia joined in singing a number of old songs. Coming down, Mr. Ranger picked his teeth and chewed his toothpick until I grew so nervous that I suggested the singing to stop him."

"Dear me! And after the picnic?" "Mr. Arrington left, and two days later Mr. Ranger brought Mr. Beck to take cousin and me for a drive. We took the most scenic of the nearer drives, and found he had a dozen men working on the road to improve it. A new trap and two good horses had also been imported, and the driving was I commented on the change, whereupon he turned to me and said in a low voice: 'It is all for you; you don't know how much I want you to have a good time.' Those words came back to me and made me feel like a criminal a few weeks later when I saw two lives about to be snuffed out in consequence of his effort to please me. As he spoke, his look and tone were sincere and unconsciously plaintive; his manner was in keeping with the finer side of his nature.'

"I hope you were appreciative?" "Yes, I was quite touched and showed it, though I begged him not to go to such trouble for me. Presently he asked, a trifle abruptly, I thought, for any one but Mr. Ranger: 'Are you engaged?""

Why, Nell; what did you say?" "'What a question! Girls do not tell such things—to men."

"Was he satisfied with that?" "He did not seem entirely so, for he asked again after a few minutes' pondering: 'Have you had any proposals since you came West?"

"You then felt inspired to confide in

him?"

"I felt like crushing him, but realized that the poor man did not mean to be impertinent, and that if I made a scene cousin and Mr. Beck would stop talking and hear; so I answered, laughing again: 'A girl does not tell such things either."

"Was he quenched by that?"

"Not he. There was a slight pause; he contemplatively flicked the horses with his whip and took a fresh hold on the reins, then asked what I thought of Mr. Arrington. 'He's delightful,' I responded sweetly. 'And Beck there?' 'Charming,' I replied, watching his gloom increase and wondering whether Mr. Beck could hear. 'And that Enslow?' 'Very nice,' with emphasis and another beaming smile to offset the deepening seriousness on his face. 'They have all been lovely to us, and I'm sure we ought to think well of them.' 'And yet I---' he broke off. 'You're too popular; I don't believe I ought to have undertaken it. Why don't you like me?" " "Jealous?"

"It seemed so. 'I'll make you like me yet,' he said, drawing down his hat and flicking at the horses again. 'There's a good deal more to me than just what you see. I know I'm different; but see here, I'm in for this now. I'm a stayer, I am.' And he set his jaws and squared his shoulders with determination. There was so much man about him that you sometimes almost forgave the lack of the gentle. 'Arrington's gone; I wish he was here; but I had a long talk with him the other day and he told me what to do, and he ought to know. "You make her have a good time, Billy," he said; but how can I make you have a good time if you don't like me? You must like me. "It'll be dull for her out here this summer," he said, and he spoke of the horses and trap and road. And say,' Mr. Ranger continued, 'I don't know how to go about this affair; I've dealt more with men and mines and options than with ladies; but if you're not engaged, you can consider you have an offer, good for sixty days. Now don't be hasty; just take your time; you look too much like you was getting ready to turn it down. I consider it a good one. You just keep still and remember that you have an option on matrimony for sixty days, an option not to be sneezed at. If you decide you'd like to take it, just let me know at any time."

to

ly

ıt,

ou

ell

he

n-

ils

in

11-

m

de

ld

d.

ell

e;

es

n

of

e-

is

er

1-

ıd

1e

e.

d

of

Ť.

I

't

e

at

n.

n

r-

v.

is

h

n

e

"Extraordinary man! How were

you affected?"

"At first I felt indignant, then rather complimented; for, although I might not appraise him so highly as he valued himself, was he not offering me all that he was and possessed? I tried to•look at it from his view-point, and wondered how he could make me like him in sixty days. 'But promise me you won't marry any one else before the sixty days are up,' he broke in upon my meditations; 'promise me that, won't you?'"

"Did you promise?"

"Hardly. I should have been angry had he not been so much in earnest. 'I don't intend to marry within that time,' I answered, 'but a girl never promises not to marry.' He insisted, but I only laughed and shook my head; and he finally had to content himself with reiterating: 'Remember your option; it's a good one; and don't be fooled by anybody else. You listen to Billy; he's a good one to tie to!' he concluded, cocking his hat on one side and swelling with self-satisfied importance. 'Billy' indicated Mr. Ranger himself."

"What a charming suitor! His next

performance?"

"He was always doing something for us; we could not stop him. We de-

clined his invitations for a week, but it did not seem to affect him; and after all, social conditions were primitive out there, and he was a friend of the Brainerds. His manner was often fatally unfortunate, but we discovered some of his attractive qualities also."

"For instance?"

"His loyalty to his friends and to his employees. He was devoted to Mr. Arrington and would do anything for him; and they had been working together to improve conditions for their miners. They gave them comfortable sanitary quarters, with a good mess at low cost; an attractive reading-room, with games, and with frequent lectures and concerts; and they took a personal interest in each man, which the men appreciated most of all."

"Did Mr. Ranger worry you much

with his wooing?"

"He appeared anxious not to do so, and seemed to repress his sentiment; to wish to make me have a pleasant time and like him rather than to annoy me with repeated askings. But after a time he simply had to speak."

"What did he say, dear?"

"Cousin and I were driving with him one afternoon, and we had stopped for some wild flowers. Mr. Ranger and I had both got down to get them when he said quietly: 'Ain't you ready to take up that option yet?' 'Oh, no,' I answered, with my sweetest smile. 'Why not?' he queried. 'Do I bother you so? I've tried not to; don't you like me a little better?'"

"You were touched by that, I know."
"Somewhat, for he said it so anxiously. 'Yes, we do like you more now that we know you,' I replied. But he still appeared worried and remarked: 'I wish Arrington was here himself. He'd know what to do.' 'Don't worry so,' I responded. 'Let me advise you—.'"

"You, Nell? What did you advise?"
"Nothing, for just then cousin called to us that she feared the horses were getting restless. Cousin Parthenia usually let me manage my own affairs, but that time she took a hand. 'What were you two discussing so earnestly?' she

inquired, surveying us critically through her lorgnette. 'Talking about something very desirable,' he replied."

"Did he mean you, Nell?"

"I thought so and added, smiling: 'But unattainable.' Then blushed as he turned toward me with an odd expression and remarked: 'You can take it up at any time within the limit.' Cousin did not quite catch what he said and asked: 'What is it?'"

"His answer?"

"'There's a man wants to dispose of something to another party, and the other party has an option on it, but don't seem to wish to take up that option at all; everything's hanging fire.' 'Well,' Cousin Parthenia announced, 'the seller should not mind if the other man doesn't wish it'—'man,' Betty; wasn't that nice in her?—'but should take his goods to another market. One can dispose of anything if he goes to the proper market.'"

"Not encouraging."

"But kindly, for cousin. 'Yes, but he don't want another market,' he responded. 'Then he's a fool,' cousin replied, 'and had better become aware of the fact.'"

"Why, Nell!"

"'Maybe he is,' Mr. Ranger answered slowly, 'but I believe the other party's missing a mighty fine chance,' Mr. Ranger was a kindly man; I don't believe I ever met a man in whom the attractive and repelling qualities were more evenly blended."

"He must have been very human. How could you decide absolutely about

him?"

"The accident determined the matter definitely. I knew positively then." "Accident? Tell me all about it."

"We had started down the mountain, and as we talked were looking off from the narrow winding road out into space toward farther mountains and the glowing evening sky, when suddenly we heard the heavy lumbering of a wagon over the stones of the road back of us, and the sharp quick beat of horses' shoes against the rocks. A man's voice was calling excitedly and apparently ineffectually to his

horses; the winding road and the trees hid them from our view, but we could hear them coming closer and closer."

"A runaway?"

"Yes, and a great lumbering wagon on that narrow road! Mr. Ranger 'That's stopped a moment to listen. that fool Velli!' he exclaimed. working the road up there with some of the other miners, but he don't know anything about horses. Where's that blasted driver? I'll be--' Then he shut his lips hard and turned away his face, as he touched up the horses we were driving and went sharply down a little ways. The noise behind grew nearer and nearer, and presently the plunging horses and swaying wagon came into sight a short way back where the road turned. Mr. Ranger swore sure enough this time, though I don't think he knew it; and giving our team a cut with the whip he turned them up a steep slope of the mountain between trees at our left, so as to clear the road.

"We had no time to spare, for the excited horses back of us came plunging nearer with the wagon bouncing at times high off the ground, and the tall frightened Italian holding on to the reins but absolutely powerless to stop them. His eyes bulged with horror, and ours did, too. It was the wagon that carried hay and feed for the horses, and tools for the men who were

working on the road above."

"Horrible! What did Mr. Ranger do?"

"He had got our horses quiet and told us to climb down, which we did in a jiffy, for our trap was at an angle of about forty-five degrees: then, just as the wagon came floundering past, Mr. Ranger dropped the reins he was holding, stood upon the seat of the trap, and with a well-calculated spring landed on the hay in the bed of the wagon."

"Circus performance!"

"Don't, Betty! Wait until you hear the rest! It was splendid in him, and he seized the reins and began trying to quiet the horses, while the Italian stepped back; but a sudden lurch round a curve nearly threw them both out, and then Mr. Ranger broke loose in rees ould "" gon

nger nat's He's onne now that i he his we own rrew the gon here

vore on't eam up reen oad. the luncing the to to horthe the vere

and did ngle just bast, was rap, and-on."

near and ying llian out, out, a volley of curses. I never in my life dreamed of such a torrent of oaths as he poured out on those horses and poor Velli; it was so terrible that we involuntarily closed our eyes and put up our hands as when there is a blinding flash of lightning. I had a curious subconscious feeling that it would be logical for him to be stricken dead on the spot on account of his blasphemy. It was so revolting that the impending tragedy on that rocky cliff road, with the noise of the wagon and of the galloping horses as they went tearing down the mountain, seemed as nothing in comparison with the volley after volley of oaths and vile epithets he hurled out in thundering tones."

"He had no time to think, Nell." "So it must have been from old practise. Presently as we saw them round a sharp turn below a terrible thing happened. Mr. Ranger was doing all in his power to keep the horses' heads well up against the mountainside of the road to avoid the sheer descent, but as this turn was made the right hind wheel of the wagon left the road and swung out into the air where the narrow terrace for the road fell off into space. Velli was standing holding to an upright at the other hind wheel, and when Mr. Ranger saw what had happened he called to him again: 'Hold tight and balance it, Velli!' adding some more imprecations as he tugged at the lines."

"How awful!" "There for a second they were, poised on the edge of things, with one wheel of the heavy wagon standing out into nothingness. Velli's weight thrown in the opposite direction as he held the upright might have kept the wagon's balance until they could have swung round to the road again, but despite all commands and maledictions the terrified man jumped to the ground and Then it was all over in a few safety. seconds. The weight of the man being gone threw the balance to the other side; and while we stood horror-stricken above and Velli crouched cowering unhurt farther down, we saw the wagon careen, the hind part go plunging over into space, dragging the front part and horses with it; heard Mr. Ranger's loud curses grow heavier and heavier, until he was thrown out into the air as the crashing wagon and groaning horses went over the cliff."

"Oh, Nell, what did you do?"
"What could we do?"

"Did it kill them all instantly?"
"One horse broke his neck, and the other his legs; it was shot later; but by a miracle Mr. Ranger landed in the top of a cedar-tree forty feet below, and escaped with bad scratches and bruises."

"It was a miracle."

"Wasn't it? We scrambled down to him as soon as we could, but Velli reached him first. When Mr. Ranger saw him coming and fully realized the condition of things, he stopped his bruised descent from the tree to curse Velli still further, and let fall a continuous fury of execrations until he heard us calling and saw us clambering down toward them; then he stopped with a great effort."

"He was not seriously hurt?"

"No; he was rather the worse for his experience for a few days, but not even then confined to the house."

"Couldn't you like him even as a bruised hero? He was splendid in trying to save Velli."

"That was fine. But I was never with him ten minutes after that experience without thinking of those torrents of oaths and finding myself fascinatedly watching his lips as the place from which they had flowed; I unwillingly dwelt upon their evil and their low coarseness as a part of his nature."

"Yes, sometimes. But marry him?"
No. Even if I could have forgotten the oaths, I should have been ashamed of him half the time among our friends."

"No woman should marry a man she's ashamed of. But could you not have improved him?"

"Betty, I can't give you quite the effect; he did so many things, any one of which you might almost have excused in another man, but taken together they proclaimed him hopeless. I know a dozen men that lacked advan-

tages when young who do not impress me in that way, for they seem to have a certain sense of refinement. But there was something irretrievably lacking in Mr. Ranger. There was a coarseness which could not be eliminated, and he could never have been made to understand why the disregard of matters of form should grate upon a woman accustomed to the niceties."

"Did he spoil your summer by harassing you with the option, dear?"

"No, in that he was really quite considerate, though he referred to it several times."

"What did you do?"

"I constantly discouraged him. After each discouragement, he would be rather quiet for a while, then urge the matter again. Finally I brought the affair to a definite climax."

"How, Nell?"

"It was on the excursion to Pueblo to see the smelters. Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd took a party of us down in their private car, and on the return trip Mr. Ranger and I had the rear platform to ourselves for a time. We had been silent for some minutes; he was looking very grave, and at last leaned toward me and said earnestly: 'Haven't you decided yet that that option is worth taking?'"

"Oh, you stony-hearted!"

"Hush, Betty! I need your sympathy."

"Symbathy? Why?"

"I decided that the option had continued long enough, that it was cruel to allow the poor man to think I could learn to care for him as he wished. My conscience hurt a little because of his devotion all summer, though really that was not exactly my fault. I determined to settle the question then and there."

"Brave girl! How did you do it?"
"I said firmly, but kindly: 'Mr.
Ranger, it is not worth while for you
to speak of that option again. You

have been very kind to us, and we appreciate it greatly. I like you, but I do not love and can never marry you."

"Did he accept his fate manfully?" "'Who? What?' he said quickly, straightening up. '1? Did you think the option was on me?' he asked in horror-stricken tones. 'Naturally,' I answered stiffly. 'Why, it was Arrington! I was trying to help him out, working in his interest, promoting his stock!' He almost stammered in his haste to undeceive me. 'Arrington asked me to do what I could for him while he had to be away, and I did; but not me! Oh, no! I've got a girl in Denver; we're going to be married this fall. Perhaps I didn't make it clear enough; I thought you knew all the time,"

"Oh, Nell, you refused the wrong man, one who had not proposed!"

"Don't, Betty! You must not laugh at me. I feel the humiliation yet." "Poor dear! And Mr. Arrington?

Did he return before you left?"

"Yes."

"Did he know?"

"That horrid man had told him!"

"Delicious! What did Mr. Arrington

"He was lovely—referred lightly to the efforts of his zealous friend and hoped they had not greatly annoyed me; but his eyes showed how he relished the situation."

"Did he allude directly to the op-

tion?"

"Yes, but I told him I would never consider an option again—I was too stupid."

Then he?"

"Laughed and laughed, softly, with that mocking gleam in his eyes, until I laughed, too."

"Is that all, Nell?"

"Don't speak in such a disappointed tone, my dear."

"But Mr. Arrington?"

"He is coming on here next week."





LLEN HINCKLEY, of Boston, the new basso at the Metropolitan, after an experimental stage in "Robin Hood," sailed away with six rôles in his head, all in

German, learned parrot-fashion; after five years he returns with as many seasons at Hamburg, and two Bayreuth engagements behind him as part of his

history.

re apt I do ou.' y ?" ickly. think 1 hor-I anrringout, ig his n his ngton r him did: a girl arried clear ll the

vrong

laugh

gton?

ngton

tly to

and

noved

e rel-

e op-

never

s too

with

ntil I

ointed

k."

There is a humorous side to this situation, and others similar, along with the national trait of fearless venture. With us, where opera in the past at our two institutions has been sung in any language but the vernacular, an artist could return year after year without speaking English enough to save him from assassination. In Germany, if he would stand behind the footlights of any opera-house, no matter how obscure, it must be German or nothing, for the Germans, failing of a long course in strange languages, have not become hardened into indifference as to whether the sung word is Choctaw or Esperanto. This same insistence on the national tongue throughout the Continent has made the barrier of speech the first and hardest for our singers to vault. But they have vaulted it, not without complications.

When Hinckley set forth with the result of his labors, he determined to

give six months to the trial in Germany. If his feet landed on open scene they would stay there, if not they would have to find their way home.

One of his letters of introduction was to Mahler, then at Vienna, and to Vienna he went to deliver it. For four days he awaited his chance to get into the conductor's presence, for convention quarantines every inch of the Continent. There, as experience teaches, they no more dream of doing anything with directness than a Chinaman would visit the graves of his ancestors without ceremonial; to appear in public unclothed would not be more remiss.

Unused to such rites, Hinckley found himself at the end of four days as far as the darkened Imperial Opera at rehearsal, which, as every one should know, must proceed undisturbed, like public worship. Not being initiated, he shocked conventions by approaching Mahler in a moment of opportune silence, and asking permission to sing. Every tenth word was a German one, the balance was English, for, even had he understood it, there was not a formula in the text among his six rôles for securing an engagement.

It may have been his weird attempt to be intelligible, or it may have been his daring that won him a hearing with orchestra, then and there, "scared stiff," as he expresses it, surrounded by Schmedes, Kurz, and some of the rest of the cast, who, sooner or later, are destined to be his colleagues at the

Metropolitan.

Mahler's verdict was quick, his voice was fully approved. "But go somewhere and learn German!" This gem of advice was the total result of the

Austrian pilgrimage.

With his German quotations he journeyed northward. There, two chances for appearance proved possible, at Breslau or Hamburg; he chose the latter. On January twenty-ninth he arrived there, on February fifteenth he made his début as the King in "Lohengrin." A brief, perfunctory rehearsal with the stage-manager had preceded it. From one situation to another he was hurried to get his "positions." They had followed each other so quickly that the maze became more confusing than had no attempt been made to unrayel it.

That night Madame Fleischer-Edel was the Elsa. In one terrible scene, singing with every resource within him, he threatened to become irretrievably lost in the chorus that gyrated with a certainty filling him with sickening giddiness. At a critical moment, nearing despair, Elsa pressed his hand firmly. Mental telepathy told him to stand where he was. The situation was saved, but to avoid wrecking another he made a line for the throne, and sat there until the curtain descended.

That night, he confesses, he sang better than he did for several performances to come. The things that might have happened, but did not, marooned in speech as he was in the midst of an intricate mass, had got on

his nerves.

Very soon he had learned enough to ask: "Where do I go?" And chorus and principals alike never failed to res-

cue him through pantomime.

His experience is: "If the Germans see a man willing to work, and who tries to succeed, their helpfulness is as quick as it is generous, and for Hamburg I have only love in my heart."

An instance of that trait of willingness he gave when, on three days' notice, he learned the *Cardinal* in "La Juive," and made in it one of his best

successes.

"In those days," he frankly acknowledged, "understanding scarcely any question put to me, my answer was invariably Ja, and in nine cases out of ten it proved the right one. But once, at least, it upset rehearsal with a gaiety that I first understood three years later. Bittong, the conductor, a kind friend to me always, probably because he saw how I struggled, had also a sense of humor. That morning it overcame him, and he asked gravely, as I stalked down stage with an authority I felt only slightly: 'Sind Sie ein Affe?' (Are you a monkey?) and serenely I answered him, 'Ja.'"

But one must wonder, if we insisted on opera in English as firmly as Continental peoples insist on their vernacular, clearly, intelligently sung, how many foreign artists coming to America could remain through one season. And as against that not indefinite probability, we have, on an estimate likely too conservative, thirty-nine Americans singing important rôles in German opera-houses alone. It is not merely vocal and histrionic worth by which these compatriots of ours have gained footing abroad, but by an oversetting of convention, precedent, chauvinism, and the mastery of a strange speech.

Many another incident of the everincreasing number of Americans singing in foreign opera-houses might be cited, but one, at least, must be recounted. It is of Irvin Myers, an American barytone, who risked all to take his chance when it came, and who, with his voice and splendid dramatic ability to carry a scene, will rank

among very great artists.

Myers arrived in Milan on the fifteenth of October. By Christmas he had learned the rôle of Amonasro in "Aïda" in Italian, a part he had memorized previously only in English. To learn such a part in a tongue of which one has understandingly grasped but a word here and there is a sufficiently difficult feat; to prove that feat in public, with orchestral accompaniment, and to an emotional audience ready to hiss a single false termination, makes an

operation for appendicitis pleasurable by comparison.

nowl-

any

as in-

ut of

once.

aiety

later.

riend

saw

se of

came

alked

only

you

vered

sisted

Con-

nacu-

how

mer-

ason.

prob-

likely

icans

rman

erely

vhich

ained

tting

nism,

ever-

sing-

it be

e re-

ill to

and

dra-

rank

e fif-

s he

o in

nem-

To

vhich

but

ently

pub-

and

hiss

s an

an

ech.

When Myers left Milan for the musical town of Rimini that Christmas morning, he had with him, in addition to his rôle, an American tenor, Arthur Spitz, who, there longer than he, had volunteered loyally to see his countryman through. In the days of rehearsal preceding the début, Spitz kept every being from the singer, who had merely to open his lips to prove that Italian dwelt far from him. Spitz it was, who telegraphed to the venturesome barytone stage-directions floating out from the wings. From the morning when both boys set forth, with victory or defeat awaiting at the end of the journey, and longing in their hearts for home on that Christmas Day, Spitz stood stanchly by as a buffer. The night came and went, for the good thing about all time is that it is not eternity. With his voice and his telling dramatic delivery of the Italian text, Myers wrought up his public to cheers. Twenty-four times that season he sang Amonasro at the same theater.

Next season a new Lucia, Gilda, and Violetta will be with us, a coloratura whose cadenzas and trills hang in the air with a crystalline perfection, Miss Selma Kurz, or Kurtz, as it is always spelled for English convenience, and her position is a unique one.

For some seasons she has trembled on the verge of an American transplanting, but the Imperial Opera in Vienna, fatally duplicating the song of "The Ten Little Indians," is now reduced to a single survivor; she is the one song-bird with a voice and a knowledge of how to use it left in the Ring Strasse.

The Viennese adore her; the Emperor Franz Josef does no less; the Prince of Montenuovo, who steers the fortunes of an otherwise voiceless personnel, prizes her in proportion.

When she leaves, the great operahouse, with its absurd bronze Pegassi and dingy façade, will subside into an asylum for Wagnerian wreckage. All this has its pathos, but not yet being exiled to Viennese outer-voice-lessness, one afternoon the furniture in Miss Kurz's drawing-room interested me more.

To many a prima donna's furniture may not have a more intimate relation to her personality than has that of others, but to me it is as fascinating as a network of lines to the palmist.

Only the newly rich and the prima donna, who so often belongs in that same golden category, can indulge in an original orgy in upholstery that records transparently taste, and some other things, in chair-legs of gold and tables of silver. There is no building up, piecemeal, on past foundation, no grandmother's tables and grandfather's chairs to begin with; everything comes from the factory with a rush.

Madame Melba's is all gilt, Louis Quinze, alarmingly curved, and beamouretted; Madame Patti's, of the Victorian, sarcophagus renaissance peiod, belongs to an epoch when fashion compelled all women to mourn a husband, whether, at that moment, they had one or not.

This particular drawing-room is in Louis Seize, which alone of all the furniture that the Louis of France have given birth to conveys an air of demure discreetness. The singer herself is daintily lovely, somewhat in the style of Madame Patti in her earlier decades, but earnest rather than vivacious, graciously willing to let others unburden their minds while she listens.

As we sat and talked that afternoon at tea-time, which in Vienna is tealess, I wondered how long she would allow a manager to try to induce her to sing before she answered him "no," as she had decided before he began.

Even then she expected to be unable to leave Vienna this season, as had been hoped, and on terms, presented by Conried, "the contractor," equal to those given Caruso. There were tears in her eyes as she told me, but they were not for America, and I respected her for it, for as the call of the wild is to the hunter, so is the click of the dollar, with small exception, in Art.

To understand her affection for Vienna, lapsing now into the Indian summer of its glories, and left far behind by the rushing modernity of Berlin, you have only to turn back the pages, girlhood and womanhood, of her life, as it unfolded that afternoon. The first was chronicled at Bielitz in Silesia, a town of factories, bristling with tall chimneys that poison the blue by day and by night. One might as well expect a lark from a dust-bin as a prima donna from Bielitz with its dull sordidness. But from Bielitz comes Miss Kurz, with, perhaps, the most perfect trill of the lot. Her escape from there was primarily due to her brother, who, among his boy friends, numbered the son of a cantor. The two brought the cantor, himself, to hear her; he in turn had her sing in his church. That day proved momentous, for the effect she made meant good-by to Bielitz.

The escape itself, in the circumstances of her people, meant a problem, but the world is not indifferent to talent, and some who espoused her cause at this moment again proved it. Too young to begin, Professor Ress, the teacher to whom she was brought in Vienna, sent her home for a year, to return for four years of study; then came her first engagement at the opera

in Frankfort.

At the end of twelve months she came again to Vienna to sing a few performances, and they kept her, buying off the remaining two years of her

previous contract.

In Vienna Miss Kurz holds a preeminence such as Madame Patti held in every great capital. From the first she has had her way there at the opera. After she sings her two rôles a week she is off to the mountains; her next appearances come by a nice coincidence when she is ready to make them.

In the days of court concerts at the Hofburg or Schönbrunn, Miss Kurz was very often commanded to assist, the old emperor beating time as she sang his favorites, always from the Italian repertoire. She has sung in London; two seasons at Monte Carlo with Caruso; in Paris; and throughout

Austria and Germany. But in Vienna, where her girlhood and womanhood have been passed, her precedence is so unique, the consideration given her so complete, that no matter how great her success may be at the Metropolitan next season, she will likely return with confirmed opinion that there is no place like home.

Twenty minutes' run from Berlin will bring you to Grunewald. Across from the station the pine forest runs in misty perspective; opposite, a broad band of dusty, sunlit roadway stretches along the hill, turning presently under green trees and flanked by rows of villas, fantastic, balconied, and sometimes extravagantly art nouveau in their Across a rustic footarchitecture. bridge and up a long ascent, with villas still beside and beyond, and you come to an iron gateway swung between stone pillars. Half-way down one of these is a plate bearing the name "Lilli Lehmann." In the grounds, rising abruptly beyond, is the nest that the singer, dear to so many metropolitan hearts, has built to rest in.

Enthroned on her hilltop, the great Brünnhilde and Isolde looks out over a sea of waving trees, a sea like that billowing below the fire-line on the sacred, flame-guarded mountain in "Sieg-

fried."

Like the doughty old Scotch knight of history, who declared the head of the table to be wherever he sat, Lilli Lehmann would be empress in a hovel, which happens not at all to be the case with this nest of hers, for many a queen in exile has been satisfied with less.

To our great gain, this is the home that she will exchange next autumn for the necropolis of Philadelphia, should Mr. Hammerstein's projected Conservatory of Music arise in its midst.

Madame Lehmann came into the room with all the unconscious, simple dignity of that *Brünnhilde* of hers that we still so treasure in memory. Soft draperies of dull, flame-colored silk floated about her; her hair, snow-white, was rolled high from her forehead,

leaving clear the majestically chiseled outline of her face; her eyes, dark and calm, as of one having done all that life could demand of her; her figure with its soft curves still youthfully rounded, and every movement flexible.

If you would know how many years a woman may possess of youth, you must look in a biographical dictionary under the list of Madame Lehmann's

achievements.

I stood until long after she had seated herself, stood absent-mindedly after she had motioned me to be seated, for above and about her I saw and felt the halo of all she had nobly accomplished, the heights she had climbed, and heard above the waving of branches outside an echo of all the glorious songs she had sung to the world.

In the very first moments she was genuinely human, and as consequence, genuinely lovable. We fell to gossiping of Vienna and Milan, for I had just come from there with a batch of news, musical and otherwise, about our common acquaintance. She bore her share in it lightly, with the gracious touch of the woman when she knows it unnecessary to dilate on past historiettes to make present ones explicable. Her acuteness, her sense of humor, the frank way she had of verbally piercing the heart of a situation, made it hard to climb the Olympus of art again. But we presently got there, though by a circuitous route, more difficult for me than for her, for to any man a charming woman, a cool, shaded drawing-room, and one's acquaintances in two kingdoms as theme, make human nature, if not more profound, more hilarious than the art that it more or less ably sustains.

"And 'Salome'?" I asked, as a final

beginning.

"It is terrible!" There was a pause after her emphatic assertion, then she added: "All the modern things, Debussy and the rest, have no cohesion, they drop away into fragments. When my advice was asked about presenting 'Salome' in New York, I said: 'Give it, if you can get it; it is terrible, but it will bring in money.' But the purity of Handel and the old composers! After them I cannot sing the modern ones."

The great changes in our operation world, since she was with us, she impaled with a phrase: "New York has a new generation of opera-goers."

But of older New York, and of New York of to-day she had only affectionate expression. "They were good to me," she said finally, and when I looked into her eyes I saw that they were full

When we presently got round to the Metropolitan, whose stage she glorified with great traditions all her own, she voiced a regret which those with its interests at heart might do well to heed

"The acoustics there were formerly better, and for the reason that the stage used to be higher. I remember I had to go down steps to my dressing-room, to-day one must ascend them to reach it. That variation in the stage elevation makes a greater difference in the tone than those who altered it seem to have reckoned with. If the old stage plan were restored, the improvement would soon be evident to both singers and public.'

That potent word "singers" had turned the immediate trend of her thought again. "The reason we have so few great singers to-day, compared with the past, and still fewer who promise to achieve to any rank, is so simple that one would think the remedy would be applied, for good voices are as many in the world now as ever they were. But singers persist in this mistake, it is part of the age; the world is in too great a rush, the haste to make money overwhelms all; singers appear long before they are ready. Then they end early, many a day before their talent has had time to ripen.

"There is another evil, too, that wrecks them sooner or later, the wear and tear of long journeys, the rush after dollars at some distant goal, like mad racers after a prize. No physique can stand that, and the terrible wearing-out process shows first and last in

the voice."

There is generally a stage ushered in with the white pompadour's advent that

lace erlin ross s in road ches nder vil-

mes

nna.

bool

s so

r so

her

itan

with

heir ootillas ome tone hese Lehuptger, arts,

reat over that saiegight

l of Lilli ovel. case y a with ome

for ould ervthe

nple that Soft silk hite. ead. finds its owner busily letting out tucks for spider-legged grandchildren. But the youth of the great vocalist overleaps any such period, and it seemed but part of that youth's expression when Madame Lehmann answered:

"No, I do not teach. It takes too much of the vitality that I need for my engagements; my contracts are al-

ready signed for next season."

At this point there was a slight accentuation of the grand air that never left her. And who has a better right to it than this same Lilli Lehmann, who not long ago, at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, stepped from a box when the prima donna fell ill in "Tristan und Isolde," got into her colleague's costumes, and carried the music drama on her own imperial shoulders to its conclusion?

"If I taught," she explained, "I should keep a pupil for five or six years. There is no patent method for properly getting through sooner. When I did teach, some came for three lessons, got a part of an idea, went away, and called themselves my pupils.

"You must know a rôle and its action, the technique of it, as you would know your prayers. In a public performance you need all that knowledge and all your self-command to make an impression. And heart is the greatest

thing of all.

"Isolde goes all through one, and for such a rôle the action must be repeated with the music again and again. I have done the part a hundred times, and yet when I would sing it in public, I must be able to sing it in my music-room six consecutive times to do it as I would do it on the stage once."

We had started out through the grounds toward the gate as she spoke, she walking with all the grand, unconscious tread and freedom of Brünnhilde, her draperies fluttering over the grass-blades as she went. At the top of the stone stairs we said good-by. Turning at the foot of them I saw her last in an attitude classic in grace of pose, her lips smiling as she called: "Auf wiedersehen;" the dull flame of her dress against the tall green trees

back of her; the blue sky full of sunshine above her; about her the peace of home.

A delightful old worldling, once asked the happiest moment of her life, said: "The one in which I could still

afford to face sunlight."

Her frank confession came back to me that morning when I met Madame Labia. The one spot of sunshine in the room rested full on her face, delicate skinned, delicately olive; it found its way into the deep brown of her eyes, and disclosed new depths there. A fascinating study of youth had just begun, when youth's mother drew down the shade.

But there is another phase of youth about Madame Labia that you get of her only away from the stage, where the tragic earnestness of her rôles transforms her; and that is unflagging gaiety. Her scrap-book discloses it; on pages alongside records of her appearances are sketches she has made of herself as the heartbroken, heartbreaking ladies Puccini and the rest have set to music.

The only rival in caricature in operatic ranks that Madame Labia has is Caruso, but her touch is more subtle, more delicate than his. Each heroine is caught in some crucial moment, and in the tilt of an eye or a suggestion in pose, you see the whole dead seriousness of it lampooned with fun.

Portrait-painting Madame Labia studied for a time in Venice, Munich, and Rome, before she took up singing

as a profession.

Tosca is the only one in this gallery of hers who is spared a shaft. "And Tosca I love best of all, she has an Italian soul," was Madame Labia's explanation. Of Carmen there was this further one: "You see she was always happy; bad, perhaps, but more from the fact that she never thought. The woman who thinks is always in trouble, and the woman who does not think

"Exactly."

[&]quot;Puts other people into that predicament."

But philosophy was lost in a stream of Italian and the telephone's jangle.

"My mother is hearing some English," explained Madame Labia. "Have you ever taken up the receiver and had a totally strange language poured in torrents into your ear? That is her fate, hourly. When it is English she falls into despair and Italian; when it is German she says: "Gott sei lob und dank!" and clasps her hands in thankfulness. For German she knows a very little, but English never a word."

The courage of it all! It was not alone in the early part of this mother's troubles that it shone, when, widowed, her fortune gone, and four little girls dependent upon her, she brought them each up to become distinguished in

music.

But it is this smiling always at all things, following always wherever her daughter's engagements may lead, having the home and home speech only a little while in each year at Verona, and beyond the years when one learns a

foreign tongue lightly.

Often I have wished that a congress of prima donnas' mothers might be held, each delegate, of course, for reasons of safety, carefully expurgated beforehand of the idea that her daughter's voice is the only one from Eve downward. Then, I think, in the simple exchange of self-denials, they would fall on each other's necks, and unanimously vote themselves saints.

Very many prima donnas' mothers whom I have met have ventured on this perhaps hardest of life-jaunts with their fair charges, equipped with the fearless courage of ignorance. The up-hills and down-dales of it all they learned later, and sometimes were glad to relinquish their self-imposed mission for knitting, and other more seasonable joys.

But this mother, herself once a singer, goes about her task with a full

knowledge of it.

"She keeps me bright always," said Madame Labia herself. "And, sometimes, behind the scenes, if I flag for a moment, she literally jogs me into good spirits again. How could I get on without her? How could the earth get on without the sun?"

As she spoke she threw up the shade to let in the light that thoughtfulness a moment ago had shut out from her

eyes.

"There is not an anxious moment but she is ready to face it. And anxiety with me is pretty well developed. With emotional people it plays a large rôle in life, and without it I don't suppose any one could act really well. Personally I am never nervous, but always anxious, as anxious at a rehearsal as I am at a public performance. It is not the public that I am afraid of. I am afraid of myself. There is a dream I have had invariably before I made my début in any strange country; without it I should not sing at all: I dream that I come out on the stage before a full house, and that all the people rush away when I enter. Then I wake up crying but happy. 'My dreams go by contraries?' Like us women perhaps."

"Gott sei lob und dank!" came from the telephone. This time the Countess

Labia was hearing German.











T had been hot all day long, oppressively so; and even now that it was dark the heat had not relented. Péra, that city of curious noises, was sending up to me the echoing

shouts of its venders. In Constantinople the small merchants carry their wares on their backs, and advertise their quality by power of lung. To the conglomeration of advertising tunes was added the shrill monotonous barking of the world-famed dogs, who bark, apparently, with the simple desire of adding to the noises of the hot city; for they bark even when eating.

The mixture of sounds about me was rapidly depressing me, when a servant came into my room, stumbled over a chair, in the semiobscurity, and handed me a note.

"A slave, mademoiselle, brought it, and is waiting for an answer."

A slave! The word was poetry. It opened a vista of large, bare Turkish rooms, of low, linen-covered divans, of filmy clothes, bare feet, absolute inaction, cooling sherbets—and of quiet. I opened the note and, with the help of a candle, read:

LITTLE CHERRY BLOSSOM: The wind brings me joyous news of your sweet presence in our miserable city. No wonder the sky is bluer and the scent of the flowers sweeter. Will you not, Allah's beloved, gladden a human heart by your luminous presence? Come to me! Hasten to my bosom, so that I may tell you how happy I shall be to see you again. I live now at Chartal. Tell me the train which will be honored by you, and slaves will meet you. MIHIRMAH.

"Well," I muttered to myself, "I am glad she does not attribute this intense heat to my luminous presence." And to her flowery note I scribbled an answer in pencil, on the back of my card, telling her that I would come to her on the next afternoon-boat. And it was at the quaint landing of Asiatic Chartal that a spacious ox-wagon met me; and, contrary to all Ottoman etiquette, it was my hostess herself who was there to receive me, Mihirmah in a loose, pale-blue silk garment, looking as cool as the European women looked hot and uncomfortable in their tight clothes.

"Dear little thunder-storm, do forgive me for coming myself," she begged, while we were embracing. "I had to come. But you shall be left alone to rest as soon as we reach home."

The word "thunder-storm" made me laugh. "Mihirmah, dear, I haven't heard that name applied to me for years. Horrible as it sounds, and great a reflection as it is on my temper, yet it does me good to hear it."

"Why! Do you mean to say that you don't get angry any more when poor Turkish children wish to oppose you?"

"You forget that I don't live among Turkish people any more."

"Well, you are among them now, praise be to Allah!" And with that we stepped into the ox-wagon. There we reclined on the soft mattresses, while the dark silk curtains with their gold tassels flapped in and out, a kind of Eastern electric fan—primitive but very attractive.

After a drive of a mile and a half through streets as yet unspoiled by Europeans, we came to Mihirmah's dwelling. It was a rambling old structure, half-stucco and half-wood, and. like most Turkish houses, surrounded by an immense old-fashioned garden, enclosed by a tall wall. The house was almost overhanging the sea of the Propontis, and not far from the house were tents, where one could camp out at a moment's notice.

All the slaves were in the hall, as we entered, and threw rose-blossoms over us. My hostess turned to a pretty young slave of about fifteen, and said:

"Guselli (beauty) here is your mistress." She pointed to me. "You are to love her as you love your own face, and to take care of her as if she were

your own eyes."

With this she kissed me and went away. All the slaves followed her, bowing to the floor, and kissing their fingers to tell me that I was welcome. Guselli and I were left alone to bathe and to rest.

When I opened my eyes a few hours later I was covered with flowers, and my hostess was leaning over me, coax-

ing me to awake.

"You lazy little thunder-storm, I have been sitting here waiting to welcome you formally to my home, and you have allowed your spirit to wander thousands of miles from here. Get up, and let us go to the garden where dinner has been waiting for us ever so long."

As I played with the flowers I also examined my hostess, clad in a yellow silk enteré, her throat bare, and her head adorned with amber beads.

"My dear," I exclaimed, "do you know that you have more than fulfilled your promise? You are stun-

ning.

"I know it," she said simply. She lifted me to my feet. "But now we must run!" And run we did, down to a part of the garden overhanging the There our dinner was served, beneath the light of Chinese lanterns, while the soothing waves of the Propontis rhythmically lapped the foot of our garden wall.

So far I knew absolutely nothing of Mihirmah's grown-up life. I had seen nothing of her for ten years. We had been friends in childhood, and even after she had gone from Constantinople to Broussa to live we had written to each other for several years. night when we were comfortably settled in her room, I asked her:

"Mihirmah, tell me all about yourself-and how did you find out that

I was here?"

"Djimlah told me, and that you were going to stay some time with her. And I thought if you could do that, you might also be able to come here to me, little white lamb. And you do love me as much as ever, do you not?"

I reassured her. She embraced me several times at that, and gave me assurance of her own undying affection; then asked: "Now tell me how the

world has treated you?"

"Treated me!" I repeated, knowing that in Oriental eyes matrimony was the only treatment worth recording. "It hasn't treated me at all. I am earning my living.'

"My! But it must be funny!" Mi-

hirmah cried.

"It is, when you view it from a palace, with hordes of slaves to wait on you, and fairylike garments to adorn you; but it is not funny when you walk side by side with stern reality. But now for yourself. Out with it! Are you married?"

Mihirmah's merry face clouded. She was no longer the gay and reckless girl

of a moment before.

"Yes, little heart, I am," she said. I knew from her tone that there was sorrow in connection with it. children?" I asked. "No boys?"

"Oh, yes, one boy, one girl. You will see them to-morrow-perfect beauties!" And in her maternal pride her

face was happy again.

She did not volunteer more, and there was no use my trying to get the story bit by bit. I knew Turkish women too well. When the time would come to tell me, there would be no necessity for questions. It would be told simply and frankly, as only Turkish women can talk.

Two nights later I heard it. All day

long Mihirmah had been restless. Upon her babies and upon me she had lavished an immense amount of caresses, yet I felt that she was unhappy.

At night, as we sat together by the latticed windows and inhaled the sea air mingled with the perfume of flow-

ers, Mihirmah said:

"Little thunder-storm, when do you think we earn the right to live?"

"I don't know. I never thought about it. When do you think we do?"

"When we conceive a great thought, form a great wish, and perform a good act. I have had the two first, but I never had the last—though Allah gave me the chance once." Under her breath she added: "Will he ever give me the chance again?"

She was silent for several minutes after this, I waited for her to speak.

"Do you remember Ali Machmet

Bey?" she asked me presently.

"Indeed I do. Don't you know how you and I used to trot after him and call him our prophet and our patis-sah?"

"You cared for him, did you not, little mountain-spring? But you left Turkey and forgot him. I left Constantinople, too, but never, never forgot him. How could I? He was the best and most generous boy of all our playfellows."

"Yes," I assented, "and warmhearted and strong-headed, quick to take offense, and quick to forgive and

apologize."

As I spoke a scene of my childhood came back to me. It was in a high marble hall, with a cistern at one side. Ali Machmet came to the chain of the bucket and held it. I came afterward and insisted that I must draw water first. We fought, and Ali Machmet struck me on the head with the chain. No sooner, however, had the chain landed on my stubborn head than he came to me, took from his pockets all he had—a penknife, a wooden soldier, and five piastres—and even now I can hear the little boy say: "Take any of these, only say that you forgive me."

I, the greedy little girl, said: "I want all of them if I am to forgive you."

"Take them!" he answered. "Only let me sleep one more night with my soldier—I will explain to him why he must go—won't you, thunder-storm?" I gave him back the soldier and the knife, and told him he might draw the water first from the cistern; for his wistful tone when he spoke of his soldier had melted my heart; but the five piastres became common property, and we feasted on them that afternoon.

As I was lost in my reminiscences, Mihirmah put her hand on mine. "What are you thinking about, dear

one?"

"About Ali Machmet," I answered.

"It is about him I am going to tell you. His image never left my heart, and when his mother chose me to be his wife I went to him as happy as one is in dreamland. My little boy was born in less than a year, and my little daughter a year later. She was only a few months old when I heard my mother-in-law-she is dead now, and may Allah forgive her!-tell to another woman how she made our match. She did not know that I was listening, and I listened because I expected her to say that my lord had loved me from childhood. Instead she said that he had not wished to marry and had repeatedly refused, and that only when she had begged on her knees that she should be permitted to hold his baby before she died, had he given in-he was her only child, you know. When I was proposed to him, he had answered: 'Oh, she will do as well as any other.'

"After I had heard these words I ran into the garden. I shrieked, I tore my hair. I became ill, and begged Allah to take me to him, but he meant that I should live. When I became well again I could not look at Ali Machmet-I could not bear to hear him speak-so I left him and came here to my grandparents, with my babies and a few of my slaves. I told my grandmother that I had left my husband for the present. He came to see me, but I refused to see him. Then his mother was taken ill and died, but this did not bring about any change between us. Ali Machmet saw my grandmother and arranged things with her very liberally indeed; not once did he complain.

"You see, little blossom, he did not care for me. He came constantly to see the children; for he loved them dearly. My heart was full of madness, and I even hated my children because he loved them. Sometimes I used to think that I should like to kill them and throw their corpses at him and say: 'You took me so that I might give children to your mother. There are the children! I took their breath away because it was mine.' I came very near doing it, too, for I know now that I had a kind of madness.

"Then a desire to make him jealous, to torture him in some way, came upon me, and without any more thought I made one of my faithful slaves write him an anonymous letter telling him that I had a lover. But I ought to have known better; for Ali Machmet is not the kind of man to believe anony-

mous letters.

"Finally, in despair, I wrote a loveletter, such a one as I could only write to Ali Machmet himself, with a foreign name on top, signed it with my name, and sent it to my husband. In two days he was here with the letter. I was in my room with the children. He did not have them taken out. He came and sat near me, took the little girl in his lap, and put the boy in mine. Then he took from his portfolio the letter, gave it to me, and waited. I read the letter, and did not say anything. He asked me quietly if I had written it.

"I nodded my head.

"'To whom did you write it?' he asked.

"'To you, since you have it,' I said." Mihirmah's eyes filled with tears, and a

sob came to her throat.

"Dear little mountain-spring, I told him just the truth and nothing else; but his eyes were full of anger, and I knew he could kill me if he did not master himself.

"'Mihirmah,' he said, 'I want you to tell me where I can find this man.'

"How could I tell him, since there was no such man? I had only wanted

to make him jealous and bring him to me. I told him that there was no such man.

"He took my hands and put the one on the head of my boy and the other on that of my girl, 'For their sake!'

he said.

"The old jealousy of mine came back to me fiercer than ever. I jumped up, and in doing so threw the boy to the floor, and he began to cry. Ali Machmet picked up the child and soothed it for a while. Then he put him down and came over to me.

"'Mihirmah,' he said very quietly, 'if you don't want to live with me you need not, but you must not be a wicked woman. I am going away now. In a week you must write me this man's name.' How could I? There was no such name."

"But, my beautiful Mihirmah," I exclaimed, "why didn't you write him the

truth?

"Yes," she said quietly, "it was the one chance Allah gave me to perform a great, good act and earn the right to live; but I did not; and in ten days I was a divorced woman. He cast me off as he would a garment that had served its purpose. I had given him a boy, and I was good for nothing more. This thought tortured my heart enough to kill it and turn it to ashes; but my humiliation, and this new proof that he did not care nor me, did not cure me from loving him."

Mihirmah took my hands and almost crushed them between hers. "Little blossom, I love him now more than I ever did before, and there are days, like to-day, when every bit of life in me cries out for him. I shall go mad for love of a man who puts me out of his life as easily as one brushes away a speck of dust. But he has been generous in all of his settlements. He even left me my children, on the condition that I was to remain a good woman, and that he should take the little girl away when I was unworthy of her.

"Two days after he divorced me he took the eunuchs away. You understand, blossom, what that means? I was no longer a wife—no one cared

for me any more. I could take my choice, and be good or bad. I fought myself for months after this to keep my hands from doing violence to my body. Then the old people were taken ill, first the one and then the other, and both died. Caring for them occupied my mind for a year."

"Is Ali Machmet married again?" I

asked.

"Oh, no, dear one! He does not care for women. His heart is in the army. He has only one wish, and that is to get the ear of the Sultan and tell him all that our army needs to be powerful again. For years now he has been waiting and hoping; but his superiors are men of the old régime, they do not believe in new guns and new methods. They prevent him every time from having an interview with our Calif."

How long is it since he divorced

you?" I asked.

"Two long years, dear one, and I have never seen him since. He sends for the children once a week, and keeps them a day and a night with him. That is why you did not see them the first night you came. They were with him. When they come back they talk incessantly of him to me, and though every word they say is a new burn to the old wound, I make them say it over and over again, to be tortured the more."

Mihirmah put her Lad in my lap and cried for hours. It was almost daybreak before I managed to soothe her and put her to sleep. The next morning she was ill and had to stay in bed, but the morning following she was herself again, and begged me to forgive her for letting her sorrow inter-

fere with my pleasure.

I don't know when I have ever met with more real unhappiness than hers. It was not so much the open outburst as the following days of suppressed suffering that impressed me. I began to wonder if I could not possibly help her-to wonder what the result would be if I went to Stamboul to Ali Machmet's house and told him every word his wife had told me. One minute I thought it a very simple and perfect plan; the next I was not so sure. Thus several days passed, when suddenly little Ali fell ill.

I went to his room to see him. He had quite a high temperature. "Do you think it can be the measles?" I asked his mother.

She was kneeling beside the child's couch, her cool cheek resting against his hot one.

"No, the little villain has been eating

green fruit, he tells me."

I was dejected at the answer. A plan had come to me which the measles would help. Yet I would not give up so easily. I seized Mihirmah's hand and dragged her away from the bed.

"Come with me," I said breathlessly. In the next room I faced her, "Mihirmah, little Ali may be dangerously Send for your husband. Telegraph him, and he will be here today or to-morrow."

"But, my lovely jasmine," Mihirmah protested, rather bewildered, "little Ali is not ill enough to send for his father. He will be all right in a day or two. It is his little stomach, that's

all."

"But, my darling Mihirmah," I cried, more excited, "don't you see that it does not matter how sick the child really is."

She shook her head. shammed to my husband once, and I am a divorced woman. I will not sham again."

"Mihirmah, has little Ali ever been sick before?" I asked.

"No, he never has. He is his father in looks and in health."

"Well, then, don't you see that Allah is giving you another chance? Send for Ali Machmet: if nothing comes of it vou will at least have seen him."

There we stood: I, the Greek, with the instinct of the merchant, wishing to manufacture an opportunity; she, the Oriental fatalist, willing to suffer the will of Allah, but not to avail herself of conditions that needed manipulating. But I had made up my mind that on this day the Greek should win -and I did.

It took time, however, and the telegram was sent so late that there was not time for Ali Machmet to come that day. Mihirmah, when the telegram was sent, retired to her room and prayed for hours to Allah. I sat by the child. I, too, was praying to my God; but I rather think that our prayers were as different as the languages they were addressed in; for I was praying that little Ali might at least have the measles.

That night Mihirmah slept little. Like a white spirit she roamed all over the house, and about the garden.

The morning came, a very lovely one, unrufiled by the storm that was going on in our hearts. I don't know how far Mihirmah's prayers had traveled toward Allah, but mine, thanks to the proverb of "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera," were being answered; for I had seen personally to little Ali's stomach, and my simple measures were acting efficaciously.

The first afternoon-train brought Ali Machmet. By that time I had succeeded in convincing Mihirmah that the boy really had all the symptoms of measles. I had become desperate; for she had told me that as soon as her husband arrived she would throw herself at his feet and confess my ruse to him.

As soon as I saw Ali Machmet coming on horseback, I rushed to the child and took off him the ten or twelve coverlets which I had on him, to accentuate his fever. Then almost by force I dragged the mother to the bedside, there to await the coming of her husband; and I myself, too excited to do anything but stand about in the garden and tear my handkerchief to pieces, waited the result of the meet-

Ali Machmet had brought a doctor with him, who stayed with the child some time. Then the doctor went away, and Ali Machmet and Mihirmah were alone by the child's bed. When a slave came and told me that the master had retired to the pavilion we had prepared for him in the garden, I went into the sick-room. Mihirmah, white as a sheet, sat staring at the sleeping child.

"What did the doctor say?" I asked. Mihirmah looked at me as if she did not know who I was, at first; then she answered that the doctor had said the child did not have the measles, although the vomiting was a bad sign.

I chuckled inwardly, knowing that were I to tell Mihirmah what had caused the vomiting there would be trouble for the Greek infidel.

"What did Ali Machmet say to you?" I asked.

Mihirmah broke down completely at my words. It was like a fierce rain on a hot summer's day. She cried and cried in torrents, and that was all I was destined to know, for the door opened and Ali Machmet came in. She did not see him, but I did, and rearranged my batteries a little, but not too much, for I was as afraid as ever of Mihirmah's tongue.

He came near, and put his hand on her head. She was startled and turned her tear-stained face toward him. There are tears and tears—ugly tears and pretty tears; tears that annoy and those that attract—it all depends on the attitude of the onlooker. I suppose Mihirmah's tears were very pretty in her former husband, for he was very gentle and kind to her.

"And now, Mihirmah, you had better go to your room and rest a little," he said to her, after he had soothed

She obeyed him instantly, and I was left alone with him. I knew he was very far from guessing who I was. In a voice as much like a child's as I could make it, I said:

"Take them, only let me sleep one more night with my soldier—I will explain to him why he must go—won't you, thunder-storm?"

Then I laughed and gave him my hand, and it did me good to see how glad he was to see me. We chatted for a half-hour or so, and then the slave came to say that dinner was ready.

"Of course you will eat with us, Ali Machmet?" I said. I saw protest written all over him. "If you do not you are very cruel, because it is my only chance to see you."

When I had him caught, I hurried

to Mihirmah's room.

"Mihirmah, my dear one, there are two roads to men's hearts, according to an old foolish Greek proverb; through their stomachs, with good food, and through their eyes, with good looks. You are, and you must look, pretty."

I found I did not have to urge her to this, and it was a terribly attractive Mihirmah, with her pale face and tremulous lips, who came into the dining-room. Our meal was a happy one. I was happy because I felt that things were going well. I knew that Mihirmah must be happy, in a bitter and sweet way, in her husband's presence, and who can tell, but that Ali Machmet was happy, too?—at any rate he did not look as if he disliked it.

We finished eating the twenty-odd dishes that were served us, and had come to the fruit, which is the best part of a Turkish meal, since the serving force retires and the conversation takes a more intimate tone and lingers on sometimes for an hour. All was going well when my bad angel whispered to me to ask Ali Machmet about his work

and the army.

"The little fellow will never know what his illness has cost his father," he said in a sad voice. "For years now I have been trying to reach our Calif, but forces stronger than my own always kept me out of his sight. Today, at last, I was going to have my interview. The palace-physician had consented to smuggle me in to him, and all the chances were favorable. Now the opportunity is lost, and I may never have another."

There was a noise of broken dishes, of a chair overturning, and Mihirmah was at the feet of her husband. I felt that all my scheming had been in

vain.

"My lord, master of my life and my death," Mihirmah was wailing, "I have ruined your chance. I brought you here when perhaps I ought to have waited."

I jumped to my feet, and ran to her. "Listen, Mihirmah! Let me take Ali

Machmet to the pavilion and have a talk with him. I promise I will tell him everything."

"No, little thunder-storm, you go to the garden. I must speak—I must suf-

fer alone."

Ali Machmet had risen and was trying to lift his wife from her kneeling position. He looked, bewildered, from

one to the other of us.

I tried to speak to him; but Mihirmah first implored, then commanded me to go to the garden and leave her alone with him. I went, but not to the garden. I sat at the head of the stairs to keep the slaves away if they should appear, and to be at hand if Mihirmah should need me.

Opposite the stairs was a long window and through the upper part of it, which was not latticed, I could see the sky. My tongue mechanically was praying: "Oh! Allah, help her!" I repeated it over and over. A shooting star fell, and my prayer caught it. My superstitious soul leaped. "My prayer caught the shooting star," I found myself saying, and then I kept on praying.

It seemed years that I sat on those stairs—till I could not stand it any longer. Making the sign of the cross three times over my heart, I crept toward the fatal room. I opened the door ever so little and peeped in; then quietly I drew back and went out into the garden.

"Remember, lady," I apostrophized myself, while I tried hard to keep the dry sobs from my throat, "you have done a great act, and according to Mihirmah you have earned the right to

live."

Then I looked up at the friendly sky and laughed, while tears at last came streaming down; for what I had seen in the closed room was what, according to the Orientals, causes Allah to smile, and the flowers to grow more beautiful, and the birds to sing their sweetest song—for in the closed room above, Mihirmah's head was nestling on her husband's heart, and Ali Machmet's face was radiant as that of a lover.





to

r-ed er

1e

rs

ld

ıh

n-

it.

1e

as

e-

ıg

Ly

er

y-

se

IV

SS

0-

1e

n

to

d

1e

re

to

ly

st

d

c-

th

re

ir

m

g

1-

a

EOPLE always make a fuss about some little thing we do when we are going back to school. Last September they were fussier than usual. We had hardly got in the train

before a fat old lady kicked up a row because I had a bout with Billy Jones, and they threatened to put us off. Then an old man complained about our peashooters. I didn't mean to hit his eye, only his hat, but Carter jogged my arm.

At Dullborough there were five minutes for refreshments, and we didn't want to waste time arguing, but the beastly ticket-collector made himself officious about our tickets. Dawson couldn't find his because we'd pinned it to his collar, and the conductor had the cheek to go for us when we found it for him!

That wasted a lot of time; and there was more waste of time in the refreshment-room, because young Jones sat on a tray of buns—Dawson shoved him—and the waitress was wild about it. So we had to rush for the train and take the first car we came to, and get in while it was going; and we fell all over the place.

A grown-up girl was sitting in the right-hand corner. She was so interested in a book that she didn't seem to notice us, till I fell against her, and knocked it out of her hand. I said: "Awfully sorry;" but she opened her eyes, and stared as if she was startled about something, and rushed to the door and tried to jump out. The train was going quite fast, so we caught hold of her and held her back, and she got

rather excited and struggled and upset two or three of us, and squealed.

"It's all right," Carter told her. "You'd have broken your neck if we hadn't stopped you, so you needn't be afraid of us."

She shook him off, and put her hair straight, and looked at us. Then she laughed. She was a big girl—quite twenty—and she had a lot of dark hair, and was frightfully nice-looking.

"Afraid of you!" she said, with a toss of her head. "I should think not! I've five brothers!"

"Poor chaps!" Dawson said, rubbing his head. She'd pitched him right over, when she was trying to open the door.

"Then why did you try to jump out?" I asked.

She wriggled about like girls do when they feel silly.

"I've left something behind," she owned.

"Anything important?" Brown asked. "Oh—well—only my husband!"

She laughed, and so did we.
"You'd soon get another," I told her.
I know how to talk to girls.

By this time she had resettled herself in her seat.

"I dare say," she agreed; "but I think I'd rather keep this one."

"How did you do it?" Carter wanted to know. He was sitting opposite while the rest of the boys had located on the other side of the car.

"He went to get me some chocolates, and I suppose he missed the train."

"What a lobster!" young Jones remarked.

"I bet you'll give it to him," his brother suggested.

"I bet he'll give it to you," Brown

told her. "If you hadn't been buried in a book you wouldn't have left him

behind."

"You've left something behind, too," she told them, with another toss of her head.

"What?" they asked, like fools, all

together.

"Your manners," she said. Then she laughed like anything. She had an awfully jolly laugh.

"They haven't any," I said. "But I have. Will you have some caramels?" She smiled directly and nodded.

"Thank you," she said. "I like

them."

"I've got some chocolate," Billy Jones offered, "if you like that." And the others asked if she liked gum-drops and chocolate almonds and taffy and French mixture; and she said she liked them all. So we all gave her some of our candy, and she scrunched it, and talked nineteen to the dozen. Girls can talk! And we told her our names when we got a word in, and that we were going back to the Brownhill Academy.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you going

there? Do you like it?"

"It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the lessons and the teachers," I told her. "Some of them are beasts; espe-

cially the Old Man."

"The Old Man?" She looked shocked—or pretended to. You can never trust girls! "You don't mean the principal, do you?"

"Of course I do!" I said. "We al-

ways call him that."

"Is he so very old?" she asked.

"As old as Methusaleh!" I said. "Why, he must be five and thirty! He used to be a peach at football; and he's decent about the games; but he's a frightful fusser about lessons, and seems to think that fellows go to school just to work like the dickens! He's always making a beast of himself over studying and things like that; and now he's gone and made a regular fool of himself."

"What has he done?" she wanted to know. Girls are always curious!

"Got married," I said.

"Indeed!" She tossed her head.
"Why not?"

"It shows he's an idiot to begin

with," Carter remarked.

"Then I suppose you think that my husband—" She stopped and tossed her head again.

"That's different," I said.

"He didn't marry you," Brown explained. "You wouldn't have had him, of course."

"How do I know?" she asked. "Perhaps he wouldn't have had me."

"Of course not!" Dawson said. "She was the daughter of a professor of chemistry or something. I expect she writes books, and wears blue specs. That would be his sort."

"I bet he's sorry for it," Billy Jones

remarked.

"She'll be sorry before she's done," I said. "We're going to pay her out."

"What a shame!" the girl cried. "It's horrid of you. She hasn't done any-

thing to be paid out for!"

"He's done it for her then," I stated.
"He's had the confounded cheek to take
the two end studies of our block into
his house to make what he calls a
"boudoir' for her."

"Oh-h-h!" She put her finger to her mouth and considered. "That does seem rather a shame; but she doesn't know that he's turned you boys out; at least, I don't see how she could

know.

"He hasn't turned anybody out,"
Billy's brother owned. "They were always empty; but we used to go and
raise the deuce in them. We're going
to now!" He grinned.
"You idiot!" Billy growled. "You've

"You idiot!" Billy growled. "You've gone and given the whole show away."
"Idiot yourself!" I said. "As if she

would blab!"

"Of course I wouldn't," she promised. "Tell me all about it—what you're go-

ing to do to her."

"The boudoir's going to be haunted," I said. "We got up in the roof and arranged it before we left. There's a cupboard in the passage on our side; and we've got two wires through the ceiling into the roof; and we've fixed two tin cans so that they'll knock to-

gether, when you pull. She's sure to think it's a ghost and give up the bou-

"And we're going to scrape at her window with a fishing-rod," Brown said, rubbing his hands, like he does when he's pleased. "She's bound to think that's a ghost; especially when she hears it's haunted."

"But how is she to hear?" the big girl asked.

We all laughed.

id.

in

vs

ed

X-

n,

r-

ne

of

1e

S.

es

"

s

7-

d.

e

0

a

t

d

đ

"We've set it about among the servants that the rooms were haunted," I said. "It's sure to get to her. Things always get about among women. I don't know how they do, but they do."

"Ye-es," she owned. "They do—somehow! But suppose she's nice? You wouldn't want to torment her then, would you?" She looked quite unhappy about it.

"If she had been she wouldn't have married the old beast," Carter pointed

She considered a lot, and bit her lip. "Is he a beast?" she asked. "Now, really, boys? On your honor?"

"No-o," I owned up. "Not extra beastly; not so bad as other heads are. I expect it wasn't his fault, and she made him marry her. Women always want to get married. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I suppose I did; but my husband isn't a beast. He's very nice. I'll ask him to let me invite you to tea one day—all six of you. Then you'll see for yourselves."

"Thanks!" we all said. And Carter asked her to come and see the school; and I said she'd better come on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, and watch the baseball-team play. I'm the pitcher.

"I would like to come very much," she said, "if you'll promise not to frighten me with ghosts."

We all laughed at that, because any one could see *she* wasn't the sort to be taken in or frightened; and we promised to show her all round the place and say she was a friend of ours; and she promised she'd come, because she knew

"the Old Man" a little, and knew "the Old Woman" very well.

"What is she like?" we all asked at once; but she laughed and shook her head.

"You'll see," she told us. "Well, here is the junction, and I must get out and wait for my poor lost husband, I suppose. Good-by, boys; and thank you for a very pleasant journey."

She shook hands with all of us, and we opened the door for her and helped her out, and put her things on the platform. There were four little bags and a suit-case and a small box and an umbrella and a parasol and a rug and a bundle of books and a purse on a chain and a camera and a stick that belonged to her husband. We told a porter to look after her, because she was a friend of ours, and Carter gave him thirty cents-we paid a nickel each. She stood and talked to us till the train went off, and then she waved her handkerchief, and we waved our caps; and we all said what a dandy girl she was, and the Old Man ought to have married her instead of the chemistry man's daughter.

We found things just as usual at the old place, except the two rooms taken off our block to make the boudoir for the chemistry woman. She hadn't come yet, so we tested the wires and found they worked all right; and it sounded like a ghost's fetters clanking, so we expected it would give her fits.

The Old Man and his wife came while we were at tea, so we didn't see her, but the housekeeper shook her head and groaned when we asked what she was like

"It's not for me to say anything about Mr. Raikes' wife," she told us, "and I hope I know my place; but if ever I was astonished in my life!"

We thought she must be pretty bad to shock old Mother Green!

We didn't see her next day, either; but Carter and I passed two old ladies who were going away after they had called.

"Whatever he can have been thinking of," one said, "I don't know!"

"Nor I," the other one said. "I am

not one to speak against anybody; but----"

We didn't catch the "but"; but we knew that they were speaking about her,

and we nudged each other.

"If they think she's bad, she must be awful!" Carter whispered; and we thought it would be a good thing if the ghost frightened her right away; and

we'd start that night.

There was a light in the boudoir when we went to bed, and we knew that the principal had a meeting with some of the teachers, and she would be there alone. So, when the lights were out, we crept out of the dormitory, and along the passage to the cupboard. Carter was to have first pull because he thought of it. He got in the cupboard and fumbled about for the wires; and suddenly he gave a yell and danced out into the passage, and jumped on my toes, and knocked little Hall over, and declared that the wires were red-hot, and burned him.

We said it was all rot and he'd lost his nerve, and Thompson went in; but he jumped out just like Carter had, and ran into Smith, and Smith punched him in the eye, and they began fighting like wildcats till we pulled them apart.

"Look here, you fellows," I said, "this is the limit! There's nothing in the cupboard, and it's all a plant between Carter and Thompson to make fools of us because they're afraid we'll be found out."

"You're a liar!" Carter answered.

"And you're afraid yourself."

"Afraid!" I said. "I'll darned soon show you, you beastly quitter!"

And I jumped in the cupboard and felt for the wires till I got hold of both, and then— Well, I never had such a surprise in my life. It felt as if some one had broken my wrists and run hot wires through me, and knocked me down, all at once. I flew out and butted Billy Jones in the wind and rolled him over, and he grabbed my hair and dragged me on top of him; but we were too doubled up to punch each other, and they pulled us up.

"I believe it's got stuck to the lightning-conductor," I told them, when I'd recovered a bit. "It's all very well for you chaps to laugh. You just try."

But they wouldn't. So we went back to bed. We were only just in time, for old Fox came round directly afterward. We pretended to snore, and we heard him chuckle, and the next morning the wires were gone. So we thought he had found it out and played some beastly trick on us. He's the youngest of the instructors and always playing silly practical jokes.

The next night we got Jameson's fishing-rod and tied a bunch of rustly leaves on the end, and Carter leaned out of the end window of the passage, and rubbed it along the boudoir window; but it was half open, and directly he began an arm came out and grabbed the rod, and pulled it in like a shot. We said he was an idiot to let go, and went back to bed feeling rather upset.

We expected we should feel more upset the next day, and I took the precaution to put on extra clothes; but the Old Man didn't say a word in the morning. In the afternoon we got a message to go to him in the boudoir. I had taken off the extra things because they were so hot, and I thought I was certainly up against it.

The funniest thing was that he only sent for the six of us who came down in the train together; and the other fellows in the dormitory said that the girl must have given us away. We had told them about her. We said there was nothing to that, and we knew well she wouldn't; and we went to the boudoir and knocked, and went in—and there she was by herself, laughing like anything, and holding out her hand—the girl who was in the train, I mean.

"I told you I'd come to see you," she

said. "I'm so pleased."

And she shook hands with us; and we said we were pleased to see her, too, and we hoped she found her husband, and she said "Yes"; and I said we should like to know him; and she said we should; and Carter said he hoped she was going to stay for a long time; and she said she was; and then she sat on the table and laughed like anything.

"You silly boys!" she said. "I'm Mrs. Raikes!"

We stared at one another, and the other fellows opened their mouths; and they say that I opened mine.

"Well," I said at last, "the Old M— I mean Mr. Raikes—has much more sense that I ever thought he had!"

The other fellows said: "Hear, hear!" and "You bet!" It seemed to please her, and she went all pink and smiley.

"It is very nice and kind of you to say that," she said; "and I hope the electric shock didn't hurt."

"Oh, no!" I said. "We knew it was

that, of course. How did you do it?
"I understand a little about electricity" she explained. "My father goes in for it, you see. So I attached the wires to a battery. I am afraid it was rather a strong one." She grinned like a Cheshire cat.

· "It was!" Carter said; and we told her about it. She laughed all the time, though she kept saying she was "so sorry." She wasn't, of course!

"Well," she told us, "it's all over now; and here's the fishing-rod; and you're going to have tea with us. There are five kinds of cake and seven sorts of pastry; I chose them myself; and now there's a favor I want to ask of you, before Mr. Raikes comes in."

She fidgeted with her handkerchief, and didn't seem to know how to begin. So I thought I'd encourage her.

rati

2 - 71

"We'll do it all right," I promised.
"I'm sure you will," she said, "only I don't know how to explain. You see I told Mr. Raikes, and——"

"What, you 'snitched'?" Billy Jones yelled, in tones of contempt. I kicked him in the shins and he recovered himself.

"Whew!" I whistled; and we all whistled. "You've let us in for it."

She looked at us with her eyes wide open.

"You don't understand my husband," she said, with tremendous dignity.

"You behaved like gentlemen to me; and he will behave like a gentleman to you."

"Ye-es," I said. "What did he say?"
"He laughed at first," she owned, with a funny little smile; "and then
—" She hesitated.

"He raised the deuce, I suppose?" I suggested.

"No-o," she said. "He said that—that I must remember that I was—the principal's wife; and that it wasn't right for the boys to play tricks on me; and it was ever so much worse for me to play tricks on the boys, and—if it got about the school it would have a—a bad effect—and people would say that I wasn't—wasn't—" She looked almost like weeping.

"We won't tell a soul," I assured her, "honor bright!"

"Honor bright we won't!" the others said.

"And we won't play tricks on you," Carter promised; "and if you do, we won't tell."

"We'll be frightfully—respectful to you!" I promised; and she smiled like anything.

"And we'll be awfully good friends, too!" she said. "Mr. Raikes will be so pleased when I tell him."

"Did he know you were going to ask us?" I said.

"Why, yes. He suggested it. You see I didn't know what to do, and he said: 'It's easy enough. Just put it straight to the boys. They're mischievous young rascals; but they're young gentlemen.'"

"Well," I said. "I think he is, too; and so are you-at least a lady!"

So we never told the fellows, and they can't make out why the principal's wife has us to tea more than the others, and why we always stick up for him when they growl about him. I dare say that does seem funny; but when a chap looks upon you as a gentleman, you have to behave like one to him.



Ascendency of male star brings virile plays. Revenge as a motive. The advent of the actor-manager. "The World and His Wife" a powerful drama. "Samson" and its moral lesson. "Via Wireless" an effective thriller. Ethel Barrymore charming in "Lady Frederick." Better standards in light entertainments



WO girls of the ribbon-counter type sat in a near-Broadway theater the other night, spellbound during the action of a play of alleged Southern life in which a

much-abused person in a sadly fitting wig entered to denounce the father of the heroine, who, he declared, had "robbed him of his love" many years before, and was now to pay the penalty of that unrighteous deed. Having said which, he retired with raucous melodramatic laughter, leaving the poor old father wringing his hands and staring wildly into space. When the curtain fell the ribbon-counter girls were busy with their handkerchiefs. Then one of them remarked:

"Gawd—ain't it an awful thing—this revenge!"

Awful or not, it is a playwriting asset that has figured prominently in the Drama of the Month. The gentler phases have not been so much in evidence, possibly because of the ascendency of the masculine star, who apparently, on the principle of "Ladies First," has been waiting until now to take his place upon the boards. With

masculinity predominant the plays have an added quality of strength, feminine charm and daintiness giving way for the time being to vigor and virility.

The actor-manager, as he has existed for many years in England, has been less conspicuous here, but the times are not without signs of the value of his effort.

The objection most often urged against the actor-manager, and which doubtless had some basis in the facts, is that the histrionic ego often deters him from selecting plays in which his own part will be of lesser prominence than others, and from choosing a company whose general cleverness will detract from the brilliancy of his own performance. The first of these objections is easily answered by the fact that it exists anyhow under the prevailing star system. The best answer to the second proposition is found in actual experience. Mrs. Fiske's companies have been notable usually for the general excellence of the ensemble, while her plays, though not uniformly successful, have been of superior order. Mr. Miller has always surrounded himself with admirable players and has given the New York stage two or three plays of exceptional literary and dramatic merit. Finally, Mr. Faversham comes to Daly's with one of the best balanced companies of the season. At least two members of it have equal opportunities with himself, and he brings to the English-speaking stage one of the strongest act-

ing dramas seen in years.

'El Gran Galeoto" is possibly the best known play of the Spanish playwright, José Echegaray, who turned to the drama after a career in higher mathematics. Like all of his plays, this one involves certain questions in racial point of view which it is necessary to These become intelligible understand. in "The World and His Wife," under which descriptive caption Mr. Charles Frederick Nirdlinger has made his excellent adaptation. In pursuit of his purpose of illumination the adapter has not hesitated to introduce an entirely new character into the Echegaray scheme, and it is through this character —a Captain Beaulieu, of the British embassy stationed in Madrid-that social and temperamental peculiarities become clear, while the underlying psychology of character is conveyed to aid in comprehension of the motives and the action. Behind the objectively developed story of the household of the aristocratic Don Julian of Madrid, lies the metaphysical suggestion of the engulfing power of evil, and especially the evil of gossiping, slanderous tongues.

Don Julian, a man of middle age, and his beautiful young wife, Doña Teodora, have lived happily together, rejoicing in the friendship of Don Ernesto, a handsome and gracious youth, who has made their house his home. But gossip has been busy with the affairs of the household, and becomes more virulent at a moment when Don Julian interests himself in the political preferment of his young friend. Don Julian has a brother, a literal-minded person, well-meaning enough, but proud of the family honor, and it is through him and his wife that the gossip is first brought home. He tells the unsuspecting trio what all the world is saying, and becomes an accessory to the more malignant enemy. In return he gets abuse at first from husband as well

as wife, and meets the scornful disdain of the innocent youth who feels safe in the integrity of his own intentions. But suspicion has been bred. Doubt, distrust, and death will be the harvest.

The young man is forced into a quarrel in a café where the innocent wife's name has been bemired, and resenting the insult to her, he involves himself in a duel. But the husband, hearing of the affair, insists that it is his duty to defend his wife's good name, and takes the young man's place. The duel is to take place in a vacant studio adjoining Don Ernesto's chambers, and while he makes his preparations Doña Teodora seeks him there, having been misled into the belief that he and her husband have quarreled. While he is relieving her of her fears the clink of swords is heard from the studio. And as the youth hurriedly leads Doña Teodora to a place of concealment in his own bedchamber, Don Julian, badly wounded, enters with his brother.

This is the moment which quickens the pulse. A most intense emotional crisis has been reached. For the disclosure of the lady's presence is unavoidable. Don Julian has struggled against his fears, but doubt has already started the spark of a jealous conflagration. And this evidence is too much for the husband. He denounces the pair and returns home accompanied by his sympathizing brother, who from this time on becomes the martinet of

the household.

The final act shows Don Ernesto making a last effort to reestablish the confidence so rudely interrupted. He has met and killed the man whose gossip precipitated the quarrel, and he now comes to Don Julian's house determined to convince him of his error. But first he meets Doña Teodora, who implores him to go away. As she is in the act of parting with him, husband and brother enter. At sight of his supposed rival the storm of Don Julian's passionate ire is roused afresh. Finally, spent and weakened with his exertion, the husband retires. A moment later his brother enters and orders Don Ernesto to leave. For an instant the wife's courage rises in face of this attack. She insists that she is mistress in her own home and bids the young man remain. But she is too late. Don Julian is dead, and authority has passed to his brother, who persists in believing the worst, and unrelentingly orders the couple from the house. Then, and then only, they turn to each other for the sympathy that has been denied them elsewhere. They have been innocent, but what are their protestations worth? The world believes that "where there is smoke there must be fire."

The acting opportunities of the play are pretty evenly distributed between the three principal characters and are of a kind to test the abilities of even finer artists than those engaged, but the general histrionic representation is highly

competent nevertheless.

Though his acting still lacks the greatest pliancy, Mr. Faversham plays Don Ernesto with great ease and charm and succeeds in creating a large share of sympathy, while the rôle of the husband is very colorfully presented by Mr. H. Cooper Cliff, who is too romantically florid, but has much dignity and power. Miss Opp, too, while never fully measuring up to the standard of the rôle, presents an engaging picture of the wife, and is generally able to reflect the broad phases of her character. A particularly effective characterization is that of Mr. Morton Selten, who, as the British Ambassador, provides the one note of humorous lightness.

The moral of the play is obvious.

Not so that of another adaptation—Monsieur Henri Bernstein's "Samson"—placed on view at the Criterion, with Mr. William Gillette in the rôle created by Monsieur Guitry, when the play was done in Paris. Doubtless to the French audience for which it was originally intended, the play had its lesson, for it presents some interesting types of decadent aristocracy. The lesson of a play, however, like the subject of a painting, very often exists in the mind of the beholder.

Monsicur Brachard has been a common laborer on the docks in Marseilles, an associate of rough men, and has had to make his way against the odds of common birth and low environment. When the play opens he is a multimillionaire, and at his command the world of finance trembles. He is repellent to his wife Anne-Marie, who has married him only to satisfy the sordid ambitions of her parents. She now finds her solace in the presence of a polished gentleman of her own order of society. This man, befriended by Monsieur Brachard, has been able to make a fortune through the millionaire's advice. He has been devoted previously to a young woman whose small fortune he coveted, but in his new prosperity has thrown her over. Matters come to an issue when the husband learns through this woman of his friend's treachery. He returns unexpectedly at night from a supposed journey, to find his wife away from home. When she enters he demands an explanation and meets with defiance. Thereupon he resolves upon a powerful plan of vengeance, though it will mean a course of wide-sweeping self-destruction. The plan comes into operation in the third act, which, despite the process of emasculation employed in the adaptation, still retains degree of melodramatic power. Brachard has invited the lover to luncheon. While he is acting as host, his clerks are carrying on at his suggestion a general attack on the securities that both men hold. Thirty million francs of stocks tumble upon a demoralized bourse, and Brachard finally faces the unsuspecting victim and tells him what has happened. Then, in a burst of uncontrollable rage, he seizes the profligate by the throat and all but forces the life out of him, giving vent to his passion, at the same time, in a torrent of denunciation, and ending with a tirade against honor-honor as understood in the decadent Parisian world. Finally he allows his victim to slink away muttering threats of vengeance. Practically beggared, and with the prospect of having to face prosecution for his action, Brachard now returns home, to face the taunts of the family council, who have no further use for him since his fortune has been lost. But the wife, who has previously expressed an admiration for a man of big deeds, is prepared to begin life anew, and promises to try to love him in the

future.

Although her opportunities are comparatively limited the best acting in the play is provided by Miss Constance Collier, an Englishwoman of excellent training and experience, who presents poignantly the distressing phases of the wife's experiences. Her presence in this country should be a source of satisfaction to all lovers of thoroughly competent acting, and it is to be hoped that she will tarry for some time and be allowed the opportunities of disclosing her talent in other and better rôles. Mr. Gillette is temperamentally and physically unsuited to the rôle of the millionaire, and though he acts, as always, with a suggestion of intellectual insight, Brachard lacks the powerful physical qualities especially needed for the best interpretation of the part. An uncommonly good performance of a polished villain is given by Mr. Arthur Byron. Miss Pauline Frederick, Mr. Frederick De Belleville, and Miss Marie Wainwright are others who do as well as possible under the circumstances.

Many years ago a melodrama called "The World" introduced the spectacular scene of a shipwreck with the subsequent disclosure of hero and heroine on a raft in mid-ocean. The ocean was represented by green cloths frantically shaken by industrious stage-hands in the wings, who occasionally added a realistic touch by throwing handfuls of salt into the air to represent the spray. People used to come away from the theater coughing dreadfully as a result of the awful clouds of dust raised from the stage by the green-cloth waves. It is only necessary to recall this play to realize the tremendous progress made in the art of theatrical mechanical illusion, of which the last cry is illustrated in Mr. Frederick Thompson's "Via Wireless" at the Liberty Theater.

"Via Wireless" contains two scenes designedly sensational, of which one, showing the forging of a huge gunbarrel in a Pittsburg mill, is more picturesque than thrilling, and the other, revealing a steamship rocking in a storm at sea, is a very lively excitant. Moreover, this last scene has a quality of somewhat unusual interest in the fact that its success depends as much upon the spectator's imaginative response as on the efforts of the actors. Instead of the principal characters of the story the scene reveals only an incidental figure, the wireless operator, who is violently concerned for the safety of hero and heroine supposed to be on a foundering yacht thirty miles away. As the messages flash in, the operator repeats them for the benefit of the auditor out front. The incident is so skilfully managed that unless one is fish-blooded some very intense moments result.

Winchell Smith and Paul Armstrong are the men who made the play from the raw material furnished in a short story, a sketch, and the mechanical designs of Mr. Thompson and his lieutenants. And for a few performances Mr. Smith, who is blessed with versatility, played the wireless operator himself, to relieve Mr. Joseph Kaufman, whose voice had given way under the strain of much shouting. Mr. Kaufman's intensity did much, however, to make the original production impressive, and a company of very good actors, including Edwin Arden, William B. Mack, Vera McCord, Georgie Drew Mendum, J. E. Miltern, Francis Mc-Ginn, and Frank Monroe deliver the heroics, the sentiment, and the villainy, in the manner best suited to the piece.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, whose "Jack Straw" was described last month, is again represented in "Lady Frederick" at the Hudson, the play which brought him his first resounding success in London, and which promises to increase his favor here. With the delightful Miss Barrymore in its chief rôle, and playing with exquisite charm and grace, "Lady Frederick" marks the exception to the general character of the month's plays. For there is nothing heavy here. The revenge motive is again present, but it melts away in the

forgiveness of a warm-hearted woman's generosity. The play is built upon conventionalities of character and situation, but with so much delightful dialogue and such insistent good humor that the result is most agreeable and

worth the effort spent.

Lady Frederick, laboring under a dubious reputation, which she does not deserve, finds herself a fascinating Irish widow, adored by Lord Mereston, who is many years her junior. She has only debts and embarrassments; he has fifty thousand pounds a year; so there is plenty of temptation to lure her to the match. But the boy's mother, ready to use any means to outwit Lady Frederick, calls into service her brother, Paradine Fouldes, who, as the Irish widow puts it, has the soul of a Jesuit priest in the body of a Yorkshire squire. For all his cleverness, however, he is no match for Lady Frederick. Base charges are made by the boy's mother and refuted by the widow, who refuses, however, to disclose an ugly scandal in her antagonist's domestic closet. Finally, Lady Frederick, although having things her own way, magnanimously decides to disillusionize her young lover, by playing the female David Garrick to his male Ada Ingot. She invites Lord Mereston to her dressing-room in the Hôtel Splendide, Monte Carlo, and lets him see his radiant idol of the night before, pale and lined in the morning light. By the time she has initiated him into the mysteries of her rouge-pot and pencil, and "the one puff of powder that makes the whole world kind," he is ready to cry quits, and she finds her consolation in his uncle, Paradine Fouldes, who is middle-aged and will make her just the proper husband.

The play offers abundant opportunities for the art of our charming comedienne, as it did for Miss Irving in London. Miss Barrymore, indeed, has seldom if ever been more fascinating, and her success was instantaneous. She again has as leading support Mr. Bruce McRae, who is admirable. Excellent figures are provided also by Miss Milward, who plays the mother, Mr. Nor-

man Thorpe, Mr. Orlando Daly, Miss Vira Stowe, and Miss Marianna Thurber.

In point of elaborateness Klaw and Erlanger's "Little Nemo" at the New Amsterdam stands first among the lighter offerings, and the juvenile hero of Winsor McCay's cartoons promises to become a popular stage figure. So, too, his associates Flip and Doctor Pill, and The Missionary, who are funny figures throughout, but who become especially diverting in a scene where they boast of their remarkable hunting prowess, in a realm infested with creatures that Lewis Carroll might have created out of his delightful imagination.

Master Gabriel appears as the very engaging diminutive hero of the story, and Messrs. Cawthorn, Van, and Kelly provide the low-comedy element which is unusually strong. The book by Harry B. Smith and the score by Victor Herbert admit of the introduction of several effective ensembles in which pretty effects and tuneful music are happily

blended.

For "The Golden Butterfly," in which the well-trained voice of Grace Van Studdiford is the principal singing asset, Mr. Reginald De Koven has written a very melodious score, climaxing his acts with sonorous concerted numbers, and introducing several haunting melodies of a lighter sort. Musically the entertainment is a lift higher than those to which Broadway is accustomed, which makes it the more regretful that the comedy is down to bed-rock and rests chiefly upon Mr. Louis Harrison, who has slender claims to humor.

A reasonable, coherent story differentiates "The Boys and Betty," which has unique charm in the presence of Miss Marie Cahill. She has a happy personality, and knows how to make comedy points without resort to violence. She is herself in everything she does, but it is an attractive, amusing self, and she is surrounded by clever people. The book by George V. Hobart and the music by Silvio Hein serve the comedienne very well and provide good light entertainment.

FOR BOOK LOVERS



Something as to Ainslee's policy. In "The Testing of Diana Mallory" Mrs. Humphrey Ward's usual good tasts seems to have failed her. Original and fascinating is Alfred Ollivant's "The Gentleman." Only those who like stories of the swash-buckling type will care for "Wroth," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. "The Man Without a Head," by Tyler De Saix, a good detective story. Una L. Silberrad's "Desire" worthy of serious consideration. There is quaint humor in "The Letters of Jennie Allen," by Grace Donworth, "Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Bailey, affords no entertainment



HERE is nothing in this current number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE that its readers can afford to slight or overlook. We undertake to say that each of the stories and

articles, considered separately from all of the others, is worth reading for its own sake and for the sake of the entertainment it affords. Any reader of this number can find solid enjoyment in "The Woman Who Loved Much," or "Little Marcus," or "A Corner in Water," or "The Butter-In," or "A Private Exit," or "When the Valley Voted," or any one of the others, even if, for some reason, he has no opportunity to read anything else, and he will feel amply repaid. Doubtless certain of the stories will appeal more directly to some tastes than to others, but they are all particularly excellent specimens of magazine fiction.

But more significant than this fact of individual merit is the unity of the whole table of contents which is emphasized and reenforced by its contrasts. Human nature is always one, but its methods of expression are of infinite variety, and to be thoroughly alive a magazine must give scope to

the limitless manifestations of humanity. This is the idea which is the basis of every number of AINSLEE'S, and which, we think, this first number for 1909 exemplifies to a degree more than ordinary. Keeping this in mind the reader will find that, in spite of differences in plot, in characters, in setting, all the stories have a relation each to the rest in the strong human nature that pervades them, and the enjoyment and appreciation of them will be vastly increased.

The February number of the magazine will be a further development of this same idea. John Kendrick Bangs will contribute the complete novel for this number. Mr. Bangs is well enough known to the magazine reading public to make it unnecessary to go into details. The mere statement of the fact that a story of his is to be published is enough to stimulate interest.

E. F. Benson's work is always popular and one of his best short stories will be in the next aumber. Some of the other contributors whose work is always welcomed everywhere are Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Marie Van Vorst, Mary Heaton Vorse, Elliott Flower, and Roy Norton. Quentin M. Drake will continue his series of short stories dealing with army life, and George L. Bur-

ton will have another on the qualifications of a suitor. And the bridge whist articles and those on the musical season will be, as usual, among the conspicuous features.

عن عن عن

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's hitherto invincible good taste seems to have failed her in her latest book, "The Testing of Diana Mallory," published by Harper & Bros.

She has never written, it seems to us, with a genuine spontaneity, but she has usually manifested a satisfaction in giving to her work a finish which is doubtless a part, though a small part, of literary excellence. She has apparently lost her zest for the operation of polishing in this new story; the glitter which has distinguished her style is fitful and uncertain.

As to the story itself little can be said. We have practically the same cast of characters and stage properties that Mrs. Ward is in the habit of using. The impression given by the whole book is that of a perfunctory dress rehearsal, had more for the purpose of perfecting the stage business than for presenting dramatic realities, so that one can almost hear the actors sigh their relief when the 'curtain descends at the end of the last chapter.

The real substance of the book is about enough for a short story, for, beyond the revival of the eighteen-year-old scandal concerning Diana's mother and Oliver Marsham's caddish desertion of her and treachery to Ferrier, there is nothing of vital importance. Marsham is a true representative of the type of hero in which Mrs. Ward delights. Weak, vacillating, unsatisfactory, unreliable in every relation of life, he cannot overcome the skepticism of the reader as to the possibility of Diana's happiness with him.

4. 4. 4.

Alfred Ollivant, who is known to fame as the author of "Bob, Son of Battle," has just published, through the Macmillan Company, a new book called "The Gentleman." It is a story of 1805, a period when England was in a state of some anxiety as to the outcome of Napoleon's designs upon her and when she was disposed to feel that upon Nelson rested her hopes of salvation.

These conditions Mr. Ollivant utilizes to build up the story of a conspiracy of Napoleonic origin against the life of Lord Nelson, and takes as his hero a fitteen-year-old midshipman, Kit Caryll, the son of a former shipmate of Nelson's, through whose instrumentality the conspiracy is finally defeated.

The action takes place from July to September, 1805, and consists of a series of sanguinary encounters on and bordering the English Channel, in all of which Kit plays a prominent part. There is no woman in the tale from beginning to end, and the only hint of love is a reference to Nelson's infatuation for Lady Hamilton, which threatens him with disaster.

The author's manner of telling his story is original and fascinating; his narrative is full of color, and if the details are at times a bit revolting, one feels, upon reflection, that they are

necessary.

Toward the end there are several scenes in which Nelson himself is the chief actor and which are very impres-

sive.

Mr. Ollivant states at the end of the last chapter that he will answer no question about the book; it is not necessary, its merits speak for it.

"Wroth" is the title of Agnes and Egerton Castle's latest book, and the Macmillan Company are the publish-

The scene of the story is laid in England about a hundred years ago. The hero is the fifth Lord Wroth, who, within three years from the date of his accession to the title and estates, had become known as Mad Wroth. The property which he had inherited had belonged to a rich monastic order until it was seized by Henry VIII. and afterward bestowed upon one of his favorites. Wroth had taken it with its

long history of spoliation and sacrilege, and at the opening of the story we are told that he had been living up to the

traditions of his ancestors.

We are introduced to the principal characters in the midst of a wild revel around what was formerly the sanctuary of the old priory. Wroth and a few of his boon companions are interrupted in their orgies by the sensational entrance of two women, one of whom, the Countess of Belgiojoso dei Vespi, turns out to be the heroine of the tale. Her appearance has a magical effect upon Lord Wroth; he promptly falls in love with her and from that moment his reformation begins. There is a long journey before him, however-over 400 pages-before he finally wins her; that is to say, before he is actually aware of it, for though she really surrenders and becomes his wife he knows nothing of it until almost the last page. How this can be the reader must find out for himself.

The book is one of those that will interest only those who have a special taste for the fantastic stories of the

swash-buckling type.

s



Small, Maynard & Co. have recently published a mystery story by Tyler De Saix, which has some situations that are rather original, considering the dif-

ficulties of detective fiction.

The book is called "The Man Without a Head," and a reading of it will confirm the rather grim suggestion of the title. It is, however, entirely possible to read it and be interested without being too unpleasantly affected by the gruesome details. The insane ingenuity of the criminal of the story brought into conflict with the resistless intuition of Freyberger, the detective, makes a tale absorbing enough to distract one's attention from the horrors of the murders.

We do not suppose that the author expects his readers to believe in the possibility of such a series of successful disguises as the criminal, Müller, concocted. Their invention, however, makes a very interesting if fantastic

problem for the police to solve. Freyberger gives us the impression of dodging the difficulties and more than once cuts the Gordian knot; but as he is described as possessing an extraordinary intuitive faculty the reader would probably be disappointed if no evidence of it were given.

st st st

"Desire," by Una L. Silberrad, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a book worthy of respectful and serious consideration in spite of its author's

missed opportunity.

It is conceived, obviously, as a piece of characterization, for the narrative of events is wholly subordinated to the portraiture of Peter Grimstone and Desire Quebell; the facts of the story are nothing—in the sense that almost any other set of facts would have served the purpose equally well—but the attitude of these two persons in relation to the facts is everything.

Desire is a creature of impulse very largely, a woman placed in an environment of the densest conventionalism, but wholly unaware of any obligation on her part to regard its rules. Such restraint as she places upon her emotions derives its force and effect from her own sense of proportion and self-respect rather than from the crystallized opinion of society, and therefore the strength and vitality and charm of her personality impress themselves more and more upon the reader as the story proceeds.

It is not difficult to understand the attraction possessed by the potential Peter Grimstone for such a woman. We say "potential" because Peter does not appear in the story as the author obviously intended that he should. A woman of Desire's temperament, perhaps any woman, may have a sense of security in the steadfast unselfishness of a man's love for her, but she will be apt to chafe at the almost colorless self-lessness with which the author has mistakenly clothed Peter.

Here is the missed opportunity. We do not want to have to take it for granted that Peter could, on occasion,

be militant and aggressive; we demand a demonstration of it, not necessarily violent, but just enough to convince us that his apparent apathy is not mere dumb endurance, but a cheerful sense of his power over circumstances and

The contrasts of the book are what give it its strength, but they have not been handled with sufficient delicacy.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend, Miss Musgrove," is the rather formidable title of a book by Grace Donworth, published by Small, Maynard & Co.

One who is adventurous enough not to be discouraged by the title will receive his reward, for the book is full of a quaint humor all the more attractive because the author has succeeded, to a degree, in making it appear uncon-

scious.

Jennie Allen is apparently a native of Providence, and is a member of the household which includes her halfwitted sister, her brother, and his wife and children. She is one of the simple type, cheerful and illiterate, and has few interests outside of her home and her routine of duties. She is a constitutional optimist, and her point of view makes all the facts of life inevitably and irresistibly humorous, though she herself seems blissfully unaware of it.



The Bobbs-Merrill Company has recently published one of the "'Ods-blood," "S'death," "Egad," "It-likesme-well" kind of stories, of which there have, mercifully, been only a few of "Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Bailey, is not a book to make one feel optimistic.

It is possible, for all we know to the contrary, that English men and women of two hundred and fifty years ago talked the lingo of Colonels Stow and Royston and Lucinda Weston and Joan of Normandy, but it is hard to believe that Cromwell and Ireton and Fairfax were ever guilty of the bombastic affectations that are put into their mouths in this book.

The story itself, thin and fragmentary enough in all conscience, is submerged in the flood of rhetorical artificialities. Such attention as the reader can give it is concentrated on the monstrosities of diction rather than on char-

acters or plot.

The period is that of the Puritan revolution and the scene mostly around Oxford where King Charles was holding his court. There is but little action, and such as there is is frequently interrupted by irrelevant episodes of no special interest. Stow and Royston, beginning as a sort of Damon and Pythias, drift apart under the influence of Lucinda Weston, and end by finding themselves in opposite camps. Stow is a good deal more of an inflated egotist than a Colonel Greatheart, such as he is meant to be, and he is a poseur to the very last.

A reading of the book may supply a degree of mental and moral discipline

but no entertainment.

A 36 38 Important New Books.

"An Immortal Soul," W. H. Mallock, Har-"Kincaid's Battery," George W. Cable,

Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Health, Strength, and Happiness," C. W. Saleeby, Mitchell Kennerley.
"The Substitute," Walter Camp, D. Appleton & Co.

"By the Christmas Fire," Samuel M. Crothers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
"Orthodoxy," G. K. Chesterton, John Lane

Co. "Rosnah," Myra Kelly, D. Appleton & Co. "The Stroke-oar," Ralph D. Paine, Outing Publishing Co.

"My Lady of the Fog." Ralph Henry Barbour, J. B. Lippincott Co. "Felice," J. Luther Long, Moffat, Yard &

Co. "The Seed of the Righteous," Frank T. Bullen, Eaton & Mains.
"The Good Wolf," Frances Hodgson Bur-

nett, Moffat, Yard & Co. "The Story of a Street," Frederic Trevor Hill, Harper & Bros.

"In Calvert's Valley," Margaret Prescott Montague, Baker & Taylor Co. "The Witching Hour," Augustus Thomas,

Harper & Bres.

This Little Book FREE.



A Keen, Snappy Little Book To be Found in Packages.

A copy is placed in every third pkg. of

o i,

v o a se

re,

V. e-

M.

ne Co. ng ry

T.

11-

TOP

ott

as.

Grape-Nuts

One of the best known surgeons in America voluntarily wrote a 2-page letter favorably analyzing the healthful suggestions in The "Road to Wellville."

Some profound facts appear that are new to most persons.

Get a pkg. and study the little book. It wins its own way, and adds to your stock of knowledge.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Fresh-air heating

All fathers and mothers agree that if any of the family deserve or need a room that is just right to sleep in and to play in, it is the children. It means so much to their futures to surround their youth with the pure and healthful conditions which come from well-warmed and ventilated rooms.



AMERICAN & DEAL BOILERS

for Hot-Water and Low-Pressure Steam Heating warm the air without robbing it of its purity. There is no scorched air, no ash-dust, no coalgases, or cellar-gases to work injury

to the health, as arises from the use of old-fashioned heating methods.

In many cities and in some states the law now compels that all newly built schools shall be warmed and ventilated by Steam or Hot Water. If your child is thus wisely, sanitarily protected in school, why not yourself adopt this right way of heating your home, since the prices are now so reasonable, and the outfits can

so simply be put into homes already built?



IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are a substantial paying investment, as they will outlast the building. Their purchase will increase the sales and rental value of the building, and they will soon repay their cost in savings of fuel, labor, repairs, and in the lessened house-cleaning and wear on carpets and furnishings.

A No. 020 IDEAL Boiler and 252 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$185, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Write today for valuable book (free). Five months of cold weather still ahead! Sales Offices and Ware-houses throughout America and Europe.

DEPT. 30

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

CHICAGO



ized rubber. It is impossible to

loosen them-they are always erect and springy and work the lather well into the beard. to order by mail.

mend the \$1.00 brush.

To the ordinary man we com-

The Rubberset Company Newark, N. J.



The Positioning Pins and Perforated Blade

SAFETY razor should the guard. be safe. You can't have safety if there is any way for the blade to slip. The blade must be absolutely secure.

safety" razor you have a With a removable or interchangeable blade. You can slide it in position—the difficulty is to keep it there!

Clamps and springs are uncertain. A spring weakens with use. There must be no variation-no vibrationnothing left to chance.

You can't be trusted always to see that you have placed the blade exactly in alignment.

There must be something to prevent your placing it any other waysomething to insure the blade being held in exact position with relation to

The GILLETTE is the only safety razor that does not attempt to clamp the blade by one or more of its sides (a razor blade as hard and slippery as glass) and to hold it by the pressure, or spring principle.

A GILLETTE blade has three round perforations. When you drop it over the three positioning pins it can't slip. It can't get away. The blade is in perfect alignment. You can't place it out of position if you try.

How it is held there in a vice-like grip we shall explain another time.

There is no razor like the GILLETTE no handle, no blade like it. Any man can use it. It makes shaving easy no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin. No stropping, no honing.

Standard set \$5.00. On sale everywhere.

New York, Times Bldg. Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg. GILLETTE SALES CO.

Kimball Building, Boston

Canadian Office 63 St. Alexander St.

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

GX (0,5x3,5x0)



30 SHAW STREET, LOWELL, MASS.





A Skilled Pianist Is Always At Your Command If You Own

The Pianola Piano

It does not matter what kind of music you want to hear, this pianist is always able and willing to oblige you.

Go to the opera—hear the latest musical comedy, or attend a symphony concert. Afterwards in your own home, you can have what pleased

The Pianola Piano has a keyboard, so that it may be played by hand as other pianos. In addition it contains the Pianola which makes it instantly convertible into a piano which anyone can play.

s

n

Other manufacturers are now attempting to imitate the Pianola Piano, but in no case are these manufacturers able to offer an instrument containing the genuine Pianola or approaching the Pianola Piano in musical quality. you most, played over as often as you wish.

Nothing is too difficult for this pianist;
he has a greater technique than even
Paderewski or Rosenthal.

Nothing is unknown to him, for his repertoire embraces over 15,000 pieces.

And nothing can give you more pleasure than his playing, for this pianist may be yourself if you desire.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY,

Pianola Pianos cost from \$550 to \$1,050.

362 Fifth Ave., New York

Mail this coupon and we will send free a handsome, illustrated catalog and details of a plan for purchasing on installments.

Send Catalog E and details of your easy purchase-plan to

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL, 362 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Name_____St. and No.____

MILLIONS



OF WOMEN

Throughout the world prefe

CUTICURA SOAP

To all other Skin Soaps for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands. For rashes, itchings and chafings, red, rough hands, dry, thin and falling hair, for infant eruptions, and skin blemishes, sanative, antiseptic cleansing and all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq., Paris, S, Rue de la Paix; Australia, E. Towns & Co., Sydney: India, B. K. Paulia, B. C. Paris, S, Rue de la Paix; Australia, E. C. Paris, C.

SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2 YOUR COAL BILL

Do you know that about fifty per cent. of the coal consumed in a kitchen range is wasted?

The waste is caused by unconsumed gases going up the chimney.

But you can cut your coal bill in two by using the Wonder Stove Lid System.



THE WONDER STOVE LID

BURNS THE WASTE GAS

The Wonder Stove Lid looks—on top—like any other stove lid, but the bottom side of it is a mechanical device which furnishes continuously-heated oxygen to the fire, thereby causing the combustible gases to burn which usually escape through the pipe and chimney unconsumed.

By using the Wonder Stove Lid you get a hot, even fire, without getting lids red-hot, or letting your coal money roar up the chimney in waste heat.

WHAT THE COOK SAID

Our cook told me the other day that she closed the stove up Sunday at three o'clock, and Monday morning she got breakfast with the same fire without putting a kernel of coal in the stove. The WONDER STOVE LID has cut our coal bill a little more than half.

WE GUARANTEE: A saving of one-third to one-half of the fuel used, or we will refund your money after two weeks' trial.

DISTRICT AGENTS WANTED. We offer exclusive territory to energetic district agents. This proposition is a demonstrated success. Contracts are being closed with high-grade salesmen. No territory sold, but exclusive contract given.

WRITE TO-DAY!

for full particulars. In writing state make of stove; whether stove is in good condition; and whether it has a double or single smoke pipe.

Standard Utilities Corporation,

We want You to know what is in Rexall "Ninety-three" Hair Tonic and what it will

No other hair tonic made contains this combination of antiseptic, preservative, cleansing, stimulating, and nourishing properties.

For this reason you should always buy and use Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, thus always keeping the hair naturally abundant, soft, and silky. Eradicates dandruff, prevents baldness, and promotes a healthy hair growth.

> Then, please remember this fact -no other hair tonic is sold under such a strong guarantee.

> If not satisfied with results, tell the druggist who sold it to you and he will refund your money cheerfully.

> > We assume all risk of its not proving even better than you expected.

Only one druggist in a place sells Rexall "93" Hair Tonic. It cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Look for

The Jexall Stores

They are located in over 2000 towns and cities in the United States. coupon with \$1 to The Rexall

United Drug Company

44 Leon St.,

The Rexalt Store in your town. It will entitle you to a \$1 bottle of Rexalt "93" Hair Tonic and a 25c. jar of Rexalt "93" Shampoo Paste. If there is no crall Store in your town Rexall "03" Shampoo
Paste. If there is no
Rexall Store in your town
send \$1 with coupon direct
to us, and the Hair Tonic
and Shampoo Paste will be
delivered to your residence, all
charges prepaid. This offer is
limited. Send to-day. United
Drug Company, Boston, Mass.

Sign and de-



Write for free booklet, "Treatise on Care of the Hair."

BORAX
Firmly established
as the most useful
product for its softening and cleansing properties.

GLYCERINE A stimulant for the bair bulbs. Has marked soothing, healing, and nour-ishing properties.

RESORCIN One of the most ef-

fective germ des-troyers ever discov-ered by science.

BETA NAPTHOL Prevents develop-ment of new germs by preserving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

Not a coloring mat-ter, but a harmless

ingredient for re-storing hair color (when loss of color

was caused by dis-ease), and for preserving its nat-

PILOCARPIN

ALCOHOL A stimulating pre-servative in connection with the above elements. Als beneficial because

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

g the

AS

anv hanieated stible pipe

even r coal

sed day fire ove.

ird to your

offer This tracts No

stove: ther it

ion,



CHALFONTE

The Boardwalk, the beach, the piers and other attractions, when combined with the comfort and elegance of Chalfonte make a visit to Atlantic City at this time most delightful. Write for reservations to

THE LEEDS COMPANY

Always Open

On the Beach



THE MOST MAGNIFICENT HOTEL IN THE SOUTH.

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY.

Rooms single and en suite, with and without bath.

RATES \$1.50 PER DAY AND UPWARDS

The Historical points of interest in and around Richmond makes the city a desirable stop over place for tourists.

For booklets and reservations, address,

P. M. FRY, Manager.

HOTEL PIERREPONT

43-45-47 West 32d Street NEW YORK

QUIET, REFINED AND MODERN

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Apartments of All Sizes, Both Furnished and Unfurnished Transient Rates for Room and Bath, \$2.50 per Day and More

EUROPEAN PLAN

HARRY L. BROWN



TRAINING Outweighs Long Service

There is no better proof of this than the everyday scenes of long-service untrained employees at the beck and call of younger men who occupy the big positions because of their training. It's a case of Training vs. Long Service—with the odds all in favor of the trained man.

Get out of the untrained rut. Mark the attached coupon and let the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton tell you how you can qualify for a better position. How you can protect yourself against servitude in your old age. How

against servitude in your old age. How you can become an expert at your chosen line of work. No necessity for leaving home. No books to buy. Mark the coupon. It will bring you advice and information worth dollars to you. Marking the coupon puts you to no expense and places you under no obligation. Mark it NOW.

HOW THE I.C.S. RAISES SALARIES

That the Business of the I.C.S. is to Raise Salaries is shown by the monthly average of 300 letters VOLUNTARILY written by students reporting salaries raised and advancement won through I.C.S. help. During October the number was 274.

So long as you can read and write there's an I. C. S. way by which you can succeed in life. Let the I. C. S. tell you what it is. MARK THE COUPON NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Bux 1199 Seranten, Pa. Flease explain, without rurther obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X Hook keeper Steenographer Lee Highling Supt. Blook Unard Writer Window Trismmer Commercial Law Illustrator Civil Service Architect Engineer Elec Lighting Supt. Electrician Hill Supt. Electrician Engineer Hanking Mining Engineer Hanking Mining Engineer Electrician Service Engineer Electrician Engineer Hanking Mining Engineer Electrician Service Engineer Electrician Engineer Electrician Engineer Electrician Engineer Electrician Service Engineer Electrician Electrician



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipe fulls—it costs \$2.00 per pound—three quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—cer-tainly, ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send 10 CENTS for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known

THE SURBRUG COMPANY 132 Reade Street, New York



RAILWAY MAIL CLERK BE A

We prepare you by mail to successfully pass the Civil Service Examination. Our instruction embraces features no other school can use. If you want to be sure to pass get our free catalog. Write today.

THE WENTHE RY. COR. SCHOOL, Dept. C-S 223, Freeport, III.



FLASH LIKE GENUINE Day or night. You can own a Diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine Stone at one-thirtieth the cost.

BARODA DIAMONDS

IN SOLID GOLD RINGS stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first, then pay. Catalogue Free. Patent Ring Measure included for FIVE two-cent stamps.

THE BARODA COMPANY, Bept. N. 250 North State St., Chleago

123 Years of Purity **Progress** Popularity

The Ale of Americans for Americans by Americans

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere

C. H. EVANS & SONS BREWERY AND BOTTLING WORKS

HUDSON, N. Y.

Established 1786

GREATEST TUTOR OF Hygiene and Physical Culture IN AMERICA

NAMERICA

Nature gave you muscles to support yourself. Use them. Develop them. If braces were as good as muscles, nature would have supplied you with them. Don't try to get health from outside yourself. Build your own muscles and organs to the strength you need. I guarantee to treble your cheat expansion and perfect the development of your entire muscular system in one short course of pure physical No useless and unhealthy braces or like appliances. Nothing but development of your own force and strength. The largest and best equipped gymnasium in New York. Rolandow is the acknowledged modern Hercules. He is the only man Sandow refused to meet in competition.

ROLANDOW WAS DEVELOPED BY THE FAMOUS TITUS SYSTEM MAIL COURS SE The above guarastee applies to my lastratelions by mail. 1

MAIL COURSE The above guarantee applies to my instructions by mail. have nothing to coll except my course. One fee covers let Send z-cent stamp for particulars of my "Nature's System" of health and strength to

TITUS BUILDING, No. 156 East 98rd St., NEW YORK



Send no money, write to-day for this handsome 14-inch, beautifully color. If you find it a big bargain remit \$1.56 each, or sell \$2 feathers and get your own free. Enclose \$6c. postage. Write for catalogue.

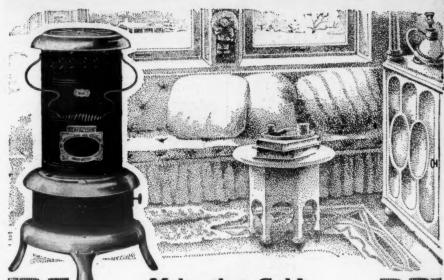
ANNA AYERS, Dept. E-65, 21 Quincy St., CHICAGO

AINSLEE'S MACAZINE is printed with inks manufactured by

W. D. WILSON PRINTING INK CO.,

LTD., 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



S

ere

lture

sup-

musd you health

r own ength your

xpanent of ysical es or e and York.

only

nail. I

RK

AGO

Make that Cold Room a Cozy Den

In nearly every house there is one room that is extremely hard to heat—it is therefore practically closed for the winter. This room can be made the coziest room in the house with no trouble by the use of the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

This heater gives intense heat, with no smoke, no smell. Turn it as high as you can to light it, as low as you can to extinguish it. Easy to clean, easily carried from room to room. Nickel or Japan finish. Every heater guaranteed.

The Rayo Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household pur-

poses. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY





Give your bookkeeper and bill clerks an assistant—a Comptometer.

It will work 24 hours of every day in the year and still be fresh. Then, too, it will figure in two hours what you cannot figure in eight or more! Isn't such time worth saving?

Every hour of overtime increases your payroll, just that much loss to overcome.

The COMPTOMETER

Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides.

It is a permanent investment and returns its price over and over every hour you use it—the same as your typewriter.

Use The Comptemeter. It is in a class by itself, defeating all others. Experience the relief it affords, the time it saves. You will then see how foolish it is to waste valuable time and effort in primitive mental figuring. Write for pamphlet, or write at once for a Comptometer on free trial, express paid, U. S. or Canada.

IF YOU BUY CLOTH FROM US ACCORDING TO OUR SIMPLE EASY PLAN

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. 272 North Paulina St. Chicago, - Ill.

Never Before in The History of Business Has Help Like This Been Offered to Ambitious Men.

We Are Making Yeu This Offer because we want you to start Canvas Glove Factory of your own and become pro-percus. We want to show you how this can be done on very little capital (from 86 to 800) which to possibility of making thousands of dollars within a short time.

Under Our New Pian we offer to give you free the necessary tools, such as dies, cutting table, maple cutting block, turning machine, cloth rack, raw-hide mau, in fife 'patterns and equipments. Surely no such liberal offer was ever made before.

We De All This For Yes—start your factory, furnish the tools, simply with the understanding that you buy your sup-plies from us so long as our prices are as low or lower than you can get elsewhere.

This is Simply an Opportunity to get into the manufac-turing business, which, with a reasonable amount of work and attention to business, should make any man or woman a prosperous factory owner in a short time.

THIS BOOK FREE

This valuable book contains a great deal of information about the secrets of the Glove business and how anyone with a capital of from 606 to 800 can make money right from the start. Send for it today—it is free.

THE McCREERY MFG. CO. 592 Dorr Street, Toledo, O.



SECTIONAL

You CAN'T Be Fooled

"Come-Packt" Sectional Furniture comes "in the white" "Come-Packt" Sectional Furniture comes "in the white"
and the finished sections are ready to put together. You
see just what you get—and you get Quarter-sawed
WHITE Oak every time. No chance to disguise defects
or substitute cheap woods. A few minutes
only needed to fasten the sections and apply whatever stain you select—we include
it free. It's a pleasure and a satisfaction
to KNOW you have the best obtainable.





And You Save OVER HALF

We manufacture and ship direct to you at lower prices than dealers pay. Why pay middlemen's profits, store rents, clerk's wages, etc., also high freights and costly packing—two more items that add to the PRICE, not the VALUE of store furniture. Try our way ONCE—that's the proof. "Your money back if you say so." WRIT TODAY for free catalogue of other handsome Library and Dining-room furniture.

"It comes in SECTIONS, not in pieces."

International Mig. Co., 108 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST COLD WEATHER DANGERS!

EGGINS

PREVENT AND RELIEVE



Descriptive Circular upon request

RHEUMATISM FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

Light, yet warm as fur. Perfect fitting, stylish, durable and

Made of Pure Australian Wool
Jersey, in black only.
Healthful, hygienic
and easily put on or removed.

Worn over the stocking and inside the shoe

\$1.50 a pair

delivered prepaid anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of the price. When order-ing mention size of

ROSENWASSER BROS., Makers Dept.20, 472 Broadway New York

COLGATE'S

ANTISEPTIC

You wed ects utes apude

ble.

the at's ITE

tich.

tSt

ınd

ů٢

the

ER

ers

DELICIOUS

Comes out lies flat on

A RARE COMBINATION

Delicious and at the same time thoroughly Antiseptic—because we know how to make an efficient dentifrice with a pleasing flavor. a ribbonthe brush

Cleanses thoroughly without scratching, gives a perfect polish to gold work.

Trial tube sent for 4 cts. in stamps.

COLGATE & CO., Dept, A. 55 John St. N.Y.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap



Vaseline Handbook For You!

It contains valuable and useful information about the different kinds of

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY, PURE TIN TUBES

and explains their many uses. For instance:

How to relieve rhenmatism, colds in the chest, toothache, etc., with the wonderful counter irritant,

CAPSICUM VASELINE

How to antiseptically treat cuts, sores, bites, etc., with

CARBOLATED VASELINE

How to relieve a nervous headache or neuralgia with

MENTHOLATED VASELINE

How to heal chapped skin with VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE

How to keep the skin in a soft and healthy condition with

VASELINE COLD CREAM

How countless little ailments can be helped by the external and internal use of

WHITE VASELINE

How to relieve catarrh with

BORATED VASELINE

FREE-this attractive and interesting FREE—this attractive and interesting Vaseline Book contains many hints and practical information for relieving the small ills, aches and pains common in every household. Write for a copy to-dny. It's as important an adjunct to the medicine chest as a cook book is to the kitchen.

CHESERROUGH MEG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product



Ferry's are best because every year the retailer gets a new supply, freshly tested and put
up. You run no risk of poorly kept or remnant
stocks. We take the pains; you get the results.
Buy of the best equipped and most expert seed
growers in America. It is to our advantage to
satisfy you. We will. For sale everywhere.
Our 1909 Seed Annual free. Write to
D. M. FERRY & CO.

Detroit, Mich.

A Book Wanted by Every American

THE LINCOLN STORY BOOK

THE greatest collection of stories and yarns about and by ABRAHAM LIN-COLN ever published together in one book-stories that are tragic and comictold in the inimitable manner so identified with the man. In this book are to be found stories of Lincoln's early life and career, his struggles for recognition and his ultimate triumph. These are all authoritative and throw a flood of light upon Lincoln's character as a man and statesman *

Art Cloth, 12mo. Price \$1.50

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail ag cents—Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Taleum Tollet Powder—It has the sent of Freshour Farms Violett. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J. nem's Sen Yang Tellet Powder, Oriental Odor No nem's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) Samples Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.

Do You Hear Well?

The Stolz Electrophone- A New, Electrical, Scientific and Practicul Invention for those who are Beaf or Partially Deaf-MAY NOW BE TESTED IN YOUR OWN HOME.

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone at home. This personal practical test serves to prove that the device satisfies with ente, every requirement of a perfect hearing device. Write for particulars at once, before the offer is withdrawn, for by this personal test plan the final selection of the o-e completely eatisfactory hauring attil is made easy and inexpensive for every one.

f

ıt

d

e

T e 11

a

S d

50

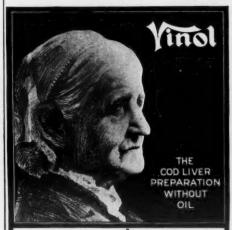
This new invention, the Stolz Electrophone (U. S. Patent No. 76,575) renders
unnecessary such clumps, unsightly and
frequently harmful devices as trumpets,
horas, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a
truspets, the such such as the such
riffer the sound waves in such manner as to
cause an astonishing increase in the clearmess of all sessuals. It overcomes the buzzling and roaring ear noises and, also, so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts
hearing itself is gradually restored.

What Three Business Men Say.

What Three Business Men Say.

The Eiserbelone is very satisfactor. Being small in fits and great in bearing smalles makes it profress also any I have tried and, I bullers. I have tried also in any I have tried and, I bullers. I have tried also any I have tried and, I bullers. I have tried also engage to the control of t

Stolz Electrophone Co., 1551 Stewart Bldg., 7th Floor, Chicago Soe: Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburg, In: Des Moines, Toronte. Foreign Office: 82-86 Fleet St., London, Eng.



PEOPLE

Need Vinol because it supplies the very elements required to rebuild wasting tissues and replace weakness with strength

Vinol is a delicious modern Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil but no oil. For feeble old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for pulmonary troubles, Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

FOR SALE AT THE LEADING DRUG STORE IN ALMOST EVERY TOWN AND CITY

Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your leading druggist's name so that we can arrange with him to carry Vinol.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE
CHESTER KENT & CO. Chemists Bost

Boston, Mass.



GILBERT'S

Heel Gushions

Put Your Feet on Easy Street

Relieve the jar on your spins and brain.
Make walking a pleasure. No rubber to sweat the feet. No "steathly tread."
Wore Inside the shoe. At shoe, drug and department stores or by mail, postpaid 50c. Be sure to get Gilbert's.
SHORT PEOPLE MADE TALL

by our I-Inch Cushion. Impossible to detect. Postpaid, \$1.00. Booklet on Request E. T. GILBERT MFG. CO., 238 South Ave., Rochoster, N. Y.

No one need remain

for I have invented and perfected a device which fits into the ear without a bit of discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eyes—but when

worn it can't be seen.

So small you don't know you are wearing it—yet so effective you would miss it instantly.



This device of mine is so constructed that it magnifies the sound waves—then this magnified sound wave is concentrated to the center

concentrated to the center of the ear drum.

It does what ear trumpets are supposed to do—but it is invisible. You even torget it yourself.
You see, years ago I was deaf myself—people had to shout at me. It was so embarrassing that I was avoided. avoided.

I doctored for two years—but with no avail, So in sheer desperation I resolved to help myself.
Day and night I experimented with an artificial ear. After years of tedious toil I succeeded.
My efforts were more than repaid, for when I perfected my device so I could wear it myself, my hearing came back. People no longer shunned me, It was marvelous—I could hear as well as anybody.
What I did for myself I have since done for 200,000 others—and

others-and

can make you

Yet what it costs me in years of struggle I let you

have for five dollars.

Don't send me the money now—I want you first to read my book. It goes into detail about this wonderful device.

The whole result of my successful experiment—and, how you can have your hearing restored, is yours for the price of a postal and a minute to send it. Write to me personally, Geo. H. Wilson, care of Wrison Ear Drum Co., 68 Todd Bidg., Louisville, Ky.,

and ask for my book.

None But the Best and Purest **Ingredients Used**

This is why discriminating buyers, for four generations, have preferred "The Original Tooth Paste."

Sold the world over by all dealers in high-grade toilet requisites.



Sheffield Dentifrice Co.,

124 BROAD STREET. NEW LONDON, CONN., U.S.A.

will bring you a sample tube (1-6 regular size). Or, for 25c. in stamps or coin, we will mail you a full-

size tube.

Also put up in individual jars and in powder form. Save the coupons on carton.

They have a cash value.





Hot Springs, Ark. Denver, Col. West Haven, Conn. Washington, D. C. 211 N. Capitol St. Dwight, Ili. Marion. Ind. Plainfield, Ind. Des Moines, In. Crab Orchard, Ky. Lexington, Mass.

Portland. Me. Grand Rapids, Mich. 265 S. College Ave. Kansas City, Mo. St. Louis. Mo. Manchester, N. H. Buffalo, N. Y. White Plains, N. Y. Portland, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St. Harrieburg, Pa.

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

For Liquor and

Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave. Providence, R. I. Toronto, Ont., Canada. Winnipeg, Manitoba. London, England.

LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMON

HOLIDAY PRESENTS the Loftis System

DLIDAY PRESENTS the LoftisSystem is a great convenience. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable gifts without the outlay of much ready money. A small cash payment and you can give a "loved one" your choice of the finest diamonds, watches and high grade jewley. Rake 100 kis kilkerivins sow from unfoldedy extalog and let us send them all express charges paid for impection. It estimates the control of the finest diamonds of the monthly payment is likelikely classing relay.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



st

ier-

te."

sG

mps

0.,

S.A.

tube

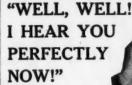
full-

idual

rton.

ue.

۲.



"I hear you anywhere in the room; why I could not hear ordinary conversation one foot away.
"I have had the Acousticon now for nearly a year and it is all in all to me. Gold could not buy it if I

could not get another. "GARRETT BROWN, St. Louis, Mo.

The experience of Mr. Brown is the same as that of thousands who are now using the Acousticom—to them we have said as we now say to you:

"Test the Acousticon and let us prove that it will make you hear easily, distinctly and clearly

ENTIRELY AT OUR EXPENSE."

If you are not convenient to one of our many offices, you can test it at your own home, and if you do not hear satisfactorily the trial will not cost you one cent. No trial fee, no penalty, no expense whatever if you do not hear.

A very light and unnoticeable head band is furnished with

the ear-piece; its use makes it unnecessary to hold the ear-piece and leaves both hands perfectly free. Ladies who use the Acousticon dress their hair so as to make the head band and ear-piece invisible.

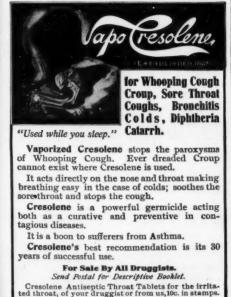
The Acousticon is the original electrical hearing device, fully protected by U. S. patents and you cannot secure anything as efficient under another name.

Write for particulars of the Free Test, Booklet, etc., to

THE GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.

841 BROWNING BLDG.

Brondway & 32nd Street, : : NEW YORK



THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada,



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"





We teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Came Heads, Also tota akins and make rays. Be your own taxifermist. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies, or increase your income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly need in spare time, by men and womes. Highest forcements by thousands of students, Write towards of the contract of the contract



LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, take advantage of today's business opportunities in the new towns along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

KEEP WARM No Soot, Smoke or Odor. Cheapest heat known. Supplants the oil heater, requires no care. Throws the heat down to the floor Average Expense one-half cent per hour when gas is \$1 per 1000 cubic feet. Warms a room in 5 minutes. Endorsed by physicians. rms a room in 5 minutes. Burns any gas, natural or artificial. 7825 50,000 **Vices** Sold everywhere on approval. At your dealer's or sent pre paid to any address on receipt of price. Efficiency guaran seed double that of any other Gas Hester on the market Agonts wanted, Folder free. Kohler Die & Specialty Co. Mrs. Dept. 8 200 West Washington Boulevard, Chicag

TO AMUSE THE MOTION PICTURES PUBLIC WITH MEDISARY WERE



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" (sells all. structures book and "Business Guide" (sells all. structures because of the sells on the sells and the sells of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and song; illustrated. One man can do it. Astoniaking Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, echool house, lodge halia, theater, etc. and carbon house, lodge halia, theater, etc. and motion Ficture Films and Boig Bildes rented. Profits \$10 to over \$1.00 per hight. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how, Catalog free. Amusement Supply Co. 30882 deaden Stades, Sas Transfect

IN ABOUT 2 MONTHS

ntative in my big CO-OPERATIVE REAL ESTATE representative in my big 60-07cHailte Reta Elait Bullets, No experience necessary; this man had none. I will teach you the business by mail and appoint you my special Representative. You can mit you man without my a spice of the property of the first and send you my FREE BOOK. HEREST HURD, Free, Stay Realty Co., 820 Century Bidg, Kanasa City, Mo.





Made for men with good red blood.

An American betterment of the finest foreign models. Easy running, powerful, reliable, swift. Its equal at the price does not exist today.

THE CONSOLIDATED \$100 PACKAGE CAR

Solves the problem of small deliveries at a profit. A money saver for every sort of retail business. Get posted. CYCLES, acknowledged the standard of America, and are sole makers of BUSSEY. Write at once for FREE CATALOGUE, naming the 1719 FERNWOOD AVE. THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO.



naming the vehicle you wish to know about. TOLEDO, O., U. S. A.



have been the world's standard. We supply the

United States Government. Hundreds of prices cut in half this year: \$100 cornets, only \$50; \$20 cornets, only \$10; \$100 violin outfits, only \$50; \$20 violin outfits, only \$10; \$25 guitar and mandolin outfits, only \$12.50. Free course of music lessons with each instrument.

Many other rare opportunities in Band Instruments, Talking Machines, Old Violins, and everything musical. Easy monthly payments. Sheet music and instruction books at half.

FREE Big new catalog of Musical Instruments a 50c. piece of new music FREE if you mention this magazine and instrument you are interested in. Write today.

THE 186 E.4th St. RUDOLPH WURLITZER CHICAGO.



City, Ma

00

writing to an make an expert penman of you by mail I all teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a hetch penman, write me. I will send you Fass one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM, 3830 Euclid Ave., Kansas City, Missouri. 603 Thames Bldg., 135 Greenwich Street, New York

ut out Drud Install The Use of the Corn Broom Means-Clouds of Dust, Back-Breaking Effort, Poorly Cleansed Carpets and Rugs, Loss of Time, Sore Hands, Injury to Draperies and Furniture. The Use of a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper Means—Saving of Time, Saving of Carpets and Rugs, Saving of Labor, Saving of Health, The Dust all Confined, and Better Sanitation Insured. For sale by all the best trade; prices \$2.50 to \$6.50. Makes a choice wedding or holiday gift. Buy a Biss efforce weading or notady git.
Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper
now of your dealer, send us the purchase alip within one week from date
of purchase, and we will send you
FREE a neat, useful present.
Address Dept. 56.
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Geisha Diamond

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliance they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO. 52-58 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago, Ill.



Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book,

newspaper. Press \$5. Larger size \$18. Saves you money. Also big profits printing for others. Type setting easy, printed instructions sent. Write factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.

THE PRESS CO.

RED OR "VULCAN" INK PENCILS BLACK

The ONLY perfect, non-leakable ink pencils at a moderate price.

\$1.00 By mail. Agents postpaid upon Wanted

receipt of price. J. ULLRICH & CO., Manufacturers,

. Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



THE VARNISH BEST SUITED IS

for interiors in public buildings and private houses, especially such as receive hard wear.

LIQUID GRANITE always gives complete satisfaction. As its name implies, it adds a lustre and brightness to woodwork combined with a hardness and durability that is unequalled.

"LIQUID GRANITE makes poor floors feel rich." Indeed, the same may be said of all woodwork, whether indoors or out, or in fact, of all other materials on which any varnish can be used.

For restoring oil-cloth and linoleum LIQUID GRANITE is unsurpassed. Anyone can apply LIQUID GRANITE easily; everyone will find it difficult to mar or deface.

Ask your dealer for Liquid Granite and insist on what you ask for. If he does not keep it have him order it and accept no substitute.

Send for literature on wood finishing and home varnishing. One of our wonderful cut-out paper toy wagons sent free to any address.

Put up only in cans of convenient size from 1-2 pint to 5 gallons

New York BERRY BROTHERS, Limited 262 Pearl St.

Varnish Manufacturers Boston 520 Atlantic Ave. ESTABLISHED 1888 Philadelphia 26-28 No. 4th St.

DETROIT

Canadian Office and Factory: Walkerville, Ont.

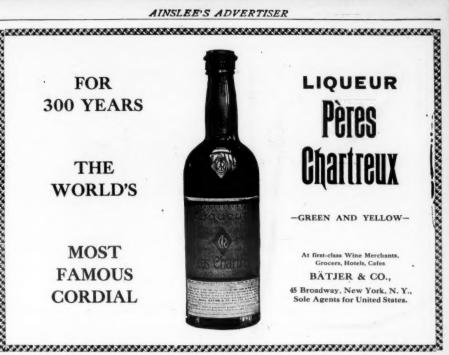
LIQUID GRANITE

Chicago 25 Lake St. Cincinnati 420 Main St. St. Louis 112 So. 4th St.

San Francisco 868 Howard St

ĒΟ

Baltimore









"The tender blue of wistful skies, And winds that softly sing-"

are daily companions of the happy voyagers who take part in the Special Cruises arranged by the New York & Porto Rico Steamship Company

Around PORTO RICO

Within Three Days one is in the American Tropics for a Three Weeks' Cruise of Three Thousand Miles on Summer Seas. The steamer is the traveler's home for the entire voyage, and the discomforts of land journeying are avoided. Every convenience and comfort provided on board, and every facility afforded for sight-seeing trips on shore. All steamers have "wireless" equipment. Special tourist rate of \$140 includes all expenses on board for the entire trip.

THE NEW YORK & PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP CO.

12 Broadway, New York of Raymond & Whitcomb Company, all principal cities

Write for illustrated booklet, containing description of Porto Rico, attractive pictures of the island, and details





All Cars Sold by Us Are Licensed Under Selden Patent and Guaranteed for One Year

The Palmer-Singer

Every 1908 Six-Sixty we could build was the motor car sensation of 1908. was sold in New York City and we were unable to supply the demand. The purchasers were men who have owned many cars, the highest-priced makes of both Europe and America. These men know car value and they pronounce our Six-Sixty, after a season's use, unquestionably the superior of any in power, speed, endurance, economy of upkeep, durability and beauty.

The Palmer-Singer Six-Sixty gives power and speed in a measure that you cannot be made to appreciate by mere words. We guarantee

65 miles an hour on every one of these cars.
It is the Sportsman's Car De Luxe and neither in this country nor abroad is there anything of its class and type to compare with it, irrespective of price. It is a six cylinder, 60 H. P. speed car, capable of recordbreaking speed and still of carrying from two to five passengers with perfect comfort on long and hard runs. Read its specifications—they are worth remembering.

Specifications Common to All Palmer-Singer Models:

Nickel steel is used to give lightness and strength. Imported F. & S. ball bearings exclusively. Bosch high-tension magnetos. Multiple disc clutches. Double and single drop frames. Drop forged I beam, front axle-four-speed selective type, sliding gear transmissions with direct drive on third speed. Brakes equalized, all expanding type and on rear wheels. Universal joints on all steering connections. Shaft-driven, all moving parts inclosed in dust-proof cases.

We want you to know about this car and about the rest of the Palmer-Singer line. We will gladly send you free our beautiful 1909 cata-

log if you will fill out the coupon and mail to us. This catalog is an expensive one. It is printed in five colors and is a piece of bookmaking worthy of the cars it represents. It is full of information which you will find of value, no matter what car you do buy.

PALMER & SINGER MFG. CO. 1321 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

1620-22-24 Broadway, NEW YORK Sole Distributors the Simplex

E	ALMER	&	SINGE	R	MF	G.	C	D.
	1620	Bro	adway,	N	lew	Y	ork	Cit

Please send color catalog to

AINSLEE'S



"Why the mail was late"

Mr. Edison made all sound-reproducing instruments possible but he perfected the Edison Phonograph.

AMBEROL RECORDS for EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

are Mr. Edison's newest and greatest invention. They are no larger than the regular Records, but hold twice as much music and play twice as long.

Every Edison Phonograph in existence, except the Gem, can be equipped with an attachment to play these new Records as well as the old Records.

There are new Records fresh every month for the Amberol Records as well as for the old Records, All new machines are equipped to play both. Any old machine can be easily equipped to play both by consulting a dealer. A full line of Edison Phonographs can be heard and both kinds of Records can be enjoyed at the store of any dealer anywhere in the United States.

There is no excuse for anyone to be without the pleasure that is furnished by an Edison Phono-

One of the greatest pleasures which the Edison Phonograph affords is making Records at home. The Edison is the only type of machine with which this can be done.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere and to everyone. Prices range from \$12.50 to \$125.00

Edison Amberol Records, 50c. Regular Edison Records, 55c. Grand Opera Records, 75c. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 38 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J.

New York, 10 Fifth Ave.; London, Victoria Road, Willesden; Sydney, N.S.W., 360 Kent St.; Mexico City,

Avenida Oriente No. 117; Buenoe Aires, Viamonie 515; Berlin, Sud-Ufer, 24-25; Paris, 42 Rue de Paradis.

Shomas a Edison

THE EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH means shorter hours for the business man



Germ



Doctors of Two Nations Agree as to the Benefits of Beer

American Doctor: To what, Doctor, do you attribute the success of the German people?

German Doctor: To one thing, my dear Doctor, just to their temperance.

But Doctor, we think of your people as heavy drinkers.

German: Ah, but the drink is beer. While other nationalities have their wines, whiskies and vodkas containing large percentages of alcohol and very little food value, we stick to our beer with its nourishing barley and tonical hops, and only 31/4 alcohol.

American: You say only 31/4 % alcohol as though that ingredient were not beneficial.

German: I do not mean it in that sense. We find alcohol has a food and stimulating value when the proportion is not too great. The danger is in overstimulation, impossible when the percentage is so small as in beer.

American: Perhaps the superiority of your people may be due to the superiority of your beers.

Don't mistake there. We are strong admirers of your Schlitz Beer. It evidences the Its full rich flavor brings to you the taste of the barley and the care used in its brewing. hops, so often lost in the different processes. It has the sparkle and life, too, due to a perfect yeast. The freedom from germs shows careful sterilization. The fact that it does The fact that it does not cause biliousness proves its perfect lagering, or aging as you say.

That is splendid, Doctor. I have been using Schlitz Beer in my practice, prescribing it where my patients needed an easily digested food which has some tonic value. Especially beneficial, I have found it, after surgical operations where the stomach refused to retain other food. Also in cases where the patient was not inclined to drink enough to flush the system of its waste.

Germin: When you Americans generally appreciate these benefits of beer, then may the Fatherland take heed or your country will outstrip us as we have our neighbors; but good progress to you and the temperance work of Schlitz, The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous. hlil

Ask for the Brewery Bottling. See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.

he BeerThat Made Milwaukee Famous

THE TELEPHONE COMMONWEALTH



On November 3 the universal usefulness of the Bell System was shown as never before. It was an intimate, integral part of the election machinery. And by the time old Trinity Steeple chimed midnight the Bell Service had reliably informed farmers and householders throughout the nation that Mr. Taft was elected.

THE returns telephoned by seven o'clock from election district to election district in Erie County, New York, indicated by a rule the politicians follow that Taft had carried the State of New York.

By eight o'clock the crowds in front of the newspaper offices knew it.

By eleven the approximate size of the majority in Ohio was known.

In the newspaper offices of the single city of Philadelphia, between 200 and 300 Bell telephone operators were announcing the bulletins to every subscriber who "rang up."

In thousands of newspaper offices over the country, tens of thousands of operators were doing the same thing.

In what other country could it have happened? Comparison is futile. Yet as a telephone achievement it only marks the passing point of progress reached by a service which set out in the beginning to occupy the whole field of telephony.

The apparatus, the operators, the lines—the whole equipment of the service simply measured up to the busiest keur capacity of the Bell Companies.

But it is an object lesson to those who are really interested in the development of the telephone to its point of greatest public utility.

It emphasizes the value of federation in national telephone work—the necessity of co-operation, of a common investment which provides an equipment, on a business basis, capable of carrying the country's telephone traffic at the busiest hour of the busiest day.

This cardinal principle which guided the original Bell Telephone Company remains the guiding influence in the affairs of the associated Bell Companies. There is an investment in the equipment of these companies to-day of about \$600,000,000. The wonderful development which has resulted from this unexampled investment, which is being increased at the rate of over \$50,000,000 a year, has given America the leadership of the world.

The press of other countries hold up the Bell Telephone System as an example of what the telephone systems in their own countries might become under proper management.

The press of Paris has been agitated for some months over a "telephone crisis," brought about by the "extreme inefficiency" of the service, which is conducted by the Post Office Department.

After much debate a programme has been announced, calling for fove new telephone exchanges in Paris to cost \$6,000,000, and cable work estimated at another \$6,000,000, a period of four years being allowed for the execution of this work.

An English telephone expert examined the working of the Bell Telephone System during the present year, as compared with the system of England.

"I venture to say," he wrote in The London Times of August 12, 1908, "that ninety-nine out of one hundred business men in Great Britain would gladly pay twice the rates they now pay for trunk telephone calls if they could be assured of a service approaching the efficiency of the American service."

Every subscriber to the Bell service becomes a member of a great, national telephone federation whose watchword is promptness; a brotherhood of quick communication which is the life of American civilization.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

Swift & Company's pay roll contains the names of over twenty-four thousand persons. You will find some of these employes in nearly every city and town in the United States. and in many cities in foreign countries.

It is our belief that the great bulk of this army of men are regular consumers of the Swift products. They help to prepare, to cure, to pack and to market our varied products, and they knowbetter than any other person—how good, clean and wholesome these products are.

When you meet a Swift & Company employe, ask his opinion of any of the specialties here mentioned:

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon Swift's Premium Chickens Swift's Premium Lard Swift's Silver Leaf Lard Swift's Beef Extract Swift's Jersey Butterine

Swift's Crown Princess Toilet Soap Swift's Pride Soap Wool Soap

Swift's Pride Washing Powder

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

d from ing in-

the Bell hat the s might or some

, which been anchanges timated rs being

t about

e workpresent and. London nine out Britain pay for

comes a deration rhood of merican

merican



"MAKE IT RIGHT-

You can't make it good unless it is boiled

That brings out the food value and flavour of **POSTUM** "There's a Reason."